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THE KHEDIVE AND HIS COURT.

ISMAIL PACHA, Khedive of Egypt, is a man now of about forty-five years of age. He is the son of Ibrahim Pacha, the most valiant and most distinguished of the sons of Mehemet Ali, and is accordingly the grandson of the illustrious founder of the dynasty in which the rule of Egypt has been vested for three generations of men. He is short in stature, stout in figure, with a face whose expression indisputably betrays the fact that he is a statesman of ability.

The mother of the Khedive is still living, and is beyond question the personage of most consideration at his court, next to himself, although she is never present at state entertainments, and is never seen by foreigners, except in a few instances by ladies. She lives in a large palace, said to contain six hundred apartments, situated on the right bank of the river Nile, at Cairo, opposite the island of Roda. When I arrived in Alexandria in 1864, she had recently returned from a visit to Constantinople, and the whole town was blazing with illuminations in her honor. During this visit, it was said, the fact had disclosed itself that she and the mother of the Sultan were sisters. When I remarked upon this interesting circumstance in my first interview with his Highness, he replied, "Yes, God is great, and always finds some way to aid those who serve him," — a reply which

indicates the full significance of the discovery. It is now twenty-seven years since her husband died. She is treated with the greatest deference and respect by the wives of the Khedive, of whom he has four. They readily yield the first place to their lord's mother.

On the annual *fête* day of the beiram, the consuls-general make an official visit to the mother of the Khedive, at her palace, where they are welcomed in her behalf by one of the ministers of the state. They are received in a handsome saloon, seated upon broad divans, and served with pipes and coffee. They express their respects in a message communicated to the minister by their *doyen*, or senior member in service, and by the minister to the lady by some unseen emissary; for even he could not venture into her presence. Through the same emissary a gracious answer is returned, and is audibly expressed by the minister to the whole body of consuls-general. Thus much of attention the mother of the Khedive receives from the representatives of foreign powers.

In the recent relaxation of the severity of some Oriental rules, the women, when they go out, wear veils more transparent than formerly, permitting a view of the features of the face. The wives of the Khedive take advantage of this relaxation, and in the gay season at Cairo

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frequently drive out in carriages, attended by one or more black men on horseback, seeing and seen by the whole fashionable world, but with no opportunities for conversation. The consuls-general gravely salute them as they pass, by raising the hat. At least it is understood to be the correct thing to do this, although there seems to be an anomaly in a salute that cannot be returned.

If the wives of the Khedive are kept in the background at his court, his sons, on the other hand, are somewhat prominently thrust forward. Of these he has several, and great pains has been taken with the education of all of them. The oldest is known as the *prince héritier*, as he is the heir-apparent of the Khedive, and, according to the present arrangement, will succeed him in the rule of Egypt. His name is Mehemet-Tewfik, to which is properly attached the customary title of pacha. The American newspapers sometimes name him "Prince Heretin," from an odd confusion of words and letters. I was present at a ceremony in Cairo on the 1st of August, 1868, when he received the grade of vizier at the hands of a special envoy from the Sultan. He was then thought to be about seventeen years of age. If that computation were correct, he is now about twenty-five. He is of a very different build from his father, is of slender form, a well-educated, self-possessed, and intelligent youth. In the Egyptian government he holds the honorable position of president of the privy council. In the decree of the Khedive dated May 10, 1875, he is named president of the special commission thereby created to organize and direct the Egyptian department at the Philadelphia exposition in the present year.

The sons of the Khedive next to the hereditary prince, and of nearly equal age, are the princes Hassan Pacha and Hussein Pacha. The former of these was educated in England, passing the latter portion of his time at the University of Oxford; and the second, in France. In the catalogue of the Cobden Club for the current year, the name of Prince Hassan, with the date 1871, is

included in the list of foreign honorary members. Prince Hussein's place in the Egyptian government is that of minister of war, marine, and public works.

The fourth son of the Khedive bears his grandfather's name, Ibrahim Pacha. Others, named Mahmoud Pacha and Fuad Pacha, are mentioned as taking part in recent public proceedings, for which they were too young when I was in Egypt. The Khedive had then adopted an excellent plan for the education of two of his youngest children, a little boy and girl, of the ages of perhaps seven and five years. They were literally brought up in an English family, or rather a Scotch family. A retired officer of the British Indian army, and his wife, — with their daughter (a most charming young lady, who was married to a British army officer during her residence in Egypt) and several young children, — were persuaded to become the instructors of the young prince and princess, and to establish themselves in Egypt for that purpose. The family had a nice house upon the island of Roda, to which the little pacha and his sister came every morning at breakfast-time, retiring at sundown. During the day they were treated as members of the family, sharing in the lessons of the general's own children, and growing up under the influences of the Christian household.

Next to the princes, among personages who may be said to belong to the court of the Khedive, must be mentioned the ministers. The number of persons who from time to time have held one or another portfolio is considerable. The two most distinguished among them are Chérif Pacha and Nubar Pacha, who have alternated for a long series of years in the office of minister of foreign affairs. Chérif Pacha is altogether a Turk and a Mussulman; he comes of a rich Ottoman family, and would wield a considerable social influence independently of any position in the government. He speaks and writes French with elegance. Nubar Pacha is a Christian, an Armenian, like Mehemet Ali. Besides Turkish and Arabic, he is said to speak and

write six European languages, among which number, no doubt, is included the Greek. Both Chérif and Nubar are beyond mistake statesmen and politicians of great ability, and zealously faithful to the Khedive.

It would not be fitting to omit to mention some of the officers of the household, and especially Zeky Bey, who, during the whole time of my residence in Egypt, held the difficult position of master of ceremonies, and discharged its duties with an amiability and delicacy not to be surpassed by the lord high chamberlain at the most august European court. He has since been deservedly promoted to the grade of pacha. He had several apt and accomplished assistants.

The confidential physician in constant attendance upon the Khedive was a French medical man known in Egypt as Bourgieres Bey. His wife is an English lady, and by her presence and that of her accomplished English relatives added much to the pleasure of the little circle of society in Egypt. With this exception and that of the wife of Nubar Pacha, none of the personages that have been mentioned at the court of the Khedive brought to it, with their own manly distinctions, the sweet influences of ladies' society. This could not be otherwise in an Oriental country. For fair and witty ladies we were indebted in other quarters.

The Khedive has a great number of palaces, and this circumstance is sometimes mentioned as an evidence of extravagance. It may be doubted, however, whether he has more than the King of Italy, since the unification of that kingdom has placed at the disposal of the monarch all the palaces that formerly served the needs of half a dozen separate sovereigns. At all events, there are few if any of the Khedive's palaces which are wholly useless, or which can be said to contribute only to his selfish enjoyment. They are most willingly used for public pageants, such as will presently be mentioned, or are placed at the disposal of royal or princely guests visiting Egypt. At Alexandria there is

the beautiful palace of Ras-el-tin (Cape of Figs), which is a prominent object visible to all eyes on sailing into the harbor. This is the usual residence of the Khedive for the portions of his time which he spends at the principal seaport of his dominions. He has another palace on the Mediterranean, farther east, at Ramleh, about four miles from the public square of Alexandria; and there is another upon the Mahmoudieh Canal, about the same distance from the square in a different direction, which is known by no other name than "Number Three," a designation certainly of ultra-republican simplicity. At Cairo there is a palace in the citadel; that of Kasr - el - Nil, on the right bank of the Nile; another, known as Abdin, nearer the centre of the city; that of Gizeh, on the left bank of the Nile, opposite the island of Roda; and that of Gezireh, on the same side of the river, a little lower down, nearly opposite Boulak, the port of Cairo. The Khedive also has some palaces upon his sugar estates in the upper country, where he spends some portions of the time, and others in lower Egypt, upon the Nile, as those at Tantah and at Mansoura. During the construction of the Suez Canal he sometimes occupied a *châlet* of wood near Ismailia, in the central portion of the isthmus. He is also at present the owner of the palace of Shoubrah, formerly the property of his uncle, Halim Pacha, situated at the extremity of the Shoubrah road, the fashionable drive of Cairo. This palace and that of Gezireh are shown to visitors furnished with cards of admission obtained through the consulates. The latter is that in which the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other illustrious guests have been from time to time lodged, and travelers are called upon to admire the massive bedsteads of solid silver in the state chamber.

In all of these palaces one is struck with the spacious apartments; the polished wooden floors, upon which it is difficult to walk, or those of variegated stones; the broad divans, of heavy stuffs

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richly upholstered, and embroidered with gold; and the enormous mirrors, which indeed furnish almost the only decoration of the walls, for of pictures there are none. In one instance, at least, this lack of pictures proved a test of the popularity of Egypt as a place for traveling. "Yes," said a young bridegroom to me on his wedding journey, who, with his bride, had found everything *couleur de rose*, from the Pyramids to the donkeys, "yes, I will tell you the best thing about Egypt; there are no confounded pictures there. Now when Mary and I go about in the European towns, we have to stretch our necks back till our heads nearly fall off, looking at the pictures; we must see them, every one of them, you know; but in all Egypt there is n't a single picture!"

I am convinced that the Khedive uses such of the palaces as are situated in the interior, elsewhere than at Cairo, chiefly as places of refuge when the pressure of business at the capital becomes intolerable. He is a hard-working and hard-worked man; this is no doubt the necessary lot of every ruler who really attends to the affairs of government, and it is especially the case in an arbitrary government like that of Egypt. But the Khedive is not only occupied with cares of state; he is the proprietor of vast landed estates, upon which he is constantly introducing improved methods of cultivation, and he is the owner of mechanical establishments supplied with machinery of the highest standard of perfection. The demands upon his time are incessant. He is a very early riser, and I believe that he accomplishes a great deal of work in the first hours of the morning; and whenever he is accessible, a large part of every day is occupied not only with audiences given to the consuls-general, or consultations with his own ministers on affairs of state, but in the transaction of business with men of affairs, and sometimes in baffling a crowd of contractors and adventurers who throng the antechambers of the palace where he may be residing. Once in a while he takes the resolution to break loose from these.

I remember a visit I made to him in March, 1867, at the palace of Mansourah, a town on the Damietta branch of the Nile, about forty miles inland from the Mediterranean. The place is known in the history of the Crusades as that where King Louis was made prisoner. The Khedive had been living there in retirement for several days, when I received at Cairo an instruction from Washington covering a message which I was directed to communicate personally to his Highness. The message was of a nature that I knew would make it agreeable to him to receive it. A special train was immediately placed at my disposal to convey me from Cairo to Mansourah. The railroad line is far from direct. The distance to be traveled was about one hundred and twenty miles. The train consisted of an express locomotive and a single carriage. It sped through the heart of the scriptural land of Goshen at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It left Cairo at about three o'clock in the afternoon and arrived at Mansourah at about seven, an hour after sundown. The palace, with a marble-paved esplanade upon the river, stood out boldly in the moonlight, the sky without a cloud, the atmosphere as clear as pure ether, and every object as distinctly visible as in broad daylight. "I envy you the nights in Egypt," Mr. Seward said to my predecessor, as he was taking leave on his departure for his post. The nights in Egypt are certainly very beautiful, and I almost envied the Khedive the opportunity to sit under the moonlight upon that marble pavement, while the full tide of the mighty river rushed by. The day had been intensely warm, and the rapid journey fatiguing, so that the cool evening air was especially refreshing. About the palace some of the ministers, officers of the household, and other attendants were encamped in tents, for there were no other buildings in the immediate vicinity, nor does the town of Mansourah (at some little distance) contain any hotel, or more than one or two houses affording any greater degree of comfort than the native hovels. After my audience I was served with dinner,

and informed that the special train waited my orders. I used it to return at a slower and safer rate of speed to Cairo, where I arrived at about four o'clock in the morning.

A Mussulman prince of course has no occasion to pay regard to the holidays of Christendom, nor does the usage of celebrating New Year's Day (not even the new year of the Mohammedan calendar) prevail in Egypt. But the religion of the Koran affords a multitude of fêtes of its own, and there is no remissness in their due observance. The two most important of these, as regards the relations of the government with foreigners, are the two separate days of beiram, because these days, always one and sometimes both of them in each year, are made the occasion of an official reception by the Khedive similar to that given on New Year's Day in former years by the Emperor of the French at Paris, and now by the President of the United States at Washington.

These two days are distinguished as the less and greater beiram. The former marks the end of the month of Ramadan, thirty days of abstinence, during the whole of which time no Mussulman faithful to the Koran will eat, drink, or smoke between sunrise and sunset. It will readily be imagined that the advent of this beiram is awaited with the most eager interest. The month of abstinence is held to be ended as soon as the new moon appears in the sky. Sometimes (it is alleged), when reasons of convenience or caprice in high quarters make it desirable to anticipate the feast of beiram, the guardian of the observatory at Cairo receives a hint to see the moon one night sooner than the almanac promises her appearance. Indeed, it is not impossible that the narrow crescent may sometimes show itself twenty-four hours sooner than the time calculated for "new moon," without supposing any suggestion to that effect from an impatient potentate.

At any rate, the incident once happened during my residence in Egypt. I was at Alexandria on Wednesday, the 14th of February, 1866, expecting to go

to Cairo the next day, to take part in the ceremonies of the beiram on Friday, the 16th, on which day, according to the almanacs, the month of Chawal would begin; the month of Ramadan ending on the 15th. I had gone out to Ramleh, a place in the suburbs of Alexandria, to pass the night at a friend's house. We were just preparing to go to bed, at about ten o'clock in the evening, when the janissary of the consulate appeared, in a state of wild excitement, declaring, "They've seen the moon! they've seen the moon! Ramadan is done, and beiram has come!" It was the fact that somebody at Cairo had descried the moon with sufficient clearness to pass official acceptance—perhaps an unwillingness to celebrate beiram on Friday had something to do with the matter. At all events, the beiram was appointed to be celebrated at Cairo on the morrow; his Highness would receive the consuls-general at the citadel at half-past nine o'clock. The telegraph had been put in requisition to transmit these tidings to Alexandria, and emissaries from the foreign office were rushing about to convey them to the consulates, with the added information that a special train would leave Alexandria for Cairo at midnight, to carry persons having occasion to take part in the ceremonies. My visit at Ramleh was thus abruptly annihilated. I was forced to return to my house at Alexandria and thence proceed to the railway station, where several of my colleagues were already assembled, and the locomotive seemed to chafe with impatience. "L'Amérique est arrivé!" shouted the guard as he helped me into a carriage, and the train instantly started. We reached Cairo in season for bath and breakfast, before donning our uniforms and presenting ourselves at the citadel at the appointed hour.

The reception is a gay scene. It begins at an early hour in the morning. The Khedive is probably not living in the citadel at the time, but proceeds thither under a brilliant escort not long after sunrise. He receives at different hours, besides the members of the consular body at their appointed time, his

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ministers, the religious bodies, the officers of the army and navy, the members of the assembly (if it is in session, which is sometimes the case), the magistrates, some other organizations, and finally *le commerce*, or the merchants, which last is very like a reception of "citizens generally." All of these persons are passing in carriages, in a constant stream, up the rugged road which leads into the citadel, while another stream of carriages is bringing away those who have already paid their respects to his Highness, and are hastening to make other visits. In the courtyard of the citadel are stationed one or more regiments of troops ready to present arms to the most distinguished personages, and bands of music starting at each principal arrival a fresh peal which drowns the lingering notes of the last. The thunders of artillery add to the excitement of the scene outside.

Meanwhile, in the interior of the palace each reception is conducted with becoming order. The various classes of personages who attend are marshaled in appropriate antechambers. The consuls-general are received, as they arrive, by the minister of foreign affairs. When all are assembled, they march in the order of official seniority, under the lead of their doyen, to the hall where the Khedive receives them, standing, while the doyen makes a brief address, to which his Highness replies. All then take seats upon the divans. Long pipes with mouth-pieces of amber, and coffee in tiny cups of porcelain upon little stands encrusted with jewels, are brought by an army of attendants, decorously clad in sable garments. However numerous the attendance (and it is sometimes large, as some of the consuls-general are accompanied by a numerous retinue), the supply of jeweled pipes and coffee cups, and the strength of the army of attendants, seems never to fail. All are served at the same time.

I do not know that the utterances of the Khedive, on occasion of any of these receptions, have equaled in importance the few words addressed by the Emperor of the French to the Austrian min-

ister at the New Year's Day reception of the diplomatic body in Paris in 1859, which was the presage of the war that broke out soon afterwards; but they are often noteworthy, and sometimes really witty. It was always surprising to find him so ready in conversation. I recollect that at a special reception which was given early in the year 1866, on occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of his own accession to power (January 18, 1863), he remarked to myself and two or three of my colleagues near him, that the year 1865, just closed, would deserve to be known in history as "*Pan des noirs.*" This was the year which not only witnessed the emancipation of four million slaves in America, but was also the occasion of a correspondence, probably rather troublesome to his Highness, about the contingent of Egyptian negro troops serving in Mexico, which the Emperor of the French was pressing him to double and reinforce, as urgently as Mr. Seward was objecting thereto. In the end the American counsels prevailed.

It is on occasion of the state balls that the splendor of the palaces appears to the best advantage; and, thanks to the hospitality of the Khedive, the balls are frequent in the winter season both at Alexandria and at Cairo. The great difficulty with regard to a ball in Egypt is the relative paucity of ladies. Including all those in the resident circle of society who can with any propriety be invited (the lists of invitations of foreigners are generally prepared upon the recommendations of the consuls-general), and including all the ladies among the passing travelers who will accept invitations, the largest number of ladies that can be gathered to grace a state ball in Egypt will scarcely exceed two hundred, while the guests of the opposite sex number sometimes one or even two thousand. Among these are large numbers of young gentlemen employed in the various divans of the civil service, wearing faultless white neck-ties and gloves; black frock-coats, single-breasted; and black trousers; on their heads the red tarboosh which in Egypt is regarded as the

honorable badge of service under the Khedive. It need scarcely be said that ladies who dance are in no lack of partners; but the dancing inevitably becomes a spectacle engaged in by the few for the entertainment of the many, and almost justifies the traditional phrase attributed to one after another Oriental personage in witnessing this form of Western civilization, "I employ servants to perform that amusement for me." The supper at one of these state balls is a miracle of hospitality. Arrangements are made for seating the guests in considerable numbers at one time, sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty, at tables at which the supper is regularly served in courses, from the beginning to the end of a prescribed *menu*. There are smaller tables at which parties of friends may assemble themselves to enjoy their supper together. As fast as places are vacated by one set of guests, the tables are freshly equipped, and are thus constantly renewed throughout the night. At times some special luxuries are introduced and served with a lavishness truly Oriental. Oysters do not grow on the Egyptian shores, and fresh oysters are a rarity in Egypt. On the occasion of one of the Khedive's balls a quantity had been imported on purpose for the occasion, enough to be served to twenty-five hundred guests at the supper.

Sometimes the balls were given at the palace of Gezireh, when the garden connected with the palace was illuminated, and several grottoes were arranged through which people might walk in the mild evening atmosphere, or escaping from the heated ball-room. On one of these occasions the water was drawn off from a fountain in the garden, and its large basin was filled with American petroleum oil, of which great use is made in Egypt. This was set on fire, producing of course a most brilliant blaze of light, which lasted several hours before the whole quantity of oil was consumed.

While the social hospitality of the Khedive finds an expression consistent with Oriental traditions in these large balls, his Highness appreciates also the

pleasures of more select entertainments. During the last two or three winters of my residence in Egypt, invitations were occasionally issued for dramatic representations or concerts, generally at the palace of Kasr-el-Nil, in which there is a large upper room well adapted to the purpose. These entertainments were most often given as a means of showing attention to some particular royal or princely guests, and a dozen or twenty of the ladies in the circle of foreign residents, with a due proportion of the other sex, would be included in the invitations. A company selected from the artists of the theatre or opera-house would give a choice performance; ices would be served between the acts, and at the conclusion a magnificent supper. Sometimes a state dinner preceded the dramatic entertainment.

Sometimes, also, the varying taste of the Khedive determined him upon an out-door entertainment. The climate in his dominions is admirably adapted for hospitalities of this sort. Indeed, socially speaking, I am inclined to regard Egypt as preëminently the land for picnics. It furnishes every requisite for that species of enjoyment, — weather never deceitful, and plenty of things to be seen. The pages of this magazine, were they indefinitely multiplied, could not contain the record of the happy picnics Egypt has known in modern times. I remember a garden-party of his Highness, on the morning of one of the days appointed for the races at Cairo. It was at a small palace, little known, of which I will not even record the name. It was understood to be very select; there were eighteen ladies, and perhaps twice as many gentlemen. There was a pavilion built in the garden on purpose to receive the company; and another pavilion, upon an island in a lake, where the lunch was served. The roof of this latter pavilion was supported by three large trees, growing upon the spot, and suffered to remain. From this entertainment the company went in carriages directly to the races.

The American travelers in Egypt generally remain too short a time at the

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capital to allow our ladies to take much part in the festivities of the Khedive's court, beyond attendance at one of the state balls, if it happens to fall within the period of their sojourn. But there were several notable exceptions, of cases in which one or two of our fair country-women remained long enough to confirm and deepen the favorable impression made by their first appearance in the court circle, and to become enrolled upon the most select page of the register for the *réunions intimes*. They were indeed most acceptable reinforcements. The wit of *les Américaines*, in comparison with that of the other ladies with whom they were thus associated, was generally equal to their beauty, which is saying a great deal; and they had a frankness of expression in conversation which was much approved by the Khedive. Nevertheless, a short experience of life at the Egyptian court (and I suspect at any court) should be enough to satiate any American lady, however keenly alive to amusement, and however hospitably received.

I have undertaken to write about the court of the Khedive, and I have not mentioned the races, or the French theatre, or the opera, all of which are maintained at a high standard of excellence, and almost exclusively at the expense of his Highness. I have also omitted many things of less importance, such as the music in the public gardens by the government band on Fridays and Sundays; on the former days the native music prevailing, and on the latter that to which the ears of Franks are more accustomed. The leader of the government military band is Juppa Bey, and he has trained the musicians under him to a high degree of perfection. He composed a piece in honor of President Grant and of America, when it was hoped that the country would be specially represented at the opening of the Suez Canal. The piece, at his request, was transmitted to Washington, but I have never heard whether they tried to play it there.

Nor do I essay to describe the special fêtes at the inauguration of the canal,

when were collected, as guests of the Khedive, the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Germany, the ambassadors of Russia and of England, besides other princes and princesses,— a gathering of royal personages such as perhaps had never before been assembled in one place. So also I pass over some ceremonies of less wide-spread interest, but characterized on the spot by Oriental hospitality not less profuse; as when, on occasion of the marriage of the Khedive's daughter, in March, 1869, there were fêtes lasting three days and three nights at the palace of Kasr-el-Aali, at Cairo, in which in one form or other almost everybody of note or distinction in any respect, native or foreign, was specially invited to participate, while the whirl of entertainment and amusement provided for the public at large continued seventy - two hours without cessation, in the open grounds near the palace. Something in particular, also, might be said in description of the illuminations and fire-works on various occasions. But the proper limits of this paper have already been exceeded.

It amuses me sometimes to recall the memory of the Cairo which I knew as a traveler in the winter of 1861-62. There was then little that one could do in the evening; the streets were not lighted, and even visiting one's friends in the town was difficult. The police regulations required that everybody out at night should be provided with a lantern, and at every one of the gates that frequently barred the way, even in a short walk through the dark and narrow streets, it was necessary to rouse a sleepy watchman and explain one's title to a right of way. Almost perforce, in those days, we used to go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening.

The Cairo of to-day is a very different capital. The whole of the new part of the town is brilliantly lighted with gas and traversed by broad thoroughfares, so that those who are in quest of amusement, whether residents or travelers, can freely go about, and enjoy the entertainments provided by the liberality of the Khedive.

Charles Hale.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

(*Miss Hardy to Jack Desmond.*)

DEAR MR. DESMOND,—I knew I could trust you not to misunderstand me! I thank you a thousand times for the way in which you have accepted my letter; but why — why ask me now to keep that old promise of mine? You, a man, can afford to speak with a sneer of the “bonds of conventionality;” but I —

My window has just blown open and a flood of sunshine has rushed in, chased by the soft spring wind. The world is warm, and smells of violets. After all, why not take that “one last ride” with you? Why not bid a pleasant farewell to my Bohemian days? Let our little Roman world talk, if it pleases! *I will go!* Get me my favorite Olga, and let the horses be ready to-morrow morning at eight o’clock. I take you at your word and go, feeling quite safe from any allusion to the past.

Your friend as long as you like,
ELEANOR HARDY.

“Late? Of course you are late!” said Jack Desmond, at half past eight o’clock the next morning; “but why should you mind that? Punctuality is at once the most masculine and the most unsympathetic of virtues; how can punctuality and Miss Hardy be anything but incompatible terms? Mind you are light with your curb to-day, Miss Hardy. Olga has not been out for a week.” He swung himself lightly into the saddle; the two horses threw up their heads impatiently, scrambled down the bank by the roadside, and started gayly off in the morning sunshine. The old carriage-road to Ostia is out of the Porta San Sebastiano. On either side of the way the high Roman walls shut out the indiscreet gaze of the passers-by. Here and there an arched stone gateway, surmounted by two moss-covered granite cannon-balls or a half-broken Greek

vase, shows a glimpse of some old garden with stately cypress-trees and avenues of trimmed and fantastic box, at the farther end of which some shattered marble figure gleams whitely through the shade.

Eleanor glanced shyly at her companion. “Is there much of this pavement?” she asked, with an elaborate attempt at establishing their conversation on an easy and impersonal footing; “I always feel a wild desire to gallop my horse over the stones, in spite of every one’s warnings. Look at that dear Olga! she finds it as tiresome as I do, and is quite longing to make a bolt, at the risk of breaking both our necks!”

“As you are strong, be merciful,” said Desmond, lightly. “Olga and yourself are both in my charge to-day, please remember, and Mrs. Van Cordlandt will hold me responsible for all your joint misdemeanors. Try to curb your impatience as well as your horse until we have reached the church,” he added, pointing forward with his whip; “there’s a glorious place for a canter after that.”

In a few moments more they had passed the rich façade of San Paolo fuori delle Mura, and had clattered along the stone colonnade; they settled themselves back in their saddles, the road gave a sweep, and in another instant the horses were cantering wildly over the strip of short, daisy-whitened turf that borders the foot-path.

“Ah, this is what I like!” said Eleanor; “now we are out of Rome!” The fresh morning wind blew back the blonde masses of her hair and brought a peach-blossom bloom to the pale, flower-like face. “Isn’t this glorious, Mr. Desmond! I feel like an escaped prisoner. Think of all the poor people who are just getting up to dismal and tepid cups of coffee all over town!”

“Dismal? Perhaps! The sun is overcast enough to make an apartment in

a narrow street the reverse of cheerful, this morning, but why should all the coffee be tepid, Miss Hardy? Is there anything in your being on horseback so early to account for such a change of temperature in everybody's breakfast? Or do you refer figuratively to the blight under which Rome is lying when you leave it?"

" You are pleased to be satirical as well as literal-minded, Mr. Desmond," retorted Eleanor. " As though you could hope to understand what I feel at the prospect of forty miles on horseback, and not a call to make, not a note to answer, not a stupid person to entertain, and, crowning joy of all, the whole day in a riding-habit, without one's dress to change!"

" But how you will miss your aunt!" said Desmond. They looked at each other, and both burst out laughing.

" That is exceedingly wrong of you," said Eleanor, becoming suddenly grave. " I only laughed because you took me by surprise. My aunt is very good."

" Very," said Desmond, quickly; " I am sure no one can doubt that Mrs. Van Cordlandt is a most interesting companion, and an invaluable authority in case a card is not returned in time, or the Van Rosevelts of Albany are in danger —horrible thought!—of being confounded with the *old* Van Rosevelts of New York. There is nothing narrow-minded, of course, in such a view of life."

" Indeed, that is more than can be said for your ideas of life," said Eleanor, flushing a little as she spoke. " Artists, and people generally who go in for being 'cultivated,' always pretend to be such broad-minded, tolerant men, and I don't believe I ever met one yet who could endure for half an hour a conversation on subjects of general interest without being bored, — yes, and showing it, too!"

" Subjects of general interest?" said Desmond, inquiringly; " and this includes all the artists and *littérateurs* of your acquaintance? Now do you know, Miss Hardy, I've always noticed that a woman's most sweeping attack, her most crushing generalization, is aimed at

some particular man. I wonder if it is only my guilty conscience which makes me remember that last reception at the Whytes', where I had the pleasure of meeting you, and where that pretty Mrs. Dulman's dress, appearance, and manner, and the momentous question as to whether that exquisite complexion of hers is owing to cosmetics or to nature, were reviewed and criticised all the time we were there, to the exclusion of those other 'subjects of general interest' by which I and my unlucky friends are supposed to be bored?"

" That is not fair, Mr. Desmond!" cried Eleanor; " you select a — well, I will admit it! — a particularly silly conversation, and speak of it as of the type of what we talk about in society. You artistic people, as I said before, claim to monopolize all the tolerance, and yet you shut yourselves up in your shells like a small company of oysters who should agree together to consider all the other fish and sea-things like so many interlopers in their domains! You build a Chinese wall about yourselves, and the rest of the world become mere outsiders. Now I, for one, am a Philistine; and I'm not ashamed of it, either! I love the world. I belong to it, heart and soul. I have not made society, and I can see a hundred points in which I would alter it if I could, but I can't, and so I accept it and find the world a pleasant place, as it always is to the people who try to please it."

" Be witness, Miss Hardy, it was not I who made the discussion a personal one! May I ask, though, how it is that with such strong convictions you are not always of this delightfully optimist opinion?"

" Because I am 'young and unreasonable,' as my aunt says, I suppose," said Eleanor, lightly; " I dare say it will pass with time!"

" I dare say it will," assented Desmond, gravely. " Honesty of impulse does not live long in the atmosphere of a ball-room. You must have had an uncommonly large quantity to start with."

" See here, Mr. Desmond," said Eleanor, facing square round in her sad-

dle, "I won't pretend not to understand what you mean. I've that much honesty left, whatever you may think," she went on, indignantly. "You imagine because" — she hesitated — "because I may — well, probably I shall — marry a man older than myself, and very rich, that I can have no good left in me. It is not true! You are hard, you are unjust to me in every thought of yours! Don't you suppose I know myself, my own wants and needs, better than you can? Talk of giving up 'all for love and the world well lost' to a girl accustomed to a simple life, and what wonder if she listens to you, with everything to gain by it and nothing to peril? Talk of it to a girl in my position, brought up as I have been, and, if she is honest, she will answer you as I do: I am accustomed to extreme luxury, I have no fortune of my own, my happiness is centred on things which are offered me freely at the hands of a man for whom I have the utmost respect, and who I believe is very fond of me; why should I not accept them?"

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Desmond.

They rode on a few minutes in silence. His acquiescence had suddenly shocked and puzzled her. She had expected to be argued with vehemently when she threw down her gauntlet, and now the gage of defiance was returned to her with a polite bow by her adversary. Eleanor did not understand it, and, being disconcerted, began to lose her temper.

"It is so unjust!" she said, speaking very fast; "a man will give up anything, will work all his life long, to win a position and become wealthy, and you will all applaud him to the skies for doing it. And yet, let a woman have the same craving for power and influence and ease, let her have an ambition to be more than a cipher in the sum, let her bring into real life one out of the countless lessons she has received since she left the school-room, let her too make an effort to gain her ends, and where will you find epithets with which to qualify her unwomanly heartlessness, her mercenary lack of sentiment?"

Desmond struck his boot absently with his whip, and smiled. "There are just a few men in the world who do not count money as the crowning good of life, and who cling still to the exploded old belief that women, by the mere fact of their womanhood, are better, nobler, purer than they," he said. "And really, Miss Hardy, you exaggerate! Who ever gave anything but praise to a girl who made a 'good match' in society?"

The gentle mockery of his tone stung her to the quick. It is one thing to dismiss a lover, but quite another to have him accept his dismissal with equanimity. The woman who does not feel a secret joy and pride in being still "the one fair woman in all the world" to the man she has just refused to marry, and does not think of him with a tender, regretful approval, is as rare, perhaps, as the man who is not privately convinced that were merit the only test he would never meet with want of success. A pathetic "it might have been," the memory of some hour when it did not seem so improbable that this was to be the companion of her future life, casts its halo around many an otherwise commonplace rejected lover. Until he becomes consoled again, a man never finds a warmer, if need be, a more unscrupulous partisan than in the woman who has just assured him she was indifferent to his love.

A quick resentment of Desmond's self-possession seized Eleanor. "Very well! we will see if I cannot make him show he cares, before the day is over!" she thought revengefully. And she smiled innocently and sweetly, the while, upon her intended victim.

"Don't let us discuss," she said softly; "I never get the better when I quarrel with you, and so" — The blue eyes looked up to his appealingly and ended the sentence for her. She laughed and touched her horse with her whip; they dashed on up the hill, racing the fleet, light cloud-shadows that flitted over the fresh green of the fields. The sky had the pale, watery blue of an April day. Little gusts of the warm spring wind went and came, now bringing puffs of

wild, faint fragrance, now wandering off until lost among the blossomy fields. On either side of the road a rose-flushed shower of perfumed snow covered the bushes of flowering thorn; the birds in the hedge-rows were twittering and trilling under the shelter of the small green leaves, every now and then a hurried rush of wings telling how the tramp of the horses had startled some brooding mother-bird from her nest.

As they rode on, the fields widened; the sky seemed to lift and the horizon to lower; the whole landscape took that indescribable look of being more open, more out-of-doors, which marks the approach to the sea. Behind the riders the sullen, tawny Tiber rolled slowly by, its wicked and reticent-looking waves the only thing in sight that did not seem to feel the gentle influence of the spring sunshine.

"Did you ever notice, Miss Hardy," asked Desmond, "how differently the Tiber flows from other rivers? On the surface it looks smooth enough; indeed, the strong tide hardly ripples the yellow water; but watch it a little while, and you will discover that it moves with a deep pulsation, a regular rhythmic effort, as though the fierce old heart of old Rome were still beating under its waves."

"It is a cruel river, and always seems to me as though it were smiling grimly at the thought of the next inundation it means to have," said Eleanor. "What do you say to resting a moment, Mr. Desmond? I'm beginning to be a little tired." They dismounted, and Jack led the horses while Eleanor plucked long wreaths of the white stars of the blackberry-vine, and twisted them about her hat. "What a symbolical crown—thorns hidden under flowers!" she said, with a half sigh. They sat down a moment under the hedge, and listened in silence to all the sweet, small noises of the spring.

"I should like to be a gypsy!" said Eleanor.

"A gypsy à la Watteau, with pink satin boots, and a château to sleep in, you mean, of course," said Jack.

Eleanor laughed. "Well, yes, I sup-

pose so! I don't think I should like the smoky fires and short rations of real gypsydom. I love the country, but then, my ideal landscapes are always landscapes with well-dressed people in the foreground."

They rode on again, past the long flat reaches of marsh; now and then some of the great white oxen of the Campagna lifted their heads from fields starred with the pale yellow blossoms of the wild narcissus, and looked at them with gentle and melancholy wonder; now and then a noisy *caretto* passed them, the driver dozing under the shelter of a sheep-skin stretched over a bent pole at the top of the cart, quite away from the sturdy, thick-maned little Campagna horses, that tossed their betasseled heads impatiently and rattled the bells hung at their heavy collars.

"And there is Ostia!" said Desmond. "I wonder if Queen Eleanor will deign to alight and have some lunch?"

"Her Majesty is graciously pleased to be most plebeianly hungry," said Miss Hardy, laughing. "I shall make a state question of it if we find nothing eatable at that most unpromising of inns!"

They rode into the court-yard under a queer, pointed stone arch. Half a dozen peasants looked up from the bottle of wine they were drinking at a table outside the door; two or three fair-haired, ragged children ran up to see the beautiful lady dismount. Eleanor gathered up her trailing skirt about her and entered the kitchen; it was a high-ceiled, smoke-blackened room; at one end was a large brick fireplace; around the wall were ranged rows of tables and chairs; five or six hens wandered composedly about the stone floor, in supreme indifference of the old gray cat who came up purring and rubbed against Eleanor's feet. She stood tapping the table with her whip, the image of amused perplexity. "But where shall we eat?" she said.

"There is a room up-stairs," suggested the hostess. "Clean? Blessed Saint Philomena! other than clean! But will the illustrious signora object to going up a ladder?"

Eleanor burst out laughing. "Oh, Mr. Desmond!" she cried, "how can I ever thank you enough for bringing me here? Fancy my aunt's face when I tell her of the ladder!"

The room up-stairs was scrupulously clean and bare. The only ornaments of the whitewashed walls were a brass crucifix and a cup for holding holy water, but the table and wooden benches were spotless, and a cool breeze came in at the one small window. Their ride had given them an appetite, and they did full justice to the provisions that an extended experience of Campagna inns had induced Jack to send down the day before.

"As though you had been sure of my coming with you!" said Eleanor, half pleased and half provoked at the attention.

Jack laughed. "Do you imagine I could not ride down to Ostia without the protection of your escort?" he said, teasingly. "I am sure I could have found some one to take pity on me, had you been unkind enough not to come!"

The words in themselves were nothing, but the mere fact that he could speak jestingly of her gave Eleanor a curious feeling of blank surprise. He had accepted the situation, and she instantly resented his having done so; she felt injured that having once offered her his love he should so soon have become resigned to her rejection of it. With an odd, feminine inconsistency, the firmer she had been in her refusal of him the more she had secretly gloried in what she had imagined to be the strength of his passion. There had been a bitter-sweet satisfaction to her in the sacrifice of such a devotion on the altar of her worldly advancement. It had been a sort of test in her eyes, for she had argued with herself, If I can give up such love as this so easily, surely my future life promises me only pleasure. What is there left for me to renounce, after this? Ignoring her own insistence on the fact that all allusions to old times were to be banished from their conversation, she tried to lead Desmond into a vein of half-tender, half-cynical remem-

brance, and see if even yet she had not the power of awakening the dormant fires of a passion she had held but lightly while it was still hers. In other words, she was a woman, and could pardon her old lover anything—except his forgiving her.

"How long it seems since I have spent a day out of Rome!" she said. "The last time was at Porto d'Anzio. Do you remember the day we were there, Mr. Desmond? I have never forgotten it. I can shut my eyes now, and hear quite plainly again the wash of the waves on the beach. Do you remember the moonlight on the water, coming back?" she went on dreamily; "and

"How near to the stars we seemed that night,
We two, on the sands by the sea?"

Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper, her cheek was resting on her hand, she seemed looking far back into the past with those sweet, wistful eyes. Desmond glanced at her a moment, his face turned very pale, and his hand clenched hard under the table; but his voice was calm and he smiled quietly as he answered,—

"I remember quite well; pretty little place, that Porto d'Anzio is! By the way, it's a curious thing, do you know, to see with what an instinctive sense of the appropriate people always quote Owen Meredith when they speak of dead and gone flirtations. 'The Flirt's own Laureate' he should be called. There is about as much sham strength and false sentiment in the one as in the other, I suppose," he added, with a reflective air.

"Really, I cannot say; I am not good at literary discussions," answered Eleanor, coldly. "I am not in the habit of dissecting the things which please me. This room is really getting to be very hot and disagreeable; shall we go?"

The wind had changed, and the blue April sky was hidden by a gray veil of sirocco clouds.

"Now, Miss Hardy," said Desmond, "Ostia is all before you where to choose. About a mile down that road is the wood of Castel Fusano; that pile of earth and stones you see there is the entrance to the excavations. What is your choice,

sunshine or silence? Will you spend an hour under the pines, like an irresponsible Bohemian; or shall we improve our minds and 'do' the ruins, like conscientious tourists? By the way, did you remember to bring your conscience with you?"

"No; I left it in Rome with my aunt, for safe keeping," said Eleanor, demurely; "and as for your ruins, Mr. Desmond, you may visit them alone, if you please. There are better things to do with a spring day than to spend it in a hole under ground, like an invalid rabbit!"

They turned down the quiet, grassy lane that leads to Castel Fusano. On either hand stretched long reaches of pasture-land now turned to Fields of the Cloth of Gold by the blaze of yellow marsh-flowers that hid the grass. A tender, half-pathetic color brooded over the landscape; even the stately old pines seemed to bend their proud heads to the breeze and murmur half-forgotten words to the lullaby of the spring wind.

"How I love pine-trees!" said Eleanor; "to enjoy them fully one should not look at them, but lie with one's face to the grass and only hear their grand old chant overhead."

"The pines of Ostia have a song all their own," remarked Jack. "You know all this ground about here was the open sea in the time of the Romans. I always think the trees remember the dash of the waves, and to me their song is like the breaking of the surf far away on the shore."

"Look at my daisies," said Eleanor; "I am afraid it is going to rain." The crimson and white petals of the flowers she held were closing fast.

"Do you know that the Campagna daisies look like the Roman girls?" asked Jack. "See how different they are from the little English daisy, or the delicate rose-and-white *pâquerette* of France. In spite of their white petals, these are not a blonde flower. They have a bolder look, a deeper dash of red, a straighter, taller stem, and that same calmly-scrutinizing, wide-eyed, unabashed gaze you see in the *contadine*.

They have a curious association for me, too," he added, taking up Eleanor's bunch as he spoke. "Daisies always remind me of the first time I fell in love."

"Merely because they are innocent spring things, like lambs or veal," asked Eleanor, mockingly, "or because your *inamorata* wore them in her hat? I think I can see her now. I know your tastes so well, Mr. Desmond, I can guess at what your first ideal must have been,—a china-doll face, with a simper, and marguerites in her hair; all innocence, white muslin, blue ribbons, and amiable imbecility!"

"Indeed she was not," said Jack. "Fair hair has been a latter-day revelation to me; in those prehistoric days the Corsair was my patron saint, and I raved about raven tresses and dark, Oriental eyes. She was a very beautiful girl, I remember, and I thought her an angel at the time," he added, laughing. "I wonder where she can be now?"

"That is so like a man!" said Eleanor. "We are angels as long as we don't care for you, because our eyes are of a particular shape, or the shade of our hair pleases your lordship's tastes; then we fall in love with you and become ordinary mortals on the spot, and you straightway forget us, or, worse still, quote us as rebukes or examples for the amusement of some other woman! The fact is, the wise woman cares only for herself, and every one immediately falls to caring for her too. It's the force of example, I suppose."

"Oh, the justice of the unfair sex!" cried Jack, with mock indignation. "I say of my first love that she looked like a flower and I thought her an angel, and am instantly accused of heartless indifference for saying so. No, I can assure you, my first duel with the 'grand passion' was a most desperate affair. In spite of my Corsair proclivities I have no doubt I should have married my Medora, and repented the act in broadcloth and fine linen for the last ten years, had not another and a bolder pirate carried her off before my agonized eyes. You ought to have known me in those days!

I thought I was the proud and happy proprietor of a blighted life. I had sounded the bottomless abyss of all earthly sorrow, and knew to a nicety the depth thereof! It was all the more cruel in Medora since it had been an utter surrender at the first blow, a case of love at first sight, with me."

"Speaking of first impressions," said Eleanor, "I wish you would tell me quite honestly what you thought of me the first time you saw me. I've always been curious to know how I strike my contemporaries, and never had such a chance to find out, before. We are so out of the world here, so removed from conventional life, why not drop conventional speech as well, and tell each other quite frankly what we think, for once?"

It annoyed her to hear him allude even thus lightly to a woman he had evidently cared for very strongly in old times. A vague jealousy prompted her to occupy him with herself, even to the exclusion of dead and buried rivals; and, as she truly said, they were so far removed from every-day life that any question seemed natural to ask. As they lay under the trees in the still afternoon, life was reduced to its simplest expression, and an impulse of Arcadian simplicity seemed to possess them both, for Jack answered at once, "I had much rather not tell you what I thought. I remember it quite well, but it would not be pleasant to either of us to think of it now."

"Mr. Desmond, you shall tell me! I insist upon it! Do," she added, coaxingly. "You won't refuse me the very first favor I ask you on our last day together?"

"Thanks for your kindness in reminding me of that!" said Jack, abruptly, looking away from her.

"The fact is, I don't believe in the least you remember where or when we met!" she pouted.

"Do you think so? It was at the Whytes' private theatricals; you were dressed in some sort of blue stuff, with white flowers in your hair, and after the play was over you sang—an air from *The Huguenots*. Mrs. Whyte introduced me to you, and we talked together for

an hour or more, until you left at twelve o'clock to go to the Prussian minister's ball."

"But that is only what you saw. I asked for what you thought. See," she said, coquettishly, "I'll give you this bunch of violets, my own pet flowers, that I've brought all the way from Rome, if you will tell me what you thought of me!"

Jack looked at her fixedly a moment, and burst out laughing. "You are a true woman, Eleanor," he said; "but it would be asking too much, perhaps, to expect you to forego proving your power. I'll tell you what I thought, that night! I watched you a long while, and I said to myself, Here at last is a face to live with and to die for,—the frank, loyal face of a girl whose love it were well worth risking one's life to obtain; a girl above the petty considerations of society; a girl with enough heart to love a man for himself and not for what he could give her, and enough courage to avow it. That, Miss Hardy, was my first impression of you."

Eleanor turned very pale. Something in his emotion had touched her; here, in the country, away from Rome and from her aunt, it seemed so much more difficult to realize satisfactorily the wisdom of her choice. Everything about her was young and full of hope; all the softness of the spring seemed to whisper to her that life is short, and love the one good of life. It was hard to have to renounce it all, and something in Desmond's expression, "a girl with enough heart to love a man for himself and not for what he could give her," seemed suddenly to cast a new light, and not a pleasant one at that, on her own motives and intentions. She was at once humiliated and angry; she admired Jack for his contempt of what she coveted, a hundred times more than she had ever done before; but while acknowledging his superiority to herself, she would have punished him for it if she had had the power to do it.

"And what is your last impression of me?" she asked, slowly.

Desmond had risen and was gathering

up her hat and fan and cloak. "I shall not tell you what I think of you now," he answered, quietly.

"Why don't you say at once that you despise me!" she cried, impetuously. "Don't you suppose I understand what you mean?"

"No, I don't think you do," he answered slowly. "I have loved you too well ever to despise you; but I am sorry, very sorry for you, Eleanor. I do not blame you, mind that! It is not your fault if I was fool enough to imagine in you qualities you do not possess. You may not be what I once thought you, but no one who sees you can dispute your charm."

The grave, dispassionate pity in his voice seemed to Eleanor to give the finishing touch to her mortification. A sudden fear lest she had lowered herself irretrievably in his eyes made her silent; a sudden disgust of her own aims, tastes, and wishes kept her from speaking as they walked slowly back to the inn. The violets she had offered him had fallen unheeded at his feet as she rose to go, and a sharp pang of regret passed through her as she noticed his utter indifference to her gift. "Well, I have no one but myself to thank for it!" she thought, with a desperate effort at philosophy. "Better so. The day, or something in the strangeness of our being so long alone together, has made me weak and sentimental. I shall be myself again when I get home."

At the first turn in the road Desmond stopped suddenly. "Excuse me a moment," he said. "I must see if I left my cigar-case under that tree."

Eleanor sat down on the bank by the road-side while he ran quickly back to where they had been sitting.

"At least I shall have that much of you, my darling!" he said, half aloud, as he picked up her withered and bruised bunch of violets, and put them tenderly away in his note-case.

In another moment he was again at her side, and they walked quietly, almost sadly, back to Ostia. It was now almost six o'clock. The sun had sunk low down to the utmost verge of the

mist-veiled horizon; long shadows were falling across the fields, and at the pasture-gates the cattle were crowded together, waiting to be driven home. As Eleanor stood in the court-yard of the inn, waiting for Jack, who had gone to see after their horses, a neat-looking young woman with a little child in her arms came up and asked for alms. Eleanor looked at her. "Is your husband living?" she asked.

"Yes," said the woman.

"Why does he let you beg in this way, then?"

It was a bad year, the beggar told her, and her husband was out of work; he worked at the quarries when he could, but nothing had been done there for a long time.

"Is he good to you? do you love him in spite of his doing nothing for you?"

He was the best man, yes, and the handsomest, too, in the village, his wife answered, flushing as she spoke. Eleanor hastily emptied her purse into the child's hand. "There are people in the world more to be pitied than you are," she said, bitterly. "What! back already, Mr. Desmond? We had better start at once, then. It is growing late, and I am afraid my aunt will be displeased that I stayed so long."

They rode slowly back towards Rome. The sun was setting in the golden glory that so often transfigures the last hour of a sirocco day. Birds were twittering on all the branches, or hurriedly flying homeward across the level marshes, where here and there a pool of water was turned to a sheet of pale, liquid gold, until the color deepened, and long lines of crimson barred the western sky.

"I wonder why it is that there is such pathetic suggestion in a net-work of branches against an evening sky?" said Eleanor. "Do you know, I never see the hedge-rows against a red sunset without feeling that somewhere, some time, — ages ago, in another life, perhaps, — I have seen the same thing and been very unhappy at the time. I always feel as though there were something for me to be wretched about; they hint of some bygone grief which I cannot remember,

and make me vaguely sad at the loss of some forgotten joy."

" For joy once lost is pain," quoted Jack, absently. " Well, it is something, after all, to have had the joy! This morning, when I woke up, I said to myself, ' The pleasantness of life is not over for me yet. I have still a claim on it for one long, perfect day.' And now—I have had it: my day is well-nigh past!"

Eleanor made no answer.

As they rode on, the twilight deepened about them; a chill crept into the evening air; the color at the horizon faded to ashes of rose; a long, light wreath of mist ascended from the marshes and stole like the ghost of the dead day about the solitary fields. The scattered pools of water gleaming dimly through the dusk reflected the livid tone of the sky. The ineffable melancholy of an evening in the early spring fell upon them. They did not speak, but listened to the regular cadence of the horses' feet. That part of the road leads through a thicket of birches; every now and then a branch of the overhanging trees brushed against their faces, and a swarm of small white moths started up from under the leaves. Eleanor suddenly struck her horse sharply with her whip, and started down the hill at a mad gallop. The wind blew freshly in her face and there was exhilaration in the very movement; again and again she urged on her horse, taking a wild delight in the sensation of dashing along in the dark, not seeing where she went. It was with some difficulty that she checked her excited horse at the top of a long ascent, in order to wait for Desmond, who had not dared to follow faster, for fear of frightening Olga beyond all control. Eleanor laughed gayly as he rode up a moment after her.

" I enjoyed that. It was great!" she said. " Did I startle you? Did you think Olga had run away with me?"

" If you had stumbled you would have killed yourself!" said Desmond, in a voice hoarse with suppressed emotion.

" Well, suppose I had," she retorted; " who would have cared? My friends? Rome would have talked for a week of that poor Miss Hardy, and how very

shocking it was, how very distressing for Mr. Desmond! — she was killed under his very eyes, you know, — and how careful one ought to be about accidents on horseback! So very unfortunate! And — and what a pity that those nice Tuesday evening receptions of Mrs. Van Cordtlandt's will have to stop now for a time! such a loss to us all! As for my aunt — well, I'm afraid my poor aunt's chief despair would have been caused by the oddity and impropriety of my decease, and she would never be altogether comforted that I did not break my neck more decorously and with a proper escort. You're not an eligible escort, you know!" she added, with a reckless laugh.

" Don't talk in that way, please," said Desmond; " you don't know how much you pain me by doing so. Surely, my poor child, you must believe that there are people who care for you in another way than that."

" And why should there be?" she broke in passionately. " Have I ever cared for any one, myself? You have been cruel to me to-day after a fashion," she added slowly. " I am sorry I ever came here with you. I don't think I am over-inclined to be romantic, but you have reminded me of what I had almost forgotten — that I am young and that it will be years and years before I shall outgrow the need of being loved. What good has it done you? what have you gained by it? This morning I was ready to marry Mr. Ross, if not with any great joy, at least without any great regret; and now — now you have forever ruined my contentment. I never shall feel as I did, again, and I shall go on doing now what I would have done then, but without ever once shutting my eyes to the fact that I have missed my chance of happiness; that I shall die without ever having lived. Why could you not have left me alone? I am not going to change all my plans in life because of one day spent with you; why need you have taken the pleasure out of everything for me? Stop! I know what you are going to say, but it is of no use. This is our last ride together; to-

[May,

night we say good-by. I may marry Mr. Ross without caring for him, but at least I will never see again a man I think I might have loved once; that is, if I had ever had a heart—which I have n’t! Don’t answer me; and let us go faster, please! I want to get home.”

They put their horses to a sharp trot and rode on for several miles in silence. Behind them had risen a watery moon, that glimmered with an uncertain light through the sea of vapor in which it floated. Now and then the white walls of a farm-house started out from the darkness, and the barking dogs made a dash at the horses as they passed. A dark line of trees against the sky marked the undulating course of the Tiber; now and then the moonlight glanced through their branches and cast a long, shining reflection on the water. Strange, fantastic shadows fell across the road, and more than once the horses shied violently at some mysterious black figure lying in their path. Before very long the houses succeeded each other at shorter intervals, and the distant city showed a pale circle of fire at the far-off horizon.

“We are nearing home. Do not go so fast,” said Desmond suddenly; “this is our last ride, remember. Must it be the last, Eleanor?” he cried impulsively, laying his hand on the pommel of her saddle as he spoke.

“The very last,” she said. “You may despise me now, but I should despise myself were I capable of giving up all the convictions of my life on the impulse of this day. I made a mistake of judgment when I consented to see you again after what had passed between us, and, like all other mistakes, it brings its own punishment with it.

*Let what is broken so remain :
The gods are hard to reconcile.*

Do you like that quotation better than this morning’s? And what do you think you will do with yourself to-morrow?” she added, with an abrupt transition to her customary voice. “By the way, are you going to the races, this year? I am.”

“And so it is all over, and henceforth

when we meet, we meet as strangers,” said Jack, slowly. “Well, it was a pleasant dream while it lasted, only, as in all dreams, one must wake up after a while. Excuse me, Miss Hardy; not having had the advantage of frequenting your society all my life, I find I cannot hope to emulate your charming self-possession. How I envy you that praiseworthy habit of self-control! It is really an admirable triumph of good taste over those dangerous guides, the feelings! You ask about the races. I am so sorry I cannot say that I am going too; but we poor wretches cannot always afford to share in the amusements of our betters. It is quite pardonable, though, that you should forget this; a young lady with your brilliant prospects can hardly be expected to remember that we are not all blessed to the same degree.”

Eleanor did not answer; indeed, she scarcely heard him. “It is our last ride, our last day together,” she thought. “I must never see him again. I dare not! This is the last time, the very last time of all.” She thought with a dull surprise of the change wrought in herself since that morning. “I wonder if we must altogether say good-by?” she mused. “Surely, surely he might still go on caring for me a little, be still my friend.”

There came no answer to her question from out the night into whose melancholy depths she gazed with eyes brimming over with tears.

“Wait a moment,” said Jack, reining in his horse suddenly; “those two lights at the end of the avenue are your gateway-lamps. The farewell to Bohemia must be said now, Miss Hardy.” He held out his hand and clasped hers firmly for a moment, trying to pierce the darkness with eager eyes that could not be satisfied with taking a last long look. “Good-by,” he said slowly, “good-by forever, Eleanor!”

The trees above them rustled in the darkness; the horses drooped their weary heads together; away in the marshes they heard the desolate, piercing cry of some lonely night-bird. “Good-by,” he repeated softly, “good-by, and God

bless you, Eleanor! Our paths part here: yours, I pray, may pass through all the sunny spots of life; mine — well, a man can always find enough to do if he is willing to work. Perhaps — who knows? — I may even learn to forget you, in time," he added, with a short, bitter laugh. "What do you say to comparing notes with me, this day ten years hence, Miss Hardy?"

Eleanor bent low down over her saddle-bow, and played with the mane of her horse. "Do come and call on me to-morrow, Mr. Desmond," she said.

Jack burst out in a wild laugh. "Call on you?" he cried. "What! you want me to come and talk to you as another man would talk? Perhaps, — if my anecdotes are amusing enough and I know how to keep my place, — perhaps you will even invite me to attend those Tuesday evenings when all Rome goes to the Palazzo Pini to admire the charming Miss Hardy! Good God! Can't you understand that I love you! Have you lived so much in a drawing-room that you do not know there are passions in this world? Has your life been a parlor comedy for so long that you have forgotten that men are made of flesh and blood, and not merely of black coats and equally correct sentiments, manners, and neck-ties?" He flung her hand away from him with a sort of contempt. "And to think that I have thrown my heart, my life, my honor, at the feet of a woman so little capable of understanding their worth! Eleanor," his voice grew gentle as he spoke her name, "have you never known what it is to love? I love you — do you know what that means to me? Just this! I love you. To me you are simply the one woman in the world, the one being whose presence is perfect

joy, whose absence the world and all the glory thereof could not tempt me for an instant to forget. You are full of faults; I see them, and I love them for your sake! You are full of noble qualities, and I bow down and worship them! I love the very glove on your hand, the ribbon at your throat, the faded flower you have worn and thrown away. My feeling towards you is no dainty devotion, ready to fall gracefully into the background at a hint, and be the pleasing, tenderly remembered, lightly forgotten romance of a season. I love you as a man loves the woman he would make his wife, — passionately, strongly, jealously. I want you all to myself, or not at all! Pardon me! I mean — I wanted you," he added. "I am speaking of the past. You need not tell me again you do not care for me; I know it now. I will not go and see you. I am your lover, Eleanor; I cannot play at being your friend."

Little fleecy clouds had been drifting fast across the face of the moon; now, as he ended, the wind blew them suddenly apart, and a flood of clear, soft light poured down on Eleanor's bowed head and tight-clasped hands. Some bird in the branches above them, awakened by the sound of Desmond's voice, gave a sleepy twitter as it turned in its warm nest. The horses shook themselves and stamped, impatient to be home.

"Jack," said Eleanor, in a meek, small voice, "I don't think it's very kind of you to make me say it — but I wish you would come and see me to-morrow — for, look here, Jack — I've been thinking — I'm sorry for what I said — and — and I don't want you to come as my *friend*, you know!"

Dudu Fletcher.

THE OLD POET AND HIS WIFE.

AROUND her fell the evening glow,
 Her old hands lying on her knee,
 As if the years had bent her low.
 "When I was young and fair," sighed she,
 "Oh, long, so very long, ago!" —
 "Nay, nay, my love, you still are so;
 You always will be fair to me,
 You always will be fair!" said he.

"But I was fairer when a bride;
 Ah, mock not these gray hairs that know —
 So swift, so swift the seasons slide,"
 She murmured — "seventy winters' snow."
 "Nay, there," said he, "the lights still hide
 In gilded shadows where divide
 The locks in hyacinthine flow,
 While in this mask of age you go."

"Alas! and were it so, unseen
 Even the mask lies soon. How soon,
 How soon," she sighed, "my grave is green!
 The thrush without me trills his tune,
 Without me twilight is serene;
 All things forget that I have been,
 And still on balanced wings the moon
 Pursues the purple darks of June!"

"Nay, summer comes," he said, "and goes
 By you, as in some desert spot
 Sands fan the porphyry Pharaohs,
 Unnoting, and divinely hot.
 Let the bird build, and let the rose
 Flower as the star flowers at the close
 Of day, — you will not be forgot,
 For you remain when these are not.

"They pass, like chaff the loose winds thresh;
 But you are sealed within my verse,
 With all your blushes ever fresh
 As those bright figures men unhearce,
 The bloom upon the fruity flesh,
 The ribbon in the ringlet's mesh,
 Through sunny centuries nothing worse
 For gray Pompeii's ashen curse!

"If Phidias' self had carved you, dear,
 In ivory, enriched with gold,

Some blithe barbarian with his spear,
Climbing the rampart, bare and bold,
Had thrust you downward with a jeer;
Gaunt roots had wreathed for many a year
Your beauty; and some boor had rolled
A broken antique from the mold.

" Or if on Titian's canvas you
Had mixed your colors with the sun,
And from the gates of morning drew
The splendors that your shape puts on,
Some envious ray, some blistering dew,
One day would blot the wondrous view,
When all the spells that Venice spun
O'er her wan waters were undone!

" But in the compass of a song,
Sweethart, you breathe diviner air,
While music beats its pulse along
The happy lines that hold you there.
Still when old Homer clear and strong
Lifts up his voice, what echoes throng
From fierce kings' voices, sounding where
Great Helen lives forever fair!

" And so, far down the years that yearn
For light and blossom, hid in doom,
Some eve when skyey fires burn
To ashes, one in some dim room
The strain of an old book shall learn,
And thumb a yellowing leaf, and turn
To see you stand there and illume
With sudden shining all the gloom.

" Just as on that dear day I first
Drew out, with tender artifice,
The length of the thick curl that pursed
Their clinging, clasping shapes to miss
None of the sunshine, all athirst,
Like globes of Shiraz grapes that burst
Gold from the shade. And one bold kiss
Rapt me, — like this, old wife, and this!

" Ay, though a thousand years be fled,
The sight denied me he shall have:
The quick throbs kindling rosy red
The dimpled damask that they gave,
The darkling glow the soft eyes shed,
The trembling smile, — though I be dead,
Mine, mine, not his, the power to save, —
A dead old man within my grave!

" Yet should you cease from off the face
 Of the sweet earth, and I be blest
 With no man's memory for the space
 Of a song's singing, that is best.
 Laid side by side in some green place
 Asleep—Fate grants a further grace
 To none. And sweeter, for the rest,
 The earth that holds you in her breast!"

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE MADNESS OF GEORGE III.

" I should c'en die with pity
 To see another thus."

KING LEAR.

THE English people have seemed on several occasions to more than half credit the report that Queen Victoria had become clouded in mind, not, perhaps, from any special evidence of insanity in the case, but from the fact that she is the granddaughter of George III., who was insane for nearly one sixth of his long reign. Mention has also been made of the connection of the English royal family with the old French monarch, Charles VI., who became demented. There is an old theory, which still obtains credit in England, that it is the grandchildren rather than the children of the insane who are in danger of inheriting mental disease. It is somewhat remarkable that the English monarch who reigned longest, and a French monarch also celebrated for his long reign, should each have fallen a victim to mental disease.

Much has been written concerning the influence which the insanity of George III. had upon the political events of his reign, but little has been said concerning the influence that it exerted upon his private character, his social feelings, and his domestic life. His misfortune as far as possible was concealed from the world, but such fragmentary accounts of it as remain reveal to us, with much that is painful and humiliating, some of the finer feelings and impulses of his character, and afford a somewhat differ-

ent picture of the august monarch from that which we are accustomed to derive from the instructions of a certain respected document read on Independence Days.

The influence of insanity is usually sympathetic. It has been said that genius is a disease of the nerves, and one of the compensations that Providence makes for the sufferings that arise from exquisite sensitiveness. Be that as it may with the intellect, insanity seems to refine the affections, to enlarge one's charity, and to endow one with clearer perceptions of the sorrows and anxieties that rob life of its common comforts and privileges. It gives one a responsive nature; it untunes the harp, but it tunes it again. It is a curious fact that the best-read authors during the reign of George III. seem to have derived their enlarged sympathies with mankind from this extraordinary discipline. Old Burton was long dead, but his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which was written to lift the vapors from his own mind, still retained its popularity. The *Odes of Collins*, which were just rising into appreciation, were written in the lucid intervals of madness. Dr. Johnson, whose voluntary testimonies to the king's private virtues and goodness of heart have been named by Thackeray as one of the props of the throne, was a most unhappy victim of the English malady, and wrote *Rasselas* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* under a cloud which for a full

half-century threatened the destruction of his intellect. Gay and jolly Oliver Goldsmith, pedantic Boswell, and even Garrick had their moods. The poetry of Cowper embodied the most sorrowful of all experiences. Haley wrote with the shadow of insanity upon his hearth-stone, and Beattie with the recollection of his insane wife ever in mind.

The discipline of insanity has refined many rough natures and quickened many cold hearts that otherwise might have passed as misanthropes in the world. Among these may fairly be classed George III. "Few princes," says Lord Brougham, "have been more exemplary in their domestic habits or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, took possession of his breast and swayed it by turns." This disposition made him unpopular at times, and, but for a correcting providence — the chastisement of his constantly threatening affliction — might have lost him his throne. His frequent mental distresses made him humble, and kept his heart open to the unfortunate and the poor. Like Lear, he could look upon the meanest of his subjects and say, —

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

The king was first attacked by insanity in 1765, when he was twenty-seven years old. It was in the spring-time. As is usual with the first manifestations of disease of this kind, when constitutional, he soon recovered.

In the latter part of the autumn of 1788, the king appeared to be nervous and restless, unsettled in mind and apprehensive. Returning from a long ride one bright October day, he hurried by, entered his apartment with an anxious, distressed look upon his face, and, flinging himself into a chair, burst into tears, exclaiming, "I am going to be mad, and I wish to God I might die!"

The apprehension of an attack of insanity is a most fearful thing; few scenes of suffering not associated with guilt and crime can compare with the terrors

of a man who is conscious that he is no longer master of himself, that his will is losing the power to restrain his intellect. What may he not be left to do? We have read of the poet Collins sobbing and mourning in the shadowy aisle of Chichester Cathedral, whither he was accustomed to resort to seek for solace in prayer and in the music of the organ; of Dr. Johnson trembling day by day for nearly half a century lest the bitterness of the melancholy he had suffered in early manhood should return; of Charles Lamb and his poor insane sister going across the fields to the neighboring asylum, weeping and bitterly wringing their hands, because the distressed girl knew that the season of darkness was coming again; of the prayers of Cowper amid the solitudes of Olney and on the banks of the Ouse, and the concealed anxieties of the overworked brain of Southey amid the seclusion of Keswick. The most dangerous and distressing period of mental malady is that when the passions and emotions are partly unchained, and the consciousness of right remains, without the power to pursue it.

The sufferings of the king during the first apprehensive days of his malady were painful to witness, and his conduct was most humiliating for the monarch of a realm whose empire followed the sun. "He awoke," says one of Sheridan's correspondents on one occasion, "with all the gestures and ravings of a confirmed maniac, and a new noise in imitation of the howling of a dog." He seemed tempted with suicidal thoughts, and required constant watchfulness and restraint. "This morning," says one, "he made an attempt to jump out of the window, and is now very turbulent and incoherent."

The king grew worse during the last days of fall. On the 29th of November he was removed to Kew, where he was to experience almost unspeakable horrors. Here he grew worse, his disease became settled, and the sad particulars of his conduct during the dreary months of December and January have, perhaps with commendable prudence, been withheld from the public eye.

The king's illness not yielding to the treatment of the court physicians, the queen and her advisers thought proper to bring to their assistance some one particularly skilled in diseases of the mind. Their choice fell upon Dr. Francis Willis, a highly-educated minister and physician, who seemed to possess great natural power in influencing those whose intellects were disordered, but who were yet capable of moral restraint. His advice in cases of this nature was sought by people of the highest rank, and he often had thirty patients under his charge. Miss Burney, who has left us many pleasing pictures of the domestic life of George III., describes Dr. Willis as a "man of a thousand," open-hearted, dauntless, and high-minded. Soon after his arrival at the palace, it was decided that he should have the moral management of the king.

The first interview of Dr. Willis with the king was rather odd and amusing. The royal patient, like most insane people, could be very sarcastic, and he turned a sharp tongue on his new medical adviser.

"Are you not a clergyman?" asked the king.

"Yes."

"And are you not ashamed to leave your calling and turn doctor?"

"Our Saviour himself went about doing good."

"Yes," answered the king, "but he did not get seven hundred pounds a year for it."

It was decided that the moral management of the king required seclusion both from his family and from the ministers of state. He was also, when violent, subjected to mechanical restraint.

Distressing indeed must have been the spectacle presented by the English monarch at this period of his incapacity; how distressing a single anecdote will show. During his convalescence some friends of the royal household were passing through the palace accompanied by an equerry, when they observed a strait-jacket lying in a chair. The equerry averted his look as a mark of respect for the king. The latter, who had joined

the company present, observed the movement and said, "You need not be afraid to look at it. Perhaps it is the best friend I ever had in my life."

The political effects of the king's illness are sufficiently known to the reader of English history. It was the ministerial policy to represent the malady as a temporary and an accidental misfortune; the aim of the opposition was to represent it as incurable; and these differences produced the most violent disputes in Parliament, involving as they did the question of the regency. Early in January the king gave evidence of recovery. Willis was the first of the king's physicians to perceive it. In reply to the committee of the House of Commons, when asked if he saw any present signs of convalescence, he said, —

"About a fortnight ago his Majesty would take up books, but could not read a line in them; he will now read several pages together, and make very good remarks upon the subject."

The king had some calm days in February, and his full recovery came with the singing of birds and the budding of flowers. Summer-time brought again the old tranquillity to the palace. One of the first excursions that the king made after his recovery was to an almshouse, where apartments for the insane were being provided.

The king's third attack of insanity began in February, 1801. He was put under restraint for only about a month, though his complete recovery did not take place till the following summer. Twenty-three years, not unclouded by apprehension, elapsed between the first and the second attack, and thirteen years, shadowed by continual anxiety, between the second and the third.

The recovery of the king from his second attack thrilled the nation with joy and awakened a spirit of loyalty from sea to sea. London, on the night following the day on which the king resumed his functions, was a blaze of light from the palaces of the West End to the humblest huts in the suburbs. But the great illumination was a rising splendor, which only had its beginning here; it

flashed like a spontaneous joy over all the cities of the realm. Gala days followed gala days; the nights were festive; the release of the king from his mental bondage seemed to lighten all hearts. On the 23d of April the royal family went to the old cathedral of St. Paul's in solemn state to return thanks to God. It was an imposing procession. The bells rung out, the boom of the cannon echoed through the mellowing air, and light strains of music arose on every hand. As the king entered the cathedral between the bishops of London and Lincoln, the voices of five thousand children burst forth in grand chorus, "God save the king."

At the sound of the jubilant strain, the king's emotions overcame him. He covered his face and wept.

"I do now feel that I have been ill," he said to the Bishop of London, as soon as he could restrain his tears.

The joy of the nation was sincere. As delightful to the king must have been the days that followed, when he set forth with the queen and a part of the royal family for a long tour to the west of England. The roads were lined with people and spanned with arches of flowers; girls crowned with wreaths strewed flowers in the streets of the villages through which he passed; bells were rung, the bands were out, all was festivity from London to Weymouth. Wide must have been the contrast between this new freedom and good Dr. Willis's strait-jacket.

Weymouth at this time possessed rare charms for the king. Unvexed by ministerial disputes and the cares of state, free from the last shadow of the clouds that had darkened his mind, with a humble heart, feeling that he was after all but a dependent man among weak and dependent men, he joined the peasants in their sports, he caressed their children, he gave pious advice to old women and wholesome counsel to ambitious lads and buxom lassies; he wandered through the hay-fields with the mowers, and was rocked by the common sailors on the foamy waters of Portland Roads. His intercourse with the peasants

at this period gave him a popularity that he never outlived.

The familiarity of notable monarchs with their poorer and meaner subjects has ever been an engaging theme with the historian and the poet. Thus we have the child-charming stories of Henry VIII. and the miller of Dee; of King John and the abbot; of Edward IV. and the tanner; of Philip of Burgundy and the tinker, which, with some shifting of scenes, is told in the Induction to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. About few monarchs have so many pleasing anecdotes of this kind been related as about George III. This humility was a result of his great afflictions, and a most fortunate one for his popularity, since in the eyes of the people his charity covered a multitude of political errors.

After the first beating of the storm of affliction upon his own head, he had a sensitiveness that would never allow him to witness a scene of suffering without emotion, however humble might be the condition of the sufferer. A volume of anecdotes might be collected to illustrate this gentleness of character when want or woe was presented directly before him. He was walking one day, during the hard winter of 1785, unbending his mind from the cares of state, when he chanced to meet two little boys, who, not knowing whom they were addressing, fell upon their knees in the snow, and, wringing their hands, said,—

"Help us! We are hungry; we have nothing to eat."

Their pinched faces were wet with tears.

"Get up," said the king. "Where do you live?"

"Our mother is dead, and our father lies sick, and we have no money, food, or fire."

"Go home," said the king, "and I will follow you."

They at last reached a wretched hovel, where the king found the mother dead, having perished for the want of the necessities of life, and the wretched father ready to perish, but still encircling with his bony arm the deceased partner of his woes. The king's eye moistened, and he

hurried back to the Queen's Lodge and related to the queen what he had seen. He not only immediately relieved the present necessities of the family, but gave orders that the boys should be supported and educated from the royal bounty.

The king surpassed all other monarchs in the whimsical play of "good Haroun Alraschid." He loved nothing better than to meet his poorer and meaner subjects incognito, and learn their good opinion of him. He once played the part of Saxon Alfred as well as that of the Persian caliph, and turned a piece of meat in a cottage. When the old woman returned, what was her delight at finding a royal note, with an inclosure. It ran, "Five guineas to buy a jack."

On board the Southampton, a famous vessel of the olden time, he made himself as jolly with the sailors. One of the tars professed to be a poet, and composed an ode of voluntary laureateship on the occasion, which was sung in the presence of the king. Two of the stanzas run as follows:—

"Portland Road,
The king aboard, the king aboard,
Portland Road,
The king aboard,
We weighed and sailed from Portland Road.

"The king, he sat
With a smile on his face, a smile on his face,
The king, he sat
With a smile on the face,
To see the afterguard splice the main brace."

The "splicing of the main brace" here referred to, which greatly pleased his Majesty, consisted in serving out an extra dram to the sailors. The words were sung to the music of the bagpipe.

George III. was fond of children. All crazy people are, in their better moods. Walking one day near Windsor, he met a stable-boy and asked,—

"Well, boy, what do you do, and what do they pay you?"

"I help in the stable, sir; but they only give me my victuals and clothes."

"Be content," said the king, in a philosophical mood; "I can have nothing more."

Kew House, or the old palace at Kew, still exists, and with it are associated

some of the most pleasing as well as melancholy incidents of the court life of the last century. Here, amid the charming gardens, Queen Charlotte had her Little Trianon, which bore the name of the Queen's Lodge. Here was the Royal Nursery; here, in the cool shade of the flowering trees, Frederick, Prince of Wales, used to listen to the wit of Chesterfield and the insidious reasoning of Bolingbroke; and here the king passed the happiest hours of his better years and the most wretched days of his existence.

Its relics still remain, reminding one—oh, how sadly and vividly!—of a generation gone. The easy-chair in which Queen Charlotte died, the old harpsichord that belonged to Händel, on which the king used to play, the king's prayer-book, his walking-stick, all recall the best days of the English court.

Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay) and others have left a few glimpses of the king's life at Kew during his periods of incapacity. These occasional views are often amusing, and it is for this reason that they were not allowed to fade away with the general history of the king's domestic life during these dark periods.

One day Miss Burney was walking in the garden at Kew, when she saw the king, whom she supposed to be very insane, coming towards her. To avoid meeting him, she ran off at full speed. But the king was not to be disappointed in his chance of meeting a pretty woman, and so ran after her. The king's attendants were alarmed and ran after him. But the king proved the swiftest runner, and soon caught up with the charming queen's maid, and, throwing his arms around her, kissed her. He then informed her that he was as well as ever he had been in his life, and that he wished to talk with her on affairs of state. Miss Burney was at first terribly frightened, but soon gained her self-possession and enjoyed one of the most pleasant interviews with the king that she ever had while in the service of the royal household.

Another time, as the king was breakfasting at Kew, the great scarcity of beef

which was then prevailing in England became the subject of conversation.

"Why do not people plant more beef?" asked the king.

Upon being told that beef could not be raised from the seed, he seemed still incredulous. He took some bits of beef-steak, and went into the garden and planted them. The next morning he went out to see if they had sprouted, and found there some snails. Thinking they were oxen, he was heard calling out, "Here they are, here they are, Charlotte, horns and all!"

Age at last battered his decaying tabernacle, and his life became more Lear-like as the twilight shadows began to fall. His sympathies seemed to take a wider range, and his charity to gather new sweetness, as the evening of age came on. In 1786 a poor insane woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to assassinate him as he was in the act of stepping from his carriage. The king, on finding that she was insane, remembered his own frailty, spoke of her with great pity, and tried to disarm the popular prejudice against her. In 1790 John Frith, an insane man, attempted the king's life, and another lunatic shot at him in 1800, for each of whom the king was moved to extreme pity when he understood the nature of their malady.

George III. had fifteen children. His favorite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature, and making herself the companion of the king in his decline. She once told her experience in life in two fair stanzas, that have been preserved:—

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me."

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,

It then occurred how sad 't would be,
Were this world only made for me."

* In 1810 she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. "The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you?"

"Nothing," says an English clergyman who witnessed these interviews, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most magnificent pomps of royalty."

As she grew weaker, he caused the physicians to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone. This love was more precious to him than crowns and thrones. The world offered nothing to him so sweet as her affection. She was his Cordelia. One gloomy day a messenger came to the king's room to announce that Amelia had breathed her last. It was too much for the king: reason began to waver and soon took its flight. "This was caused by poor Amelia," he was heard saying, as the shadows deepened and the dreary winter of age came stealing on.

"Thou 'll come no more,
Never, never, never, never!"

This was in 1810. The remaining ten years of his life were passed, with the exception of few brief intervals, in the long night of mindlessness, and the last eight years were still more deeply shadowed by the loss of sight. In May, 1811, he appeared once outside of the

castle of Windsor, and henceforth the people saw him no more. Withdrawn from all eyes but those that watched his necessities, in silence and in darkness, crownless, throneless, sceptreless, there was for him neither sun, moon, nor stars, empire, wife, nor child. The seasons came and went, — the spring-time lighted up the hills and autumn withered the leaves, the summer sunshine dreamed in the flowers and the snows of winter fell; battles were fought; Waterloo changed the front of the political world; Napoleon fell; the nation was filled with festive rejoicings over the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, but he was oblivious of all. His sister died, his beloved queen died, his son, the Duke of Kent, died — but he knew it not. He was often confined in a padded room; his beard grew long; he seemed like a full personification of the character of Lear. Once he was heard repeating to himself the sad lines in Samson Agonistes, —

“Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark! Total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!”

Some incidents of this period are very touching. One day, while his attendants were leading him along one of the passages of the castle, he heard some one draw quickly aside. “Who is there?” asked the king.

He was answered in a well-known voice.

“I am now blind,” said the king.

“I am very sorry, please your Majesty.”

“But,” continued the king, “I am quite resigned; for what have we to do in this world but to suffer as well as to perform the will of the Almighty?”

He at one time supposed that George III. was some other person than himself, who was now dead. He professed to feel great respect for the deceased monarch. He was once heard saying, “I must have a new suit of clothes, and I will have them black, in memory of George III.”

In the summer of 1814 he had some lucid intervals. In one of these he was visited by the queen. Once, on enter-

ing the room, she found him singing a hymn, and playing sweetly upon the harpsichord. When he had finished singing, he knelt down and prayed. He invoked a blessing upon the queen, his children, and the nation, and concluded with a petition that God would avert his own dreadful calamity if it was the divine will; if not, that he would give him resignation to bear it. One morning he heard the bell tolling at Windsor.

“Who is dead?” he asked.

“Mrs. S——, please your Majesty.”

“Mrs. S——? She was a linen-dra-
per. She was a good woman, and brought
up her family in the fear of God. She
has gone to heaven, and I hope I shall
soon follow her.”

As the world receded, leaving him nothing but solitude, he fancied that the angels came to visit him and to minister unto him. Old friends long dead came back again; they wandered about his lonely rooms and sat down in the empty chairs; they clustered around him at the time of prayer. His heart was ever turning to the past, to the friends of more than a half-century before. The following passage from Lord Eldon’s papers indicates the intense spirituality that in his partly lucid intervals was ever present in his mind: —

“The king had been allowed to pre-side over the state council. It was agreed that if any strong feature of his malady should appear during the sitting, Sir Henry Halford should, on receiving a signal from me, endeavor to recall him from his aberrations, and accordingly, when his Majesty appeared to be ad-dressing some statesmen of a past generation, whom he had long survived, Sir Henry observed, ‘Your Majesty has, I believe, forgotten that — and — both died many years ago.’

“‘True,’ replied the king; ‘they died to you and to the world in general, but not to me.’”

Music seemed to collect his thoughts and soothe his feelings, and the piano and harpsichord were his favorite instruments. In 1811 he, for the last time, made the selection of pieces for a grand sacred concert. It comprised Händel’s

famous passages descriptive of madness and blindness, the lamentation of Jephthah on the loss of his daughter, and the list ended with God save the King. The performance of the last moistened all eyes, after what had gone before.

Thus passed the last ten years of the monarch's life, in a gradual decline, amid an obscurity lighted by occasional gleams of reason and always full of the keenest pathos; until, in 1820, the great

bell of St. Paul's announced his final release.

The popularity of George III. was largely due to his humble piety, and to his familiarity with his poorer and meaner subjects. Each of these characteristics was the result, in a measure, of his mental misfortunes. It was because the king never dared to forget that he was a man, that the people always loved to remember that he was a king.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

A VISIT TO A CERTAIN OLD GENTLEMAN.

LEAVES FROM A ROMAN NOTE-BOOK.

It was only after the gravest consideration that we decided to visit a Certain Old Gentleman. There were so many points to be considered. It was by no means certain that a Certain Old Gentleman wanted us to visit him. Though we knew him, in a vague way, to be sure, — through friends of ours who were friends of his, — he did not know us at all. Then he was, according to report, a very particular old gentleman, standing squarely on his dignity, and so hedged about by conventional ideas of social etiquette, so difficult of approach, and so nearly impossible to become acquainted with when approached, that it was an audacious thing to seriously contemplate dropping in on him familiarly. What impelled us to wish to do so? Certainly we had no desire to pay court to him. He had formerly occupied a high official position, but now he was retired, so to speak, into private life, — a sufficient reason in itself why he should be let alone. In brief, there were a hundred reasons why we should not visit him, and there was not one why we should. It was that that decided us, I think.

It comes back to me like the reminiscence of a dream, rather than as the memory of an actual experience, that

May afternoon when the purpose first unfolded itself to us. We were sitting in the fading glow of the day on the last of the four marble steps which linked our parlor to the fairy-like garden of the Albergo di Russia in the Via Babuino. Our rooms were on the ground-floor, and this garden, shut in on three sides by the main building and the wings of the hotel, and closed at the rear by the Pincian Hill, up which the garden clambered half-way in three or four luxuriant terraces, seemed naturally to belong to our suite of apartments. All night we could hear the drip of the fountain among the cactus leaves, and catch at intervals the fragrance of orange-blossoms, blown in at the one window we dared leave open. It was here we took the morning air a few minutes before breakfast; it was on these steps we smoked our cigar after the wonders of the day were done. We had the garden quite to ourselves, for the cautious tourist had long since taken wing from Rome, frightened by the early advance of summer. The great caravansary was nearly empty. Aside from the lizards, I do not recollect seeing any living creature in that garden during our stay, except a little frowsy wad of a dog, which dashed into our premises one morning,

and seizing on a large piece of sponge made off with it up the Pincian Hill. If that sponge fell to the lot of some time-encrusted Romanese, and Providence was merciful enough to inspire him with a conception of its proper use, it cannot be said of that little Skye terrier that he lived in vain.

If no other feet than ours invaded those neatly-graveled walks, causing the shy, silvery lizards to swiftly retreat to the borders of the flower-beds or behind the corpulent green tubs holding the fan-palms, we were keenly conscious now and then of being overlooked. On pleasant afternoons lines of carriages and groups of gayly-dressed people went winding up the steep road which, skirted with ilexes and pines and mimosa bushes, leads to the popular promenade of the Pincio. There, if anywhere, you get a breath of fresh air in the heated term, and always the most magnificent view of the city and its environs. There, of old, were the gardens of Lucullus; and there Messalina, with wicked good taste, had her pleasure-house, and held her Saturnalia; and there, to-day, the band of Victor Emmanuel plays twice a week in the sunset, luring thither all the sunny belles and beaux of Rome. Monte Pincio, as I have said, sloped down on one side to our garden. On the crest of the hill commanding our demesne was a low wall of masonry. From time to time a killing Roman fop would come and lean in an elegant attitude against this wall, nursing himself on the ivory ball of his cane, and staring unblushingly at the blonde-haired lady sitting under her own hired fig-tree in the hotel garden. What a fascinating creature he was, with his little black mustache, almost as heavy as a pencil mark, his olive skin, his wide, effeminate eyes, his slender rattan figure, and his cameo sleeve-studs! What a sad dog he was, to melt into those languishing postures up there, and let loose all those facile blandishments, careless of the heart-break he must inevitably cause the simple American *signora* in the garden below! We used to glance up at this gilded youth from time to time, and it was a satisfaction to reflect

what an ineffable idiot he was, like all his kind in every land under the sun.

This was our second sojourn in Rome, and we had spent two industrious weeks picking up the threads of the Past, dropped temporarily in April in order to run down and explore Naples before Southern Italy became too hot to hold us: two busy weeks, into which were crowded visits to the Catacombs and the Baths of Caracalla, and excursions on the Campagna,—at this time of year a vast red sea of poppies strewn with the wrecks of ancient tombs; we had humiliated our nostrils in strolling through the Ghetto, and gladdened our eyes daily with the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza del Campidoglio; we had made a pilgrimage to the Abbey alle Tre Fontane, and regarded with a proper sense of awe the three fountains which had gushed forth at the points where the head of the Apostle Paul landed, in those three eccentric leaps it accomplished after his execution; we had breathed the musky air of Santa Maria Maggiore and the Basilica San Paolo, and once, by chance, on a minor *fête* day, lighted on a pretty pageant in St. John Lateran; we had looked our fill of statuary and painting, and jasper and lapis-lazuli; we had burrowed under the Eternal City in crypt and dungeon, and gazed down upon it from the dizzy Lantern of St. Peter's. The blighting summer was at hand; the phantasmal malaria was stalking the Campagna at night: it was time to go. There was nothing more to be done in Rome unless we did the Roman fever,—nothing but that, indeed, if we were not inclined to pay a visit to a Certain Old Gentleman. This alternative appeared to have so many advantages over the Roman fever that it at once took the shape of an irresistible temptation. At least it did to Madama and me, but the other pilgrim of the party was of a more reflective mind, and was disposed to look at the question judicially. He was not going to call on a Certain Old Gentleman as if he were a frescoed panel in the Sistine Chapel; it was not fair to put a human being on the same footing

as a nameless heathen statue dug out of the lava of Pompeii; the statue could not complain, and would put itself in a false position if it did complain, at being treated as a curiosity; but the human being might, and had a perfect right to protest. H——'s objections to the visit were so numerous and so warmly put, that Madama and I were satisfied he had made up his mind to go.

"However, the gentleman is not adverse to receiving strangers, as I understand it," said H——.

"On the contrary," I said, "it is one of the relaxations of his old age, and he is especially hospitable to our countrymen. A great many Americans"—

"Then let us go, by all means," interrupted Madama. "Among the Romans one should do—as Americans do."

"Only much better," I suggested. "I have sometimes been not proud of my countrymen on this side of the water. The Delaneys in the Borghese Gallery, the other day! I almost longed for the intervention of the Inquisition. If it had been in Venice and in the fifteenth century, I'd have dropped an anonymous communication into the letter-box of the Palace of the Doges, and had the Council of Ten down on Miss Fanny Delaney in no time."

"The chances are he is out of town," said Madama, ignoring my vindictiveness.

"He has a summer residence near Albano," said H——, "but he never goes there now; at least he has not occupied the villa for the last few years, in fact, not since 1870."

"Where does he pass his summers, then?" asked Madama.

"In Rome."

"How eccentric!"

"I suppose he has his weak points, like the rest of us," said H——, charitably.

"He ought to have his strong points, to endure the summer in Rome, with the malaria, and the sirocco, and the typhoon, and all the dreadful things that befall."

"The typhoon, my dear"—

Though the discussion did not end here that May evening on the steps of the hotel-garden, it ends here in my record; it being sufficient for the reader to know that we then and there resolved to undertake the visit in question. The scribe of the party dispatched a note to Signor V—— expressing a desire to pay our respects to his venerable friend before we left town, and begging that an early day, if any, be appointed for the interview. Signor V—— was an Italian acquaintance of ours who carried a diplomatic key that fitted almost any lock.

We breakfasted betimes, the next morning, and sat lingering over our coffee, awaiting Signor V——'s reply to our note. The reply had so impressive an air of not coming, that we fell to planning an excursion to Tivoli, and had ordered a carriage to that end, when Stefano appeared, bearing an envelope on his silver-plated waiter. (I think he was born with that waiter in his hand; he never laid it down for a moment; if any duty obliged him to use both hands, he clapped the waiter under his arm or between his knees; I used to fancy that it was attached to his body by some mysterious, invisible ligament, the severing of which would have caused his instant death.) Signor V—— advised us that his venerable friend would be gracious enough to receive us that very day at one half-hour after noon. In a postscript the signor intimated that the gentlemen would be expected to wear evening dress, *minus* gloves, and that it was imperative on the part of Madama to be costumed completely in black and to wear only a black veil on her hair. Such was one of the whims of a Certain Old Gentleman.

Here a dilemma arose. Among Madama's wardrobe there was no costume of this lugubrious description. The nearest approach to it was a statuesque black robe, elaborately looped and covered with agreeable arabesques of turquoise-blue silk. There was nothing to do but to rip off these celestial trimmings, and they were ripped off, though it went against the woman-heart. Poor, vain

little silk dress, that had never been worn, what swift retribution overtook you for being nothing but artistic, and graceful, and lovely, and — Parisian, which includes all blessed adjectives!

From the bottom of a trunk in which they had lain since we left London, H—— and I exhumed our dress-coats. Though perfectly new (like their amiable sister, the black silk gown), they came out looking remarkably aged. They had inexplicable bulges in the back, as if they had been worn by somebody with six or eight shoulder-blades, and were covered all over in front with minute wrinkles, recalling the famous portrait of the late Dr. Parr in his hundred and fiftieth year. H—— and I got into our creased elegance with not more intemperate comment than might be pardoned, and repaired to the parlor, where we found Madama arranging a voluminous veil of inky crape over her hair, and regarding herself in a full-length mirror with gloomy satisfaction. The carriage was at the *porte cochère*, and we departed, stealing silently through the deserted hotel corridor, and looking for all the world, I imagine, like a couple of rascally undertakers making off with a nun.

We had been so expeditious in our preparations that on seating ourselves in the carriage we found much superfluous time on our hands; so we went around Robin Hood's barn to our destination, — a delightful method in Rome, — taking the Cenci Palace and the Hilda's Tower of Hawthorne's romance in our impartial sweep, and stopping at a shop in the Piazza di Spagna, where Madama purchased an amber rosary for only about three times as many lire as she need have paid for it anywhere else on the globe. If an Italian shop-keeper should be submitted to a chemical analysis, and his rascality carefully separated from the other ingredients and thrown away, there would be nothing left of him.

There were not many persons to be seen in the streets. It was nearing the hour when Rome keeps in-doors and takes its ease; besides, it was out of season, as I have stated, and the Gaul and

the Briton, and the American savage with his bowie-knife and revolver, had struck a trail northward. At the church portals, to be sure, was the usual percentage of distressing beggars, — the old hag out of Macbeth, who insists on lifting the padded leather door-screen for you, the one-eyed man, the one-armed man, the one-legged man, and other fragments. The poor you have always with you, in Italy. They lash themselves, metaphorically, to the spokes of your carriage-wheel, and go around with you.

Ever since our second arrival in Rome the population seemed to have been undergoing a process of evaporation. From the carriage-window now and then we caught sight of a sandaled monk slitting by in the shadow of a tall building, — the sole human thing that appears to be in a hurry in this stagnant city. His furtive air betrays his consciousness that he is only tolerated where he once ruled nearly supreme. It is an evil time for him; his tenure is brief. Now that the government has unearthed him, he is fading out like a Pompeian fresco. As he glides by, there in the shade, with the aspect of a man belated on some errand of vital import, I have an idea he is not going anywhere in particular. Before these doleful days had befallen the Church of Rome, every third figure you met was a gray-cowled friar, or a white-robed Dominican, or a shovel-hatted reverend father looking like a sharp raven; but they all are rare birds now, and, for the most part, the few that are left stick to their perches in the stricken, moldy old monasteries and convents, shedding their feathers and wasting away hour by hour, the last of the brood!

In the vicinity of Trajan's Column we encountered a bewildered-looking goat-herd, who had strayed in from the Campagna, perhaps with some misty anticipation that the Emperor Nero had a fresh lot of choice Christians to be served up that day in the arena of the Coliseum. I wondered if this rustic wore those pieces of hairy goatskin laced to his calves in July and August. It

threw one into a perspiration to look at him. But I forgave him on inspection, for with his pointed hat, through an aperture of which his hair had run to seed, and his scarlet sash, and his many-colored tattered habiliments, he was the only bit of picturesque costume we saw in Rome. Picturesque costume is a thing of the past there, except those fraudulent remains of it that hang about the studios in the Via Margutta, or at the steps of the Trinità de' Monti, on the shoulders of professional models.

Even the Corso was nearly deserted and quite dull this day, and it is scarcely gay when it is thronged, as we saw it early in the spring. Possibly it is lively during the Carnival. It would need masking and music and illumination to lift its chronic gloom, in spite of its thousand balconies. The sense of antiquity and the heavy, uncompromising architecture of Rome oppress one painfully until one comes to love her. My impression of Rome is something so solid and tangible that I have felt at times as if I could pack it in a box, like a bas-relief, or a statue, or a segment of a column, and send it home by the Cunard line. Compared with the airiness and grace and color of other Continental cities, Rome is dull. The arcades of Bologna and the dingy streets of Verona and Padua are not duller. But what a spell she casts over you, and how she grows upon you, the mother city of the world!

If I linger by the way, and seem in no haste to get to a Certain Old Gentleman, it is because the Roman atmosphere has in it some medicinal property that induces reverie and procrastination, and relaxes the sinews of effort. I wonder where Caligula found the vivacity to torture his victims, and Brutus the enterprise to stab Caesar.

Our zigzag route brought us back to the Piazza del Popolo, from which we turned into the Via Ripetta on the left, and rattled over the stone pavement past the Castle of St. Angelo, towards St. Peter's. It was not until the horses slackened their speed, and finally stood still in a spacious cortile at the foot of a

wide flight of stone steps, that our purpose dropped a certain fantastic aspect it had worn, and became a serious if not a solemn business. Notwithstanding our deliberations over the matter at the hotel, I think I had not fully realized that in proposing to visit a Certain Old Gentleman we were proposing to visit the Pope of Rome. The proposition had seemed all along like a piece of mild pleasantry, as if one should say, "I think I'll drop round on Titus Flavius in the course of the forenoon," or "I've half a mind to look in on Cicero and Pompey, and see how they feel this morning after their little dissipation last night at the villa of Lucullus." The Pope of Rome—not the Pope *regnant*, but the Pope of Rome in the abstract—had up to that hour presented himself to my mental eye as an august spectacular figure, belonging to no particular period, who might turn out after all to be an ingenious historical fiction perpetrated by the same humorist that invented Pocahontas. The Pope of Rome!—he had been as vague to me as Adam and as improbable as Noah.

But there stood Signor V—— at the carriage-step, waiting to conduct us into the Vatican, and there on either side of the portals at the head of the massive staircase lounged two of the papal guard in that jack-of-diamonds costume which Michael Angelo designed for them—in the way of a practical joke, I fancy. They held halberds in their hands, these mediæval gentlemen, and it was a mercy they did n't chop us to pieces as we passed between them. What an absurd uniform for a man-at-arms of the nineteenth century! These fellows, clad in rainbow, suggested a pair of harlequins out of a Christmas pantomime. Farther on we came to more stone staircase, and more stupid papal guard with melodramatic battle-axes, and were finally ushered into a vast, high-studded chamber at the end of a much-stuccoed corridor.

Coming as we did out of the blinding sunshine, this chamber seemed to us at first but a gloomy cavern. It was so poorly lighted by numerous large win-

dows on the western side that several seconds elapsed before we could see anything distinctly. One or two additional windows would have made it quite dark. At the end of the apartment, near the door at which we had entered, was a dais with three tawdry roccoco gilt arm-chairs, having for background an enormous painting of the Virgin, but by what master I was unable to make out. The draperies of the room were of some heavy dark stuff, a green rep, if I remember, and the floor was covered with a thick carpet through which the solid stone flagging beneath repelled the pressure of your foot. There was a singular absence of color everywhere, of that mosaic work and Renaissance gilding with which the eyes soon become good friends in Italy. The frescoes of the ceiling, if there were any frescoes, were in some shy neutral tint, and did not introduce themselves to us. On the right, at the other extremity of the room, was a double door, which led, as we were correct in supposing, to the private apartments of the Pope.

Presently our eyes grew reconciled to the semi-twilight, which seemed to have been transported hither with a faint spicy odor of incense from some ancient basilica,—a proper enough light for an audience-chamber in the Vatican. Fixed against the wall on either side, and extending nearly the entire length of the room, was a broad settee, the greater part of which was already occupied when we entered. Signor V—— stationed himself at our side and began a conversation with H—— on the troubles that had overtaken and the perils that still menaced the True Church. The disintegration of nunneries and monasteries and the closing up of religious houses had been fraught with much individual suffering. Hundreds of simple, learned men had been suddenly thrust out into a world of which they had no knowledge and where they were as helpless as so many infants. In some instances the government had laid hands on strictly private properties, on funds contributed by private persons to establish asylums for women of noble birth in reduced circumstances, —portionless daughters and

cousins desirous of leading a life of pious meditation and seclusion. Many of these institutions possessed enormous revenues, and were strong temptations to the Italian government, whose money-chest gave out a pathetically hollow sound when tapped against in 1870. One does not need to be a Catholic to perceive the injustice of this kind of seizure; one's sympathy may go forth with the un-housed nuns: as to the monks, —it does not hurt any man to earn his own living. The right and the necessity to work ought to be regarded as a direct blessing from God, by men who, for these many centuries, have had their stomachs "with good capon lined," chiefly at the expense of the poor.

Conversation had become general; every one spoke in a subdued tone, and a bee-like hum rose and fell on the air. With the exception of a neat little body with her husband at our right, the thirty or forty persons present were either French, German, English, Russian, or Italian.

I remarked to Signor V—— on the absence of the American element, and attributed it to the lateness of the season.

"That does not wholly explain it," said Signor V——. "There were numerous applications from Americans to attend this reception, but his Holiness just at present is not inclined to receive many Americans."

"Why not?"

"A few weeks since, his Holiness was treated with great disrespect by an American, a lawyer from one of your Western States, I believe, who did not rise from his seat or kneel when the Pope entered the room."

"He ought to have risen, certainly; but is it imperative that one should kneel?"

"It is; but then, it is not imperative on any one to be presented to his Holiness. If the gentleman did not wish to conform to the custom, he ought to have stayed away."

"He might have been ignorant of that phase of the ceremony," said I, with an uneasy reflection that I was in

some sort a duplicate of my unhappy countryman. "What befell him?"

"He was courteously escorted from the chamber by the gentleman in waiting," said Signor V——, glancing at an official near the door, who looked as if he were a cross between a divinity student and a policeman.

It occurred to me that few things would be less entertaining than to be led out of this audience-chamber in the face and eyes of France, Germany, Russia, and Italy,—in the face and eyes of the civilized world, in fact, for would not the next number of Galignani's *Messenger* have a paragraph about it? I had supposed that Catholics knelt to the Pope, as a matter of course, but that Protestants were exempt from paying this homage, on the same ground that Quakers are not expected to remove their hats like other folk. I wondered what Friend Eli would do, if destiny dropped him into the midst of one of the receptions of Pius IX. However, it was somewhat late to go to the bottom of the matter, so I dismissed it from my mind, and began an examination of my neighbors.

A cynic has observed that all cats are gray in the twilight. He said cats, but meant women. I am convinced that all women are not alike in a black silk dress, very simply trimmed and with no color about it except a white rose at the corsage. There are women—perhaps not too many—whose beauty is heightened by an austere toilette. Such a one was the lady opposite me, with her veil twisted under her chin and falling negligently over the left shoulder. The beauty of her face flashed out like a diamond from its sombre setting. She had the brightest of dark eyes, with such a thick, long fringe of dark eyelashes that her whole countenance turned into night when she dropped her eyelids; when she lifted them, it was morning again. As if to show us what might be done in the manner of contrasts, nature had given this lady some newly coined Roman gold for hair. I think Eve was that way,—both blonde and brunette. My *vis-à-vis* would have been gracious

in any costume, but I am positive that nothing would have gone so well with her as the black silk dress, fitting closely to the pliant bust and not losing a single line or curve. As she sat, turned three-quarters face, the window behind her threw the outlines of her slender figure into sharp relief. I tell this to the reader. The lady herself was perfectly well aware of it.

Next to this charming person was a substantial English matron, who wore her hair done up in a kind of turret, and looked like a lithograph of a distant view of Windsor Castle. She sat bolt upright, and formed, if I may say so, the initial letter of a long line of fascinatingly ugly women. Imagine a row of Sphinxes in deep mourning. It would have been an unbroken line of feminine severity, but for a handsome young priest with a strikingly spiritual face, who came in, like a happy word in parenthesis, half-way down the row. I soon exhausted the resources of this part of the room; my eyes went back to the Italian lady so prettily framed in the embrasure of the window, and would have lingered there had I not got interested in an old gentleman seated on my left. When he came into the room, blinking his kindly blue eyes and rubbing his hands noiselessly together and beaming benevolently on everybody, just as if he were expected, I fell in love with him. His fragile, aristocratic hands appeared to have been done up by the same *blanchisseur* who did his linen, which was as white and crisp as an Alpine snow-drift, as were also two wintry strands of hair trained artfully over either ear. Otherwise he was as bald and shiny as a glacier. He seated himself with an old-fashioned, courteous bow to the company assembled, and a protesting wave of the hand, as if to say, "Good people, I pray you, do not disturb yourselves," and made all that side of the room bright with his smiling. He looked so clean and sweet, just such a wholesome figure as one would like to have at one's fireside as grandfather, I began formulating the wish that I might, thirty or forty years hence, be

taken for his twin brother; when a neighbor of his created a disturbance.

This neighbor was a young Italian lady or gentleman — I do not know which — of perhaps ten months' existence, who up to the present time had been asleep in the arms of its *bonne*. Awaking suddenly, the *bambino* had given vent to the shrillest shrieks, impelled thereto by the strangeness of the surrounding features, or perhaps by some conscientious scruples about being in the Vatican. I picked out the mother at once by the worried expression that flew to the countenance of a lady near me, and in a gentleman who instantly assumed an air of having no connection whatever with the baleful infant, I detected the father. I do not remember to have seen a stronger instance of youthful depravity and duplicity than that lemon-colored child afforded. The moment the nurse walked with it, it sunk into the sweetest of slumber, peace settled upon its little nose like a drowsy bee upon the petal of a flower; but the instant the *bonne* made a motion to sit down, it broke forth again. I do not know what ultimately became of the vocal goblin; possibly it was collared by the lieutenant of the guard outside, and thrown into the deepest dungeon of the palace; at all events it disappeared after the announcement that his Holiness would be with us shortly. Whatever virtues Pius IX. may claim, punctuality is not one of them, for he had kept us waiting three quarters of an hour, and we had still another fifteen minutes to wait.

The monotonous hum of conversation ceased abruptly, the two sections of the wide door I have mentioned were thrown open, and the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals and a number of foreign princes, entered. The occupants of the two long settees rose, and then, as if they were automata worked by the same tyrannical wire, sunk simultaneously into an attitude of devotion. For an instant I was seized with a desperate desire not to kneel. There is something in an American knee, when it is rightly constructed, that makes it an awkward thing to kneel with before any man born of woman.

Perhaps, if the choice were left one, either to prostrate one's self before a certain person or be shot, one might make a point of it — and be shot. But that was not the alternative in the present case. If I had failed to follow the immemorial custom I would not have had the honor of a fusillade, but would have been ignominiously led away by one of those highly-colored Swiss guards, and, in my dress suit, would have presented to the general stare the appearance of a pretentious ace of spades being wiped out by a gay right-bower. Such a humiliation was not to be thought of! So, wishing myself safely back amid the cruder civilization of the New World, and with a mental protest accompanied by a lofty compassion for the weakness and cowardice of human kind, I slid softly down with the rest of the miserable sinners. I was in the very act, when I was chilled to the marrow by catching a sidelong glimpse of my benign old gentleman placidly leaning back in his seat, with his hands folded over his well-filled waistcoat and that same benevolent smile petrified on his countenance. He was fast asleep.

Immediately a tall, cadaverous person in a scant, funeral garment emerged from somewhere, and touched the sleeper on the shoulder. The old gentleman unclosed his eyes slowly and with difficulty, and was so far from taking in the situation that he made a gesture as if to shake hands with the tall, cadaverous person. Then it all flashed upon the dear old boy, and he dropped to his knees with so comical and despairing an air of contrition that the presence of forty thousand popes would not have prevented me from laughing.

Another discomposing incident occurred at this juncture. Two removes below me was a smooth-faced German of gigantic stature; he must have been six or seven inches over six feet in height, but so absurdly short between the knee-cap and ankle that as he knelt he towered head and shoulders above us all, resembling a great, overgrown schoolboy, standing up as straight as he could. It was so he impressed one of the ghost-

ly attendants, who advanced quickly towards him with the evident purpose of requesting him to kneel. Discovering his error just in time, the reverend father retreated much abashed.

All eyes were now turned toward the Pope and his suite, and this trifling episode passed unnoticed save by two or three individuals in the immediate neighborhood, who succeeded in swallowing their smiles, but did not dare glance at each other afterwards. The Pope advanced to the centre of the upper end of the room, leaning heavily on his ivory-handled cane, the princess in black and the cardinals in scarlet standing behind him in picturesque groups, like the chorus in an opera. Indeed, it was all like a scene on the stage. Several of the princesses were Russian, with names quite well adapted to not being remembered. Among the Italian gentlemen was Cardinal Nobli Vatteleschi,—he was not a cardinal then, by the way,—who died not long since.

Within whispering distance of the Pope stood Cardinal Antonelli—a man who would not escape observation in any assembly of notable personages. If the Inquisition should be revived in its early genial form, and the reader should fall into its hands,—as would very likely be the case, if a branch office were established in this country,—he would feel scarcely comfortable if his chief inquisitor had so cold and subtle a countenance as Cardinal Antonelli's.

We occasionally meet in political or in social life a man whose presence seems to be an anachronism,—a man belonging to a type we fancied extinct; he affects us as a living dodo would the naturalist, though perhaps not with so great an enthusiasm. Cardinal Antonelli, in his bearing and the cast of his countenance, had that air of remoteness which impresses us in the works of the old masters. I had seen somewhere a head of Velasquez for which the cardinal might have posed. With the subdued afternoon light falling upon him through the deep-set window, he seemed like some cruel prelate escaped from one of the earlier volumes of Froude's History of

England,—subtle, haughty, and intolerant. I did not mean to allow so sinister an impression to remain on my mind; but all I have since read and heard of Cardinal Antonelli has only partially obliterated it. A not unfriendly biographical sketch gives us this silhouette of the cardinal: "He is a man of unbending disposition, a zealous conservative, and a strenuous opponent of the innovating spirit of the age. His manners are cold, reserved, and little calculated to make him popular, but his devotion to the religious and political interests of the Church of Rome is great, and is supported by a remarkable energy and strength of character. His personal appearance is striking and imposing, impressing all who see him with a sense of the remarkable powers of intellect for which he is distinguished."

It was a pleasure to turn from the impassible prime minister to the gentle and altogether lovely figure of his august master, with his small, sparkling eyes, remarkably piercing when he looked at you point-blank, and a smile none the less winsome that it lighted up a mouth denoting unusual force of will. His face was not at all the face of a man who had passed nearly half a century in arduous diplomatic and ecclesiastical labors; it was certainly the face of a man who had led a temperate, blameless private life, in noble contrast to many of his profligate predecessors, whom the world was only too glad to have snugly stowed away in their gorgeous porphyry coffins with a marble mistress carved atop.

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti was born in Sinigaglia on the 13th of May, 1792; the week previous to this reception he had celebrated his eighty-third birthday; but he did not look over sixty-five or seventy, as he stood there in his cream-white skull-cap of broad-cloth and his long pontifical robes of the same material,—a costume that lent an appearance of height to an undersized, stoutly built figure. With his silvery hair straggling from beneath the skull-cap, and his smoothly-shaven pale face, a trifle heavy, perhaps because of the

double chin, he was a very beautiful old man. After pausing a moment or two in the middle of the chamber, and taking a bird's-eye glance at his guests, the Pope began his rounds. Assigned to each group of five or ten persons was an official who presented the visitors by name, indicating their nationality, station, etc. So far as the nationality was involved, that portion of the introduction was obviously superfluous, for the Pope singled out his countrymen at a glance, and at once addressed them in Italian, scarcely waiting for the master of ceremonies to perform his duties. To foreigners his Holiness spoke in French. After a few words of salutation he gave his hand to each person, who touched it with his lips or his forehead, or simply retained it an instant. It was a deathly cold hand, on the forefinger of which was a great seal ring bearing a mottled gray stone that seemed frozen. As the Pope moved slowly along, devotees caught at the hem of his robe and pressed it to their lips, and in most instances bowed down and kissed his feet. I suppose it was only by years of practice that his Holiness was able to avoid stepping on a nose here and there.

It came our turn at last. As he approached us he said with a smile, "Ah, I see you are Americans." Signor V.—then presented us formally, and the Pope was kind enough to say to us what he had probably said to twenty thousand other Americans in the course of several hundred similar occasions. After the Pope had passed on, the party that had paid their respects to him resumed their normal position,—I am not sure this was not the most enjoyable feature of the affair,—and gave themselves up to watching the other presentations. When these were concluded, the Pope returned to the point of his departure, and proceeded to bless the rosaries and crosses and souvenirs that had been brought, in greater or lesser numbers, by every one. There were salvers piled with rosaries, arms strung from wrist to shoulder with rosaries,—so many carven amulets, and circlets of beads and crucifixes, indeed, that it

would have been the labor of weeks to bless them separately; so his Holiness blessed them in bulk.

It was then that the neat little American lady who sat next us confirmed my suspicions as to her brideship, by slyly slipping from her wedding finger a plain gold ring, which she attached to her rosary with a thread from her veil. Seeing herself detected in the act, she turned to Madama and, making up the most piquant little face in the world, whispered confidentially, "Of course I'm not a Roman Catholic, you know; but if there's anything efficacious in the blessing, I don't want to lose it. I want to take *all* the chances." For my part, I hope and believe the Pope's blessing will cling to that diminutive wedding ring for many and many a year.

This ceremony finished, his Holiness addressed to his guests the neatest of farewells, delivered in enviable French, in which he wished a prosperous voyage to those pilgrims whose homes lay beyond the sea, and a happy return to all. When he touched, as he did briefly, on the misfortunes of the church, an adorable fire came into his eyes; fifty of his eighty-three winters slipped from him as if by enchantment, and for a few seconds he stood forth in the prime of life. He spoke some five or seven minutes, and nothing could have been more dignified and graceful than the matter and the manner of his words. The benediction was followed by a general rustle and movement among the princes and cardinals at the farther end of the room; the double door opened softly, and closed,—and that was the last the Pope saw of us.

Thackeray, in his Book of Ballads, has a blithe rhyme to the effect that

"The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can.
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome."

There has a change come over the complexion of things since these verses were written. Certainly the Pope's palace is the Vatican, and it is presumable that he

has every facility for draining his can à *désiré*; but as to his being a happy man, there are doubts; and as to envying him his exalted position, we cannot imagine any one doing that unless it be Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli.¹

What a mighty voice used to issue from the papal throne, causing the little kings to tremble in their shoes! But today the thunders of the Vatican have lost their reverberation. After having exercised almost unlimited influence, and for the most part with moderation and wisdom, let it be said, the Pope finds himself in his old age shorn of his power, his kingdom shrunken to a household. Since the gauntletted hand of united Italy closed on the temporal sceptre of

Pius IX., he has never left the Vatican, not even, it is said, to officiate on great occasions in St. Peter's. The Pope's gilded coach, with its sleek horses and imposing footmen, seems to have trundled off into space, for it is seen no more in the streets of Rome. The carriages of the cardinals, too, with their scarlet hangings, have taken the same invisible road. You meet no purple-stockinged *eminenze* now, with their attendants, on the piazzas. There are now no grand fêtes, no splendid church pageants. A cloud has fallen upon the Church of Rome. Some say the cloud will pass away. Most things pass away! A long night of superstition has passed. It is morning in Italy.

T. B. Aldrich.

MEDICAL FASHIONS.

THE excellent scholar, Camerarius,—not Joachim Camerarius, the botanist, who first clearly demonstrated the sexual system of plants, but John Camerarius of Dalberg, Bishop of Worms, who wrote the *Life of Melanchthon* and founded that famous academy the Rhenish Society of Heidelberg, a brotherhood of deep scholars who used to refresh themselves after laborious delving among Greek roots by shaking the tree of grosser joys until they “came down shower-like,”²—this Camerarius, in his Book of Emblems, relates how, once upon a time, an ass and a mule were called upon to carry their well-laden packs across the ford of a certain stream. The mule’s burthen was of salt, which, by chance getting wet, was melted, and the weight of the load thereby agreeably lessened. This fact coming to the ass’s ears, he straightway dipped his own

load into the stream; but, unfortunately for asinine philosophy, his pack contained not salt, but wool, which instead of melting took up such a weight of water, and added so much to his burthen, that the poor ass’s back was broken straightway.

This parable expounds very precisely the whole philosophy of practical medicine. We give the bolus to B. which we have found to act well in A.’s case, and expect a similar result, although we do not know, and have no means of ascertaining, whether B.’s burthen be salt or wool,—whether there is any likelihood that what is good for A. will in its turn be good for B. In a word, the principles of the so-called science of medicine consist not only in a system of strictly empirical rules, but in a system of rules which, moreover, have only a tentative and probable generality, and

¹ “Nocturno nimis tempore, defessi laboribus, ludere solebant, saltare, jocari cum mulierculis, epulari, ac more Germanorum inveterato strenue potare” (Jugler, Historia Litteraria, quoted in Hallam’s Literary History, Part I., c. iii., note.)

² The rooms of the cardinal are located in the Vatican directly above the pontifical apartments. It is a Roman pleasure to ask which is the most high, the Pope or Antonelli. “Les Romains demandent, en manière du calembour, lequel est le plus haut, du Pape ou d’Antonelli.” (Edmond About, *La Question Romaine*.)

which consequently must be put in operation from case to case empirically, as they were conceived.

It is to these facts, and to the circumstance that the practice of medicine is further confused by reason of its having to deal with the idiosyncrasies of men, which are unknown quantities and cannot be generalized, that we must turn when we seek the origin of the contradictions and the logical absurdities which have made every attempt to systematize physic an occasion for ridicule among the philosophers. When Ricardo and Malthus, assuming political economy to be a science, attempted to reduce its scanty and imperfectly determined facts into principles from which to deduce a system, the *reductio ad absurdum* into which they fell made them the laughing-stock of Europe. In face of the statistics proving that the average yield of wheat per acre in England had increased from ten to forty bushels in two generations, Ricardo, by his doctrine of rent, demonstrated beyond contravention that under cultivation land must continually grow poorer and poorer. The doctrine of population held by Malthus, by its elucidation of the immittigable evils consequent upon the inveterate propensity of our race to increase and multiply, logically removed murder from its unhonored conspicuousness as one of the highest of crimes, and placed it in a lofty niche in the temple of the beneficent virtues. And so, likewise, when we see the doctors of all ages squabbling about their systems and their practices, their fastings and their high diets, their phlebotomy and their tonic, their panaceas and their alexipharmacis, their in-door regimen and their out-door regimen, their orthodox drugs and their heterocritical drugs, their potions, pills, magistrals, mixtures, precepts, and palliatives,—as if mankind were a blank wall to be painted a certain color, a log to be hewn into a certain shape, a bottle to be filled with a certain measure, a lump of clay to be molded into a certain figure, instead of being, as it is, a mere aggregation, a society of individuals, each of whom measurably obeys his own

individual law and develops largely his own personal idiosyncrasies; when we inquire a little into "the old debate of medicine," and discover how terribly all the professors therein halt between antagonistic opinions, how Herophilus wars with Erasistratus, how Alcmæon overthrows Asclepiades, how Hippocrates slaughters his predecessors and Galen slaughters Hippocrates, how Hoffmann and Stahl with scant ceremony dismiss Galen to "the demnitition bow-wows," and Hahnemann and Priessnitz would dispatch all orthodoxy in search of the same unenviable bourne; when we discover, in fine, that medicine, as it is the most important art in the world to man, so also it is the most unstable, the most vacillating, the most unsatisfactory, and the worst founded of all arts,—when we awake to the consciousness of all these things, we are sorely tempted to confess that Rabelais was not even satirical and scarcely exaggerated when he parodied the logical method of "the faculty," and argued, in behalf of the blood of his beloved grape, that drunkenness is better for the body than physic, "because there be more old drunkards than old physicians."

The ancients had their musical medicine, as well as their unguents and baths, their purgings and fastings, their blood-letting, and their hellebore; the Middle Ages had their metaphysical medicine, as well as their mummies and their magnets, their amulets and their salves, their antimony and their mithridatics; while to-day, contemporary with orthodoxy and homeopathy and hydrotherapy, we have the medicine of clairvoyance, a spiritualistic medicine, and a newspaper medicine, all enacting miraculous cures, and all having followers most profitably numerous. We know more about anatomy than was known of old; we know more about pathology; and our *materia medica* ranges somewhat more rationally over a wider field than did that of the past generations. It must be admitted, however, that practice is as imperfect, diagnostic as bewildered, and pharmacy as absurd to-day as it was in the days of Dioscorides, or when the "white witch-

es" of old England culled simples beneath a favoring moon. Disease is as rife now as it was then; treatment is of as little efficacy; and people take as many medicines, and are duped as grossly and as blindly in their mad pursuit of health, in the days of telegraphs, Pacific railroads, and universal suffrage, as in the days of Theophrastus and Galen, and of Aldrovandus and Gessner.

To do justice to the curiosities of medical literature would require the zeal of Peiresc, the industry of Burton, and the scope of Isaac Disraeli; the remarkable circumstance about this literature is that its authorities stand to-day almost precisely where they stood in the first ages of medicine, upon the very threshold of a science into which they cannot enter, but where each age fancies itself to have safely arrived. We change the venue, indeed, to borrow language from the courts, but the cause is still the same; no new testimony has been adduced, no new issue can be raised, and adverse judgment has long ago been rendered.

The utmost possible action of medicine, it would seem, is to increase, diminish, or in some way modify the motions natural to the viscera with which it can be brought in contact, an effect which, as Montaigne has said, there are a thousand simples in every herb garden to produce; yet, what a weight of materials for fostering the diversity and adding to the confusion of prescriptions do the shelves of our apothecaries groan under! True, the superstition in regard to these things is not quite so apparent as it formerly was; drugs do not have to be gathered in certain stages of the moon and prescribed aspects of the stars, nor approached backwards with anointed bodies, nor plucked with prayer and incantation; we are not required to make use of profane oaths when we gather cumin seed, nor to draw a line about the black hellebore to insure its efficiency; nor are our pharmacopeias so full as those of the ancients were of heterogeneous and incompatible compounds, such

as that Venetian mithridate which was made up of two hundred and fifty ingredients, ranging from aloes and red oak bark to the oil of live swallows and the moss from a human skull. But, that certain incongruities palpable to the eye have been expunged is no proof that the essential superstition which regulates the use of these substances has been dispensed with, in favor of a more rational theory of practice consonant with the demands of a more enlightened age. On the contrary, there is just as much pure and unadulterated sortilegy in physic, just as much wild conjecture and hap-hazard experiment with all the products of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, in insane pursuit of the impossible, as ever there was. There is more of it, probably, than ever before, proportioned to the greater activity of the human mind and the wider limits within which it has to play. There is no new herb or root nowadays fresh - brought to notice from California or Australia, but the faculty run just as mad about it as the populace run mad after the well-advertised new nostrum that takes their fancy in the papers. There is no new system or curative process set agog but the faculty hasten to bow before it as the great desideratum, "long hoped for," long expected. A while ago it was acupuncture, or medicated vapors, or iodine; to-day it is transfusion of blood, or hypodermic injection; to-morrow it will be something equally foolish and fully as ardently embraced. The case stands to-day precisely as it stood when Pliny wrote,¹ and the shops, now as then, are full to overflowing of inexplicable compositions and mixtures, far-fetched, high-priced, promising much and accomplishing little. We have given up our faith in the herb *balin*, which was recommended by Xanthus as a specific to restore life to those slain by a dragon; but this is not because we have so much lost faith in the herbs, as in the dragons. We do not mix quite so much morals with our medicine, nor take agate to

¹ "Fraudes hominum et ingeniorum capture, officinas inventire istas, in quibus sunt culique resalii promittit vita; statim compositiones et mix-

ture inexplicabiles ex Arabia et India, ulteri parvo medicina a rubra mari importatur." (Pliny, Natural History, xxiv.)

make us witty and eloquent, laurel leaves for memory, bird's brains to quicken our invention, lion's marrow to give us strength, as Hercules is fabled to have done. But this is because we are grown more practical; because morals do not enter so deeply into the considerations of our daily life as of old; not because we are medically any wiser. The plain fact is, as it has been stated by Sir Benjamin Brodie,¹ that "there are epidemics of opinion as well as of disease, and they prevail at least as much among the well-educated as among the uneducated classes of society." Man is just as foolish now as he ever was; the only difference between now and then is the different strain upon which his folly runs. What Homer and Plato said of the ancient Egyptians, the modern student of humanity is constrained to say of his contemporaries, that, blinded by the fear of death and the dread of pain, we make ourselves all doctors, and impatiently seek for and implicitly accept specifics and panaceas, because impatiently fancying ourselves to need them. Hence it is that medicine finds it not possible to shake off the trammels of metaphysical conceit, and walk alone in the paths of rational science. To-day, as of old, there is *multa in pulsis superstitionis*; to-day, as of old, we cannot bring ourselves not to believe, with Paracelsus and Van Helmont and the Rosicrucians, that health is a specific force or vigor, controlled by the conditions of a certain *archæus*, or fixed principle; and if we can devise the drug or the treatment which will reach, touch, and properly regulate this principle, we shall be able to secure, clinch, and bind to our service the boon of boons forever. So it is that we are ever seeking for the universal remedy, the comprehensive method, the catholic system, and doctors and quacks alike are ever tempting us by holding up before our greedy, purblind eyes something that makes pretense to satisfy our desire. At one time it is hellebore, then it is *laudanum Paracelsi*, that is to save the nations; at one period it is mercury; at another, it is antimony,

which, as Burton quaintly says, "is like Scanderbeg's sword, which is either good or bad, strong or weak, as the party that prescribes or useth it." In the palmy days of Salerno, the *archæus* was thought to lie perdu in the juices of our common garden sage, so that it grew to be a proverb, "Cui moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?" John Wesley, who aspired to the cure of bodies as well as souls, and fancied himself—alas, it was only fancy!—as expert in the one office as he undoubtedly was in the other, put a very large trust in what a wicked propensity to alliteration has described as "sulphur and supplication;" while Priessnitz, in our own time, has seemed to find the unmitigated use of cold water a sufficient instrument by which to rescue man from the utmost extremity of any disease.

The faith with which man rushes to embrace all these new methods and cure himself by all these new cures, as soon as they are sprung upon him, is something wonderful, — something pitiful, indeed, and enough to justify the deepest wailings of Pascal and the loudest scorn of Juvenal. Doctor Paris relates that "when the yellow fever raged in America, the practitioners trusted exclusively to the copious use of mercury; at first the plan was deemed so universally efficacious that in the enthusiasm of the moment it was triumphantly proclaimed that death never took place after the mercury had evinced its effect upon the system; all this was very true, but it furnished no proof of the efficacy of that metal, since the disease in its aggravated form was so rapid in its career that it swept away its victims long before the system could be brought under mercurial influence, while in its milder shape it passed off equally well without any assistance from art." Who now depends upon mercury in the treatment of yellow fever? In the olden times the common plan for meeting the horrible emergency of hydrophobia was a rude sort of homœopathy, consisting in repeated duckings of the patient in sea-water, and the use of charms, amulets, prayer, etc. This treatment, indeed, did not cure, but it

¹ Mind and Matter

went quite as far towards being a specific as Spalding's treatment went, in the end, although, in the first enthusiasm of its use, this was universally thought to have finally conquered that frightful disease, — if disease it be. Dr. Spalding, in 1819, published a pamphlet in which he attempted to show that a decoction of the dried plant of the common Virginia skull-cap¹ was an infallible preventive against the attack of hydrophobia, as well as a cure for the disease after attack. He cited eight hundred and fifty cases of persons bitten, of whom only three were attacked, and these got well; and he likewise claimed to have used it with uniform success upon some eleven hundred animals. What has become of the skull-cap now? What has so speedily caused its specific functions towards that mysterious disease to become "inoperative, null, and void"? A few years ago a Dr. Fell discovered a certain and infallible treatment for cancer in the external and internal use of the *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or blood-root of our forests. He took his remedy to London with him, became rich and great, and was finally put in charge of the cancer-ward at Guy's Hospital, where his system collapsed as suddenly as it had culminated. Not long since a famous doctor in New York introduced the treatment of lung diseases by caustic, and testified that he had performed the operation of passing the escharotic inside the glottis with a probang one hundred thousand times. He performed it once too often; in fact, his probang was said to have gone astray, he was indicted for manslaughter, and presto! there was another medical bubble pricked and burst. In the same manner, and about the same time, it was discovered that the compounds known as hypophosphites were specific for pulmonary affections; but consumption has survived even that enthusiasm, while the hypophosphites gather the dust of neglect upon apothecaries' shelves.

What humorism, antipathies, signatures, and congenerous theories have been to the medical systems of the past,

¹ *Scutellaria laterifolia*.

solidism, allopathy, homœopathy, clairvoyance, etc., are to the medical systems of the present. And, in spite of all the progress and enlightenment so boisterously claimed for this age, I cannot see that its medical *theories* are better founded — if indeed so well founded, so far forth as they are theories — than those of Galen, Paracelsus, Van Helmont. Why should not dryness cause baldness, as well as disease of the scalp? Why may not mania and lunacy be attributed to vapors which mount from the stomach to the brain and "color the mind" as the fumes of iodine color clear glass, as well as to any modern theory of excess or defect of function? If the blood be the fountain of disorder, why should not removing a part of it, that a new and purer fluid may take its place, be just as rational treatment as the present one restoring its normal condition by stimulants? Theoretically, solids have no greater claim upon our consideration than juices, stimulation than depletion, the tonic than the antiphlogistic treatment. Theoretically, one is quite as rational as the other; practically, we cannot say more than that experience seems to favor the modern method, as indeed it might be supposed to favor the system that yields scope to Nature to do her own work. Such a system, however, is not medicine, but common sense, — quite a different thing from medicine. Humorism, however good in theory, led to a reductio ad absurdum when it was attempted to reduce it to practice. But so did the antiphlogistic treatment, and so will the tonic treatment, in the end. There is hardly a surgeon of the present day who would venture to resort to trepanning in order to set the skull free from the fuliginous vapors that might be oppressing the brain, as certain disciples of Galen have done; but there are still living physicians who have sought to combat the inflammatory symptoms of consumption by reducing the blood antiphlogistically with repeated and powerful doses of calomel; and it is accepted practice to try to

"Stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinew strong as steel."

by feeding typhoid and bilious patients upon those benignant and genial remedies, brandy and quinine. To my notion, there is not much choice between these methods.

There are some curious coincidences between the modern prepossession in favor of clairvoyance as a mode of medicine, and the ancient belief in the doctrine of "signatures." "Spirituales morbi spiritualiter curari debent," said Paracelsus; and the principle is echoed by all the disciples of Mesmer, all the adherents of Swedenborg, and all the believers in spiritualism, od-force, magnetism, etc. That the remedy for a disease is written within the hyperæsthetic consciousness of the invalid himself, or some other nervous person, whence it is to be evoked by certain passes and gesticulations of the hands of a third and strong-minded party, is certainly not less absurd, and certainly not better founded, than that doctrine which assumed that "every natural substance which possesses any medicinal virtue indicates by an obvious and well-marked external character the disease for which it is a remedy, or the object for which it should be employed."¹ Thus, for instance, "Epar lupi epaticos curat;"² thus the stone called *chelidonium*, said to be found in the belly of the swallow, cured lunatics, and made madmen "amiable and merry;" the walnut, as its convolutions indicated, was suited to diseases of the brain; fox-lungs cured asthma; turmeric, because yellow, was effective against jaundice; agaric suited the kidneys; euphrasia, or eyebright, the eye; and cassia, the intestines. Thus also, because a wrong translation of Pliny made him say that goat's blood had power to break the diamond, that albuminous substance was prescribed as a proper solvent for the stone;³ the leaves of spurge, according as they were plucked, were affirmed to purge upwards or downwards; and Paracelsus, like the homeopaths of the present day, tried to arrange a nomenclature for the herbs in his pharmacopœia, in which the name of each plant

should express the disease for which it was a specific.

The conclusion towards which we are impelled by all these circumstances is that medicine, after having been in existence many thousands of years, has made but very little advancement; that it is not a science, nor is it likely to become one, at least until the human understanding has been purged of several of the errors which now, like bats, infest its secret places. "There is nothing in the whole workshop of nature," it has been said, "but conjectural medicine hath seized upon it;" yet medicine abides conjectural still, and a thing "more labored than advanced." We cannot even say that the cures it operates are its own work or the patient's destiny; and, in the presence of serious disease, there is nothing so vain and so helpless as physic:—

"Helleborum frustra cum jam cutis nigra tumebit
Poscentes videas."

We see its career down the channel of the ages vexed by a constant ebb and flow of contrary opinions. We see its professors smitten with a constant tendency to rush into some blind enthusiasm, and take up some hour-long madness, in which they believe with all their souls while it is the fashion, and which they reject with fierce disgust after it has gone out of vogue; and we discover, in short, that there were no bigger fools in medicine formerly than there are at present. In this respect, indeed, the contemporaries of Velpeau and Holland, of Brodie and Nélaton, of Carnochan and Leidy, are not superior to the contemporaries of Dr. Slop. "Life is short, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious! and who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves, and the stage-load of chemical nostrums and peripatetic lumber with which in all ages they have first flattered the world, and at last deceived it!"⁴

Philosophy has been called "the medicine of the soul," and we may style medicine the metaphysic of the body;

¹ Paris, *Pharmacologia*.

² Galen.

³ Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors*.

⁴ Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*.

and the comparison is as accurate in each case as the conclusion suggested is ominous. There is nothing more indeterminate, nothing more unsatisfactory, than philosophy, unless medicine be that thing. We cannot determine the principles of medicine upon such a basis of reason as will enable us to argue from them without falling into absurdity; nor can we sufficiently agree about, reconcile, and coördinate its facts to build upon them a rational theory. Thus medicine refuses both *a priori* and inductive treatment, and remains a barren wilderness haunted by strange sounds and echoing voices, predominated over by the strident yells of incessant controversy and strife. Meanwhile, those who fancy that, because a function is restored to action consecutively with the taking of a dose of physic, the restoration is due to the dose,—those, for instance, who believe that the exacerbation of a fever has yielded to calomel, or its cold stage been prevented by quinine,—I advise to read the well-known case cited by Dr. Paris, in his Life of Sir Humphry Davy. “The enthusiastic Beddoës, having hypothetically inferred that the inhalation of the nitrous oxide might be a specific for palsy, a patient was selected for trial, and placed under the care of Davy, at the time assistant to Beddoës. Before administering the gas, Davy thought of ascertaining the temperature of the body by the thermometer placed under the tongue. The paralytic, deeply impressed by Dr. Beddoës with the certainty of the success of the remedy, of which he knew nothing, soon after the thermometer was placed in his mouth, believing that to be the great curative agent, declared that he felt somewhat better. Nothing more was therefore done, and he was requested to return on the following day. The same form was gone through, with the same results; and at the end of a fortnight the sick man was dismissed cured, no agent of any kind having been employed, except the thermometer.”¹ Surely, if the bulb of a thermometer can cure palsy, a bread-pill can cure the fever and ague, and there

is no need to buy quinine at half its weight in gold.

There are suggestions for serious thought in these considerations, and I am not prepared to say, in view of them, and in view of the impressionable quality of man's imagination, that Montaigne was so far wrong when he averred that experience had taught him to dread physic, because he saw no class of people so soon sick and so tardily well as that class which lived under its jurisdiction. It is a well-established fact that in 1832, when the cholera raged in this country, the doctors did a great deal to increase people's liability to be seized by the disease, by the debilitating character of the regimen to which they insisted everybody should confine himself.

It is a nice question, in many cases, which has done the more hurt, the disease or the remedy; whether, for instance, the child's health suffer more from the intestinal parasites which vex him, or from the destructive purgatives employed as anthelmintics; whether the cancer or the knife produces death more speedily; whether calomel and quinine be not pretty much such friends to the sick man as La Fontaine's good-natured bear was to the gardener, whose mouth he crushed while trying to brush the flies off as he slept. It is an equally nice question to determine whether there ever really does occur a critical period in any disease, when the direct action of actual medicine, *per se*, can turn back the wavering life from the jaws of death to the flowery meads of re-established health; or, granting the possibility of such a rare occurrence, do we not run too great risk, as a rule, to be able to profit by it? These are nice questions, as I have called them, nor does the present condition of medicine entitle us to expect to see them answered. For these reasons, among many others, medicine cannot be called a science.

It must not be supposed, however, that the doctor's office is to become a sinecure because his drugs are voted rubbish and his methods false. On the contrary, we shall need him quite as much, and his advice will be more valu-

¹ Dr. Dunglison's New Remedies.

able to us than ever. He will not have it in his power to do harm, and consequently can give his undivided energies to the pursuit of good. It shall be his office to teach us the fallacy of physic. He shall present to our minds in all its horrid array the atrocious enormity of medicine as once it was practiced, and so shall save many a poor sufferer amongst us from unconscious suicide. He shall be our perpetual beacon-light against

the iron-bound, immittigable load-stone rock of quackery, where so many fair keels lie untimely wrecked. In fine, he shall become to us the counterpart of that invaluable member of another profession, known as the chamber-lawyer, a quiet man of skill and experience, who abounds with all the wisdom and unction of pertinent counsel, and who never takes his client into court, where he is bound to lose, no matter how his case is decided.

Edward Spencer.

DOOM.

FROM out the horror and the flame-wrought maze,—
Dread darkness swiftly swirled through lurid skies,—
He lifted up his seared and sin-scarred face,
The hell-begotten burden of his eyes,
And saw, midmost of Christ-lit Paradise,
Unclouded now by any touch of shade,
The holy face of her he had betrayed.

Then suddenly he bowed his giant form,
Made massive by fierce fighting with his fate,
And, voicing in one cry his tense heart-storm,
Hurled it against the inward-opening gate.
Deep hell stood still, affrighted; loud-mouthing hate
To silence turned; the flame-flung shadows all
Hung motionless upon the iron wall.

The pain-winged cry fled up to where she stood,
And stirred the meadows to faint symphonies.
(He watched it, silent, through hell's breathless mood.)
She stooped to listen; a pure, sweet surprise
Flushed through her face, her soft and saintly eyes.
“Certe,” she said, “a joyous place to dwell,
Where even the grasses praise.” This was his hell.

C. H. Woodman.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

XIII.

THE summer was past, but the pageant of autumn was yet undimmed. In the wet meadows of the lowlands, even in the last days of August, before the golden-rod was in its glory, the young maples lit their torches; and what might have seemed their dropping fires crept from sumac to sumac, by the vines in the grass and over the walls, till all the trees, kindling day by day, stood at last a flame of red and gold against the sky. The jay scolded among the luminous boughs; across the pale heaven the far-voiced crows swam in the mellow sunshine. The pastures took on again the green of May; the patches of corn near the farm-houses rustled dry in the soft wind; between the ranks of the stalks lolled the rounded pumpkins.

Many of the summer boarders at Woodward farm had already gone home. The two young girls had gone with each a box full of fern-roots and an inordinate pasteboard case full of pressed ferns. Mrs. Stevenson had stayed later than she had meant, in order to complete a study of cat-tails with autumn foliage. It was the best thing that she had done, and really better than anybody had ever expected her to do. It sold afterwards for enough money to confirm her in her belief that wifehood was no more the whole of womanhood than husbandhood was of manhood, and that to expect her to keep house would be the same as asking every man, no matter what his business might be, to make his own clothes and mend his own shoes.

The husbands of three of the married ladies came one final Saturday night, and departed with them by a much later train than they had ever taken before, on the Monday morning following. These ladies were going home to take up their domestic burdens again for the sake of the men who had toiled all summer long in the city for them. It was a sacrifice,

but thanks to the wonderful air of West Pekin, and to Mrs. Woodward's excellent country fare, they were equal to it; at least they did not complain, or said they did not, which is the same thing. The driver from the station came to fetch them away with his yellow Concord stage, and the ladies got upon the outside seats with him, and waved their handkerchiefs to those left behind. The husbands tried to shout back something epigrammatic as they drove off, but these things are usually lost in the rattle of the wheels, and, even when heard, often prove merely an earnest of good-will in the humorous direction, and are apt to fall flat upon the kindest ear.

Mrs. Gilbert was among the latest who remained. Under the circumstances she might not have chosen to remain, and perhaps her prolonged stay was an offering to appearances, the fetich before which women will put themselves to any torment. Her husband was not coming for her, and she sat alone amidst her preparations for departure, when Mrs. Farrell, in passing her open door, lingered half wistfully and looked in upon her. Since that day which was doubtless always in both their minds whenever they met, they had neither shunned nor sought each other, but there had been no intimacy between them.

"Won't you come in, Mrs. Farrell?" asked the elder lady, with a glance at the jaded beauty of the other.

"You are really on the wing at last," said Mrs. Farrell, evasively accepting the invitation. She came in, looking sad and distraught, and sat down with an impermanent air.

"Yes, I suppose one may call it *wing*, for want of a better word," said Mrs. Gilbert, who indeed did not look much like flying. Presently she added, in the silence that ensued, "You are not looking very well, Mrs. Farrell."

"No," said Mrs. Farrell. "Why should I look well? But I don't know

[May,

that I don't feel as well as usual in the way I suppose you mean."

"I'm sorry you don't feel well in every way," said Mrs. Gilbert, responding to so much of an advance as might be made to her in Mrs. Farrell's dispirited words; and after another little silence, she said, "Mr. Easton seems to have gained a great deal in the last week."

"Yes, he is very much better; he is going away soon; he will not be here many days longer."

"Mrs. Farrell," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I wish you would let me say something to you."

"Oh, say anything you like. Why should n't you?" returned Mrs. Farrell, not resentfully, but in the same dispirited tone.

"I know you don't trust me," began Mrs. Gilbert.

"There is n't much trust lost between us, is there?" asked Mrs. Farrell as before.

"But I hope you will believe," continued Mrs. Gilbert, "that when we last spoke here together I was n't trying to interfere with what you might consider entirely your own affair from any mean or idle motive. If I was trying to pry into your heart, as you said then, it was because it seemed to me that it was partly my affair too."

"I did n't mean to resent anything you did or said," answered Mrs. Farrell. "It was n't my own affair altogether. Nothing that's wrong can be one's own affair, I suppose: it belongs to the whole world." Mrs. Gilbert looked a little surprised at the wisdom of this, which had its own curious pathos, coming from whom it did, and Mrs. Farrell spoke again with sudden impetuosity: "Oh, Mrs. Gilbert, I hope you are not judging me harshly!"

"No, I am trying not to judge you at all."

"Because," continued Mrs. Farrell, "whatever I have done, I am not doing my own pleasure now, and my part is n't an easy one to play."

"I'm sorry you must play a part at all,—my dear," said Mrs. Gilbert, with

impulsive kindness. "Why must you? Or, no, now it is all your affair, and I have no right to ask you anything. Don't tell me — don't speak to me about it!"

"But if I don't speak to you, whom shall I speak to? And I shall go wild if I don't speak to some one! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, yes, it drives me to despair! Ought I to break with him now, at once, or wait, and wait? Or shall I go on and marry him? I respect and honor him with my whole heart, indeed I do; and if he took me away with him — away to Europe, somewhere — for years and years, I know I should be good, and I should try hard to make him happy, and never, never let him know that I did n't care for him as he did for me. Women often marry for money, for ambition, for mere board and lodging; you know they do; and why should n't I marry him because I can't bear to tell him I'm afraid I don't love him?"

"That's a question that nobody can answer for you," said Mrs. Gilbert. "But all those marriages are abominable; and even to marry from respect seems wrong — hideous."

"Yes, oh yes, it is hideous; it would be making this wearisome deceit a life-long burden. I know what it would be better than any one could tell me. I feel the horror of it every minute, and it is n't for myself that I care now: it's the shame to him; it seems to ridicule and degrade him; it's ghastly! And he so generous and high-minded, he never could think that I was n't always just as good and constant as he was. No, I'm not fit for him, and I never was. He's whole worlds above me, and it would wear my life out trying to be what he thinks me, and even then I could n't be it. Oh, why did he fall in love with *me*, when there are so many women in the world who would have been so happy in the love of such a man? Why did he ever see me? Why did he come here? Good-by, Mrs. Gilbert, good-by! I wish I were dead!"

Mrs. Gilbert caught her in an impetuous embrace of pity and atonement.

Yet, an hour after, when she finally parted from her, it was by no means with equal tenderness; it was guardedly, almost coldly.

A week later, Ben Woodward asked his mother's leave to go visit his married sister, who lived at Rock Island, Illinois. He urged that now her boarders were mostly gone, she did not need him so much about the house; he hung his head and kicked the chips of the wood-pile by which they stood. She looked at him a moment, and fetching a long breath said he was a good son, and she wished he should please himself.

The next morning he kissed her and Rachel, shook hands with his father, nodded to his brothers, and started off toward the village, carrying his bag. At the foot of the hill on which the village stood, he met Mrs. Farrell, who was coming from the post-office with letters in one hand. With the other she held by their stems some bright autumn leaves, and she stooped from time to time and added to them from the fallen splendors about her feet. It ought to have been a poet or a painter who met Mrs. Farrell in the country road, under the tinted maples, that morning, but it was only a simple farm-boy, whose soul was inarticulate in its tender pain. When she saw him, she put the leaves and letters together in one hand, and began to feel in her pocket with the other. His face flushed as he came up to her, where she stood waiting for him, and blanched with a foolish, hopeless pleasure in the sight of her.

"Why, Ben!" she said sadly, yet with an eye that would gleam a little as she let it stray over the poor fellow's uncouth best clothes, "are you going away?" She must have known that he was.

"Yes," said Ben, uneasily.

"And did you mean to go without saying good-by to me?" she asked with soft reproach.

"Well, I did n't see what good it was going to do."

"Why, we might never meet again, Ben," she said solemnly. And as Ben shifted his bag from his one hand to the

other, she took the hand left free, and tried to make its great red fingers close over something she pressed into the palm. "I want you to take this to remember me by, Ben," she said; but the young fellow, glancing at the gold pencil she had left in his grasp, shook his head, and put the gift back in her hand.

"I don't need anything to remember you by, Mrs. Farrell," he said huskily, looking at her half-amused, half-daunted face. "If you can give me anything to forget you by, I'll take it," and Ben, as if he had made a point which he might not hope to surpass, was going to press by her, when she placed herself full in front of him, and would not let him.

"Oh, Ben," she said, "how can you talk so to me? You know I have always thought you such a friend of mine, and you know I like you and think ever so much of your good opinion. I shall never let you pass till you take back those cruel words. Will you take them back?"

"Yes," said Ben, helpless before those still, dark eyes, "I will if you want I should."

"And will you try to remember me — remember me kindly, and not think hardly of anything I've done?"

"You know well enough, Mrs. Farrell," said the boy, with a sort of ingle pathos, "that I would do anything you asked me to, and always would. Don't, don't mind what I said. You know how I like you, and would n't forget you if I could."

"Oh, Ben, Ben, I'm very unhappy," she broke out.

"Don't mind it," said Ben, with the egotism of love, but touchingly unselfish even in this egotism. "You need n't be troubled about me. I always knew just as well as you that it was all foolishness, and I did n't ever mean to let it vex you. Don't mind it; I shall get over it, I suppose, and if I never do, I hope even when you're a married woman it won't be any harm for me to think you cared enough for me to be sorry that — that I was such a fool."

She looked at him, puzzled by his misconception, but divining it she said

instantly, "No indeed, Ben; whatever becomes of me, I shall be only too proud to think of you as my dear, dear friend. I have n't had so many that I could spare you. I only wish I half deserved you. Ben!" cried Mrs. Farrell, abruptly, "do you know what I wish I was? I wish I was five or six years younger, so as to be a little younger than you; and I wish I was a good, simple girl, like some of these about here, and you had bought a farm out in Iowa, and you were taking me out there with you this peaceful, lovely morning."

"Don't, Mrs. Farrell!" implored Ben. "I do, Ben, I do! And if I were such a girl as that, I would work for you like a slave from morning till night; and I would obey you in everything; and all that I should ask would be that you should keep me there out of sight of everybody, and never let me go anywhere, or speak to a living soul but you. And oh, Ben, you would be very kind and patient with me, would n't you? But it can't be, it can't be."

She stooped down and gathered up some letters which had slipped from her hand; Ben let her; he had his bag to hold, and he was not used to offering little services to ladies. When she lifted her face again and confronted him, "He is a good man, too; don't you think he is, Ben?" she asked, brushing her hand across her eyes.

"Yes; there a'n't many like him," answered Ben, soberly.

"Do you think he's too good for me?"

"I don't think anybody could be that, you know well enough, Mrs. Farrell," said Ben, with a note of indignation, as if he suspected a latent mockery in this appeal to his judgment.

"Yes, yes, that's true, I know that," said Mrs. Farrell, hastily. "I meant, don't you think he's better than — than Mr. Gilbert?"

"I never had anything against Mr. Gilbert," answered Ben, loyally. "He took good care of his friend."

"Oh, yes! But — but — Ben," she faltered, "there is something — something I would like to ask you. It's a

very strange thing to ask you; but there is no one else. Did you ever think — sometimes I was afraid, you know, that Mr. Gilbert — it makes me very, very unhappy — was getting to — to care for me —"

"No, I never thought so," answered Ben.

"Oh, I'm so glad. But if he had?"

"I should say such a man ought to be shot."

"Yes, oh yes — he ought to be shot," she assented, hysterically. "But, Ben, — but you cared for me, did n't you?"

"Yes. But that was a very different thing. Mr. Easton wasn't my friend, as he was Mr. Gilbert's, and I commenced caring for you long before he was laid there sick and helpless. He would be just as much to blame as if you was married to Mr. Easton already. I don't see any difference. But I don't think he could. You must have been mistaken."

"Perhaps I was. Yes, I must have been mistaken. I'm glad to have you speak so frankly, Ben. It is too horrible to believe. For if he had been so, of course it could only be because he saw, or thought he saw, something in me that would let him. And you never could think anything so bad, so heartless, of me, could you, Ben?"

"No, I could n't, Mrs. Farrell," answered Ben, decidedly. "What's the use?"

"Thank you, Ben, — thank you. I knew you could n't; it would be too monstrous. Oh yes, it's just like some horrid dream. Such a woman as that would n't deserve any mercy, — not if she had allowed him to think so for one single instant. Would she?"

"Why, we can all find mercy, I suppose, if we go the right way to the right place for it," answered Ben, seriously.

"Yes, — but I don't mean that kind. I mean, she would n't deserve — Ben, if you were in Mr. Easton's place, and the girl you were engaged to had allowed some one else — just for the excitement, you know; not because she wanted him to, or was so wicked and heartless, but just foolish — to think

she might let him like her, you never would speak to her again, would you, Ben? You never would forgive her?"

"No, I don't know as I could overlook a thing like that."

"Of course you could n't! You always see things in the right light, Ben; you are so good — oh! how cruel, how perfectly unrelenting you are! That is, — I don't mean that, — I mean — Oh, Ben, if you felt toward her — I ought n't to say it, I know; but just for instance — as you feel, as you used to feel, toward me, Ben," — she implored, while her tearful eyes dwelt on his, — "could you forgive me — *her*, I mean?"

"I — I don't know," faltered Ben.

"Oh thank you, thank you, Ben! But you ought n't, you ought n't!" she cried. "I must n't keep you, Ben. Good-by. And now you'll let me give you the pencil, won't you? It is n't for you. It's for some nice girl you'll be sure to find, out there. Tell her I sent it to her; and, oh, tell her the best thing she can do is to be good! I hope you'll have a pleasant time, and get back safely; I shan't be here when you come home."

She did not shake hands with him at parting, and they went their several ways. At the turn of the road she looked back and saw him watching her. She took out her handkerchief and waved it to him; then, rounding the corner, she pressed it to her eyes, and stooped and made a little hasty toilet at the brook that ran along the road-side. When she rose she saw Easton at the head of the avenue, coming slowly down toward her. She went courageously to meet him. "Are my eyes red?" she asked. "I have just been shedding the parting tear over poor Ben. He's a good boy, and I felt sorry for him. I've been his first-love for several years, you know."

"Yes," said Easton, with the superiority that men feel toward much younger men's passions. "That was plain enough from the beginning."

Mrs. Farrell looked at him. He was pale and thin from his long lying in bed, but his old tone and manner were coming back, and he was growing better, though he was still far from strong.

They were lingering at the farm while the fair weather lasted, that he might profit by the air as long as it could do him good, though he had meant to go before this time.

"I've brought you about all the letters there were in the office, this morning," she said. "Do you want them now?"

"I suppose they must be read. Yes; let us go back to the piazza and open them there. You'll be glad to rest after your walk to the village."

"Is that why you want to get at your letters? I'm not tired at all, and I'd rather walk on."

"Well, whatever you like. You've unmasked my deceit about the letters. I certainly don't care to read them. I see that I had better never try to keep anything from you."

"Should you like me to tell you everything about myself?"

"Why, you did that once, did n't you?"

"Oh, that was nothing. I mean everything I think and feel and do."

"If you wished to tell me. I can't know too much about you."

"Don't be so sure of that. Suppose I had something that lay very heavy on my conscience, and that I did n't like to tell you. I ought to, ought n't I?"

"Why, if it did n't concern me?"

"But if it did concern you?"

"Well, still, I'm not so sure about your obligation to tell it. If you could endure to keep it, you might have a greater right to keep it than I should have to know it. The only comfort of confession is that it seems to disown our wrong, and make it a sort of public property, a part of evil in general, and lets us begin new, like people who have taken the benefit of the bankrupt law." He spoke these truisms in a jesting tone. "I shall always be willing to adopt half of your sins. How have you been injuring me, Rosabel?" he asked with the smile which Mrs. Farrell's speculative seriousness was apt to call forth; the best men find it so hard to believe that a charming woman can be in earnest about anything but her good looks.

"Oh, I was supposing a case," she answered with a sigh. "You do think I have some faults, then?"

"Yes, I think you have; but that does n't make any difference."

"But you can't pretend you like them?"

"Let me think! Do I like your faults?"

"Don't joke. Which do you think is the worst?" she demanded, stopping and confronting him with a look of solemnity, which he found amusing.

"Upon my word," he answered with a laugh, "I don't believe I could say."

"What are any of my faults?"

"How can I tell?"

"Am I willful? Am I proud? Am I bad-tempered? What's the thing you would find it hardest to forgive me?"

"You must give me time to think. And when I've forgiven you a great many times for a great variety of offenses, I will tell you which I found the hardest. You must remember that I've had no sort of experience yet."

"That's because you don't know at all how badly I've treated you. What do you think of my laughing at you that day when I went off to the school-house with Rachel Woodward? Don't you consider it heartless? If I had n't been the worst person in the world, could I have done it?"

Easton smiled at the zeal of her self-condemnation. "I dare say there had been something very ridiculous in my behavior. If you can remember any particular points that amused you, I should n't mind laughing them over with you, now."

"How good you are!" she murmured, regarding him absently. "I should be the worst woman in the world, should n't I, if I deceived you in the least thing? But I never will; no, no, I could n't! Your not thinking it anything would only make it the harder to bear. Don't you know how killing it is to have people suppose you're too good to do things when you know you've done them? It's awful. That's one good thing about Rachel Woodward. She thinks I'm a miserable sinner, but she likes me; and you

must n't like me unless you think I'm a miserable sinner. Oh no, I could n't let you. I'll tell you: I want you to think me perfectly reckless and fickle; I want you to believe that I'm so foolish, don't you know, that even whilst you were lying sick there, if he'd let me, I should have been quite capable of flirting with — with Ben Woodward."

Easton burst into a laugh: "That's altogether too abominable for anybody to believe, Rosabel. Can't you try me with something a shade less atrocious? Come, I'm willing to think ill of you, since you wish it; but do be reasonable! Won't you?" he asked, looking round into her face, as they walked along. "Well, then, try to help me in another way. What shall I do about Rachel Woodward? I don't know how I'm to express my gratitude fitly or acceptably for all the trouble she's had with me in this most humiliating sickness of mine. Do you suppose she could be persuaded into accepting any sort of help? Do you think she would care to become a painter, if she had the facilities quite to her mind?"

"She would," replied Mrs. Farrell, "if she did n't expect sometime to get married, like other people; there's always that if in a woman's aspirations. But that's neither here nor there. If you think you can ever contrive to reward Rachel Woodward for doing what she thinks her duty, you're very much mistaken."

"It's rather hard to be left so much in her debt."

"Yes; but she does n't consider you indebted, that's one comfort."

Easton mused awhile. "Do you know," he said, presently, "I sometimes wonder Gilbert did n't take a fancy to our difficult little friend. They're sufficiently unlike, and he would be just the man to feel the pale charm of her character."

"Do you think so?" asked Mrs. Farrell, with cold evasion. "I supposed Mr. Gilbert was too worldly a man to care for a simple country girl like Rachel Woodward."

"Oh, you're very much mistaken. He'd be altogether unworldly in a mat-

ter of that kind. He would be true to himself at any cost. That was what always charmed me so in Gilbert. He had the air and talk of a light man, but he was as true as steel under it all. Every day a man has a hundred occasions to prove himself mean or great, and Gilbert, without any show of being principled this way or that, always did the manly and generous and loyal thing."

"Shall we go back, now?" asked Mrs. Farrell. "I am rather tired, after all."

"Will you take my arm?" asked Easton. "It is n't of much use yet, I'm ashamed to think, but it will be. Did you despise me when I was lying there sick?"

"Despise you?"

"Why, I think a sick man is a contemptible kind of creature. You women seem to be able to make anything gracious and appropriate, even suffering; but a sick man can only be an odious burden. We ought to be allowed to crawl away like hurt animals into holes and clefts of rocks, and take the chances, unseen, of dying or living. Were you able to pity me very much?"

"I don't see why you ask such things," she faltered. "Don't you think I did?"

"Oh yes, too much. Sometimes I'm afraid that, without your knowing it, it's been all pity from the beginning. I dare say every decently modest man wonders what a woman finds to love in him. I wanted you to love me from the first instant I saw you, but I never concealed from myself that I was n't worth a thought of yours. What a curious thing it is that makes one willing to receive everything for nothing." He laid his left hand upon her fingers, where they passively clung to his right arm. "Why, how cold your hand is!" he said. "It seems incredible that it's going to be *my* hand some day! Everything else under the sun has its price; you slave for it, you risk your life for it, you buy it somehow. But the divinest thing in the world is *given*, it has no price, it's invaluable; we can't merit a woman's love any more than we can merit God's mercy. Come, take

yourself from me again! I've never given you a fair chance to say me nay. You must acknowledge that you never had time to answer that question of mine. Before you could decide whether you could endure me or not, you had to pity me so much that you were biased in my favor. I ought to set you free, and let you judge again whether you would have me!"

Her breath went and came quickly, as he spoke in this mixed jest and earnest. He tried to make her meet his eye, peering round into her face, but she would not look at him. If this was the release, the opportunity, so long and wildly desired, it found her helpless to seize it. She moved her head from side to side like one stifling. "Oh, don't! How can you?" she gasped. "Don't talk so any more," she entreated. "I can't bear it!"

She turned her face away; he tenderly pressed her arm against his side. They were near the house again, and she slipped her hand from his arm and fled in-doors. He blushed with joy, and walked on down the birch avenue, where she saw him sitting, after a while, on a stone by the wayside. She went to join him, holding forward, as she drew near him, a handful of letters. "We both forgot these," she said, with a dim smile.

"Oh yes," he laughed. She glanced down at the stone where he sat, and up at that clump of birches through whose thin foliage the sun fell upon him, and shivered with the recognition of the spot where she had parted from Gilbert. "Sit down, Rosabel," he said, making a place for her at his side. "This stone is large enough for both of us. I want you to help me read my letters."

"No, no!" she faintly pleaded; "let me stand — a while. And do you — do you think it's well for you to sit — just here?"

"Why, yes," he returned. "It seems a sufficiently salubrious spot, and this is a most obliging rock. If you won't share it with me, — here!" he said, touching another stone in front of his own seat, "sit here! Then I can see your face whenever I look up, and that will be

better even than having you at my side. Ah! Now for the letters," he cried, when she had suffered him to arrange her as he would, and she gave them into his hand.

He ran them quickly over before opening any, and "Why!" he exclaimed, holding up one of them, "did you know whom we have kept waiting? Gilbert! It's too bad, poor old fellow! Did n't you notice his letter, you incurious Fátima?"

"I never saw his handwriting. How could I know his letter?"

"Of course! That might have occurred to me if I had n't known it so well myself. Never mind! We'll keep Gilbert a little longer, since we've kept him so long already, and have him last of all, to take away the bad taste, if these are not pleasant reading." He laid Gilbert's letter aside, and opened the others and commented on them one after another; but her eyes continually wandered to the unopened letter, do what she might to keep them on the level of the page he was reading. At last he took up Gilbert's letter; a shiver ran through her as he tore open the envelope, and she drew herself closer together.

"Why, are you cold, my dear?" he asked, glancing at her before he began to read. "Are n't you well? Let us go up to the house, and read the letter there."

"No, no," she answered steadily; "I'm not cold, I'm perfectly well. I was curious to know what he said: that was all. Do go on."

Easton opened the sheet, and began to read to himself, as people often do with letters when they propose to read them aloud. "Oh!" he said, presently, "excuse me! I did n't know what I was doing. Do you think you'll be able to stand all this?" He held up the eight pages of Gilbert's letter, and then he began faithfully with the date, and read on to the end. The first part of the letter was given to Gilbert's regrets at not having been able to write before. He took it for granted that his sister-in-law had told Easton of his

sudden call to go to South America on that business of Mitchell & Martineiro, who wished him to look after some legal complications of their affairs in Brazil, which needed an American lawyer's eye; and that she had made all the amends she could for his going so suddenly. "You were asleep," he wrote, "when I went to take leave of you, and on the whole I'm not sorry. A good-by is good at any distance, and I knew I could send you mine. I did n't suppose I should be so long about it; but the truth is that what with putting my own business in order before going, and instructing myself about Mitchell & Martineiro's, in a case where I can represent their interests only in an exterior sort of way, I have not had a moment that I could call yours. I might have sent you a line, of course, but I waited till I could do more than that. I knew you were getting well, and I need not worry about leaving you before you were quite well. And now, after all, when I have a few hours before sailing, and I sit down to write to you, I do not know that I have much to say. Perhaps if I had had days before this, it would have come to the same thing. In fact, it could have come only to one thing under any circumstances. It could have come only to my telling you, with whatever force I had, that in all our recent unhappiness I felt myself wholly and solely at fault. I do not merely mean that you were blameless, but that every one else but myself was so. I hope this will not come to your eye like an impertinence; it lies under mine like a very vital thing. I do not know what your measure of my blame is, whether it has grown greater or not since we parted; but in my own sight my treatment of you seems inexpiable. Of course I feel that in this separation of ours there are many chances that we may not meet again; but I should like to say this to you if we were to meet every day all our lives. I will not appeal to the kindness of your heart; there ought to be none for me in it. But do not forget me, Easton; and if ever in the future you can think more leniently of me

than I deserve, I shall be glad of your pity."

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Farrell, hoarsely.

"Yes, that's all," returned Easton, turning the pages absently over, and looking up and down the leaves.

Whatever had been her purposes, or hopes, or dreads, the moment had come from which she could not recoil, and in which she stood as absolutely unfriendly as in the face of death. Everything had led to this at last; it might have been said that she was born for this alone, so supreme was it over all other fates and chances. If she had hoped for help from any source,—from Easton's possible suspicion, from the light in which she had tried to see what she had done with others' eyes, from some confession of Gilbert's in this letter of his,—it was all in vain. Everything was remanded to her, and she was to make her choice, with none to urge or stay her. She sat and stared at the man who, she knew, would have given his life to defend her from others, but who was so powerless now to help her against herself. Of all the contending passions of her soul,—shame, fear, resentment, and chiefly a frantic longing to discredit the reality of what was, and had been,—a momentary scorn came uppermost.

"So!" she cried. "And that's all he had to say!" She caught the letter from Easton's hand, ran her eye swiftly over the closing page, and flung it back to him. "Yes, he was afraid to write it, two hundred miles away; he leaves it all to me. Well, then, I will tell you — Oh," she broke off, "do you love me very, very much? Yes, I must tell you, for there is no one else, and, no matter what happens, you *must* know it." She looked at him in an agony of terror and pity; she could not take her eyes from him while she spoke the words that now came. "He was in love with me; he said so the last moment I saw him; he was so from the first. It was that which made him quarrel with you, and it is that which makes him — he thinks I've told you — ask your pity now."

In the ghastly silence that ensued, they found that they had both risen, and he stood with one hand resting against the trunk of the birch beneath which they had been sitting; Gilbert's letter had fallen, and lay on the ground between them.

Easton made no answer, and tried to make none, standing in a hapless maze. The silence seemed interminable; but it was also intolerable; she recalled him to himself with a wild "Well!" Then he seemed to find his voice a great way off, and a husky murmur preceded his articulate speech.

"Have I kept you apart?" he asked.
"Do you love him?"

"Love him? I *loathe* him!"

She shuddered to see the hope that rushed into his face, when he said, "Then I pity him with all my heart. How could he help loving you?"

She wrung her hands in despair. "Oh, why don't you kill me, and spare me this? How can I tell you and make you understand? He never would have dared to speak to me if I had not — He never would have dared to speak if he had believed I loved you!"

"Do you love me?" he asked, as if he regarded nothing else but that, and he searched with his clear gaze the eyes which she was powerless to avert. She tried to speak, and could not. The shame, more cruel than any crime can bring, which a man feels in such a disillusion, crimsoned his pale visage, and his head fell upon his breast. Again the terrible silence held them both.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she wailed, at last. "What must you think of me? I *did* believe that I loved you once — that day when you asked me; and then when you were taken sick, and I thought you might die, how could I help caring for you? And afterwards, when you were better, and you never showed any misgiving, I *could n't* undeceive you; it had to go on. I *always* respected you more than any one in the world; you're the best man I ever saw; better than I ever dreamed of; it frightened me to think how far too good for me you were. And why do you blame me so much,

now?" she piteously implored. "You said, once, that you did n't ask me to love you; that all you wanted was to love me."

Easton rubbed his hand wearily over his forehead, and drew a long breath. "If I blamed you, I was wrong," he answered gravely. "It was my fault."

His hand began to tremble on the birch, and he sank down on the rock where he had been sitting. She saw his faltering, and dropped on her knees before him, and instinctively cast one arm about him to support him. He put it away. "I'm perfectly well," he said, with his deathly face. "But I shall sit here a while before I go back to the house. Don't—don't let me keep you."

The dismissal seemed to strike her back from him, but she did not rise. She only dropped her face in the hollow of her rejected arm, and moaned, "Oh, how you must despise me. But don't drive me from you!"

"I did n't mean that," he said; "I thought of sparing you."

"But don't spare me! It's that that drives me wild. I want you to tell me what it is I've done. I want you to judge me."

"Judge yourself, Rosabel. I will not."

"But I can't have any mercy on myself! Oh, keep me from myself! Don't cast me off! I know I'm not worthy of you, but if you love me, take me! I will be a good wife to you, indeed I will."

"Oh, no," said Easton, in the tone of a man hurt beyond all solace, who faintly refuses some compassionately proffered, impossible kindness. "I have loved you, Heaven knows how dearly, and I could have waited patiently any length of time in the hope of your love; that was what I meant when I said I did n't ask you to love me then. But now"—

She must have felt the exquisite manliness of his intention towards her. Perhaps she contrasted the grandeur which would not reproach her by a word or look, with the relentless bitterness in which Gilbert had retaliated all upon her. She had always admired Easton;

it may be that in this moment she felt a thrill of the supreme tenderness. She suddenly clung to his arm. "But I want you to take me!" she cried. "Don't you trust me? Don't you think I know my own heart, even now? Oh, if you will only believe in me again, I know I shall love you!"

"No!" said Easton, "I love you too much for that."

"And is it all over, then? Do you break your engagement?"

"It's broken. You must go free of me. I know you would try to give me what you cannot; but only misery could come of trying. It would be worse than my mistake with Gilbert, when I accepted a sacrifice from him that no man should accept from another, because I believed that I could have done as much for him. We thought it our bond of friendship, but it must always have been a galling chain to him. And you are asking to do a thousand times more than he did! No, no; you would only be starving yourself to beggar me. If you loved me, all that's happened would be nothing; but if you had married me without loving me, you would have done me a wrong that I could never have pardoned. Don't accuse yourself," he said. "If you had loved me, nothing of all this could have happened. Think of that. It was my mistake more than yours; you were unfairly bound to me. Come," he said, rising with a sudden access of strength that belied his pale looks, "I must go to-day." And he led the way back to the house in a silence which neither broke.

She did not answer him by words, then or afterwards. But when they entered the dark of the hall doorway together, she expressed all by an action which was not the less characteristic for being so humble and childlike; she caught up his hand, and, holding it a moment with a clinging stress, carried it to her mouth and reverently kissed it. That was their farewell, and it was both silent and passive on his part. He looked at her with eyes that she did not meet, and moved his lips as if he would say something, but made no sound.

XIV.

The next morning, after Mrs. Farrell had gone, Rachel went with mechanical exactness about the work of putting in order the room where Easton had lain sick. Her mother came to the door, and, looking in, hesitated a moment before she crossed the threshold and sat down in the chair that stood just inside.

"I don't know as you've got any call to hurry so about it, Rachel," she said, with a granite quiet.

"I'd just as soon, mother; I'd rather," answered the girl as stonily, not ceasing from her work.

The mother put her hand to her passive mouth and then rubbed it up over her cheek and across her forehead, and drew a long, noiseless breath, following the movements of her daughter about the room with her eyes. "I suppose we shan't hear from Benny, hardly, for a week or more," she said after a pause of several minutes. Rachel did not reply, and her mother asked, after another pause, "Rachel, what do you believe made him so set on going away? Do you think it was"—

"I don't want you should ask me, mother, *anything*," answered Rachel, nervously.

The mother waited a moment before she said, perhaps with that insensibility to others' nerves which years often bring, "I was afraid the boy might have got to caring about her. Do you think he had?"

"Yes, I think he had," replied Rachel, abruptly, as if the words had been wrenched from her.

Once more the mother waited before she spoke. She had never talked gossip with her children, and perhaps she was now reconciling to her conscience the appearance of gossip in what she had to say. "I always thought," she began, "that they were both as fine young men as I almost ever saw. I never saw more of a friend than the other one was to this one. Do you think she was much sorry for what she did to part them?"

"Yes, I think she was. She did more

than she meant, and I don't know as we ought to be made to answer for more harm than we mean."

"No," said Mrs. Woodward. "At least it is n't for us to say, here. Did you like her as well at the last as you used to?"

"Yes, I liked her," answered Rachel. "Nobody could help that. She was very unhappy, and I never had any call to feel hard against her—on my own account."

"I don't know as I ever knew a person quite like her," mused Mrs. Woodward. "I don't know as I should ever rightly understand her, and I won't judge her, for one: she'll find plenty to do that. I don't believe but what her feelings were led away for a while by the other one, and I don't see as they ever rightly came back to this one, even supposing that she ever did care much for him."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" the girl broke out, and cast herself into a chair, and hid her face on the bed.

A distress passed over the stony composure of the elder woman's face, but she sat quiet, and did not go near her child or touch her. What comfort her children got from her went from heart to heart, or rather from conscience to conscience, without open demonstration; she hid her natural affections as if they were sins, but they ruled her in secret, and doubtless now her heart bled with the pity her arms withheld. She did not move from her place, and while the girl sobbed out the secret of a love which she had never yet owned to herself, the mother did not show by any sign or change of countenance that the revelation either surprised or shocked her. She may indeed have always suspected it, but however that was, she now accepted the fact as she would any calamity, in silence, and whatever inward trouble it gave her did not appear even to the solitude in which Rachel's hidden face left her. She waited patiently, but when at last the girl lifted her face, and sat with her head thrown back and her eyelids fallen, the mother still did not speak; she left her to deal with her pain alone, as

was best. But that evening she came to Rachel's chamber with her lamp in her hand, and took her place near her where she lay listless in her rocking-chair.

"Before Mrs. Gilbert went away," the mother abruptly began, "she came and had a little talk with me about you, Rachel. I never told you, and I don't know as I ever should."

Rachel gave no token of interest. Mrs. Woodward went on:—

"She seemed to think a good deal of that picture of yours, and she spoke as if you'd ought not to neglect any providence that put it in your way to improve yourself. I don't use her words, but that's what they come to in the end. She said if you would like to go down and study drawing in Boston or New York, this winter, she wanted I should let her lend you the money to do it. I was put to it what to say without seeming to hurt her feelings. I did n't make any direct answer at the time, and I have n't since. I wa'n't sure in my own mind whether we should do right to accept of such an offer unless we could see our way clear to pay the money back, and what made me more doubtful was her saying that you'd ought to be very certain of your own feelings, whether you really wanted to be a painter or not, for if you did n't it would be a misery every way if you was one. I don't know a great deal about such things, but I thought that was sensible. She said there wa'n't any doubt about your making a living that way, if once you gave your mind to it."

Still Rachel did not change her posture or expression, but she passed her fingers over the hem of her apron across her lap.

"As to the money," Mrs. Woodward went on, "there's your school-money in the bank; you've worked hard enough for that, and it's rightfully yours. I know you meant to give it to James for his schooling, but now it don't seem quite fair you should. Why don't you take it yourself, and go off somewhere, and study, the way Mrs. Gilbert said?"

"I don't want the money, mother," said the girl, coldly.

Mrs. Woodward waited a while before she asked, "Don't you feel sure 't you want to study in that way?"

"Yes, I think I could do it. Of course it is n't as if I were a man, but I believe I could be a painter, and I should like it better than teaching."

"Then why don't you take up with the idea? It would be a little change for you; and maybe, if you was away from the place for a while, you might — get to feeling differently."

The mother was patient with her daughter while the girl sat thinking. The countenance of neither changed, when at last the girl broke silence, and said very steadily, "I might go in the spring, mother. But I'm going to stay here this winter. If I've got any trouble, I can't run away from it, and I would n't if I could. If the trouble is here, the help is here, too, I presume." After a little pause, she added, "I don't want you should speak to me about it again, mother — ever."

The mother said nothing, but awkwardly rose, and moved shyly to where her daughter sat. Her mouth trembled, but, whatever intent she had, she ended by merely laying on the girl's head her large, toil-worn, kitchen-coarsened hand, with its bony knuckles and stubbed, broken nails. She let it rest there a moment and then went softly out of the room.

XV.

In an orchestra-chair at the theatre sat a stout, good-natured looking gentleman, iron-gray where he was not bald, with a double chin smooth-shaven between iron-gray whiskers, and beside him sat a lady somewhat his junior in appearance, pale and invalid-like, to whom the strong contrast of her silvery hair and her thick, dark eyebrows gave a singular distinction; from some little attentions and neglects it could be seen that they were husband and wife. The husband seemed tranquilly expectant, and the wife nervously so, and as they talked together, waiting for the curtain to rise, he spoke in a slow, rich, easy

voice, with a smile of amiable humor, while she had a more eager and sarcastic air, which at times did not veil a real anxiety of feeling.

"And that is just where you misconceive the whole affair," the lady was saying.

"I don't see," said the gentleman.

"Why," demanded the lady despairingly, "can't you imagine a woman's liking to triumph over people with her beauty, and yet meaning it to be a purely aesthetic triumph?"

"No, I can't," said the gentleman, with placid candor.

"Well, women can," said the lady conclusively, and the gentleman submitted in silence.

Presently he asked, "Is n't she rather old for a novice?"

"She's twenty-six, if you call that old. She's a novice to the stage, but she's been an actress all her life."

The gentleman laughed in the contented fashion of gentlemen who think their wives are wits, and said, "I think you're decidedly hard upon her to-night, Susan. It seems to me you have been more merciful at times."

"Oh, at times! I've never been of one mind about her half an hour together, and I don't expect to be hard upon her the whole evening, now. The last day I saw her at the farm, as I've often told you, I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, but before we said good-by, I suspected that I had been the subject of one of her little dramatic effects. Can't you imagine a person who really feels all she thinks she ought to feel at any given time?"

"No," said the gentleman, with cheerful resignation, "that's beyond my depth again."

"Well, she's that kind; or I've fancied so in my skeptical moods about her. If she dramatizes her part to-night half as well as she used to dramatize herself, she'll be a great actress. But that remains to be seen. When I first heard she was going on the stage, it seemed like a clew to everything; she says she always wanted to be an actress; and I felt that it was a perfect inspiration. It

would give her excitement and admiration, and it would multiply the subjects of her effects to any extent. It always did seem a ridiculous waste that she should merely fascinate one man at a time; she ought to have had thousands. But I'm not so certain, now, after all, that she's found her destiny."

"Why?"

"Why, a stage success might be very much to her taste, while she might n't at all like the trouble of making it. I think she has a real theatrical genius, but I suppose the stage takes a great deal of self-denial and constancy, and she's fickle as the wind."

"Oh come, now, Susan, you know you said yesterday that after all you did believe she had a lasting regard for William's friend."

"Yes, that's a great puzzle and mystery. Perhaps it was because she had broken with him. I did n't infer from anything she said that their acquaintance now was of anything but a friendly sort. I wish I had felt authorized to ask just how it was renewed," said the lady regretfully.

"I wish you had. I should have liked to know. There must be something extraordinary about her to enable her to keep him for a friend after all that happened."

"Oh, did I ever pretend there was n't something extraordinary about her? There was everything extraordinary about her! And there are times when I can't help admiring a sort of moral heroism she had. I think she was fascinated for a while with the dreadfulness of flirting with William under the circumstances; but not one woman in a thousand would have had the courage to do what she did when she found it was becoming serious with him."

"Very likely. But I have a higher opinion of women. My sense of right and wrong has not been shaken, like some people's, by this enchantress. I can't help thinking it might not have been so rough on *him* if her moral heroism had begun a little sooner: say before the flirtation."

"Oh, the more I think about it, the

less I pity him in that matter. He knew perfectly well that he was doing wrong. Men ought to do right, even if it does n't please women."

The gentleman bowed his bald head in a fit of laughter. "I have no doubt those were Eve's very words to Adam," he chuckled; but the lady, without laughing, continued, —

"And when the worst had come to the worst with Easton, it seems she did n't spare herself. She told him everything."

"Perhaps she might have spared him somewhat if she had not been quite so frank."

"It was her *duty* to tell him!" rejoined the lady, sternly, "and I honor her for doing it. She never could have gone on and married him, with all that in her heart."

"At any rate she did n't go on and marry him. And I shall always contend that she was a hardly-used woman; engaging herself to a man she merely pitied, under the mistaken impression that she was in love with him, and then, — when she found that she did n't want his friend either, — dismissing the poor fellow with a final misgiving that perhaps she *did* like him, after all. I say it's a case of unmerited suffering, if ever there was one."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk! But how do you reconcile such contradictions?"

"I don't. But I'm certain of one thing: she was n't trying any of her little dramatic effects on you, when she called yesterday and made you her confidante." The gentleman here laughed so loud that the sound of his own voice alarmed him. He looked round, and saw that the seats about them were rapidly filling up, and he fell to studying his play-bill with conscious zeal.

By and by he turned again to his wife, and whispered, "I don't think William's peace of mind was permanently affected by his romance with your friend; he appeared to be in good spirits the other day when I saw him in New York, and was taking a good deal of interest in the fine arts, I fancied, from his behavior to your little *protégée*."

"William has been very polite and very good; I shall always feel grateful to him for his kindness to her. He must have found it difficult at first; she's very odd, and does n't invite attention, though of course she's glad of it, at heart. Yes, it was very, very considerate, and I shall take it as the greatest favor that William could have done me."

"Well, I don't know. He did n't seem to be regarding the affair in the light of a self-sacrifice. Suppose he had rather lost the sense of it's being a favor to you?"

"I should like that all the better."

Those who remember the impression made among people who knew of her, by the announcement that Mrs. Farrell was going upon the stage, will recall the curiosity which attended her appearance in Boston, after her *début* in a Western city, where she had played a season. There is always something vastly pitiable in the first attempts of a woman to please the public from the stage; this is especially the case if she is not to the theatre born, and confronts in her audience the faces she has known in the world; and her audience may have felt a peculiar forlornness in Mrs. Farrell's position: at any rate it showed itself the kindest of houses, and seized with eager applause every good point of her performance. Her beauty in itself was almost sufficient to achieve success for her. It had never appeared to greater advantage. During the first two acts, it seemed to prosper from moment to moment, under all those admiring eyes, like the immediate gift of Heaven, as if she were inspired to be more and more beautiful by her consciousness of her beauty's power; and whether she walked or sat, or only stirred in some chosen posture amidst the volume of her robes, she expressed a grace that divinely fascinated. Her girlish presence enabled her to realize the Juliet to many whose sensitive ideal refused the robust pretensions of more mature actresses; she might have played the part well or not, but there could be no question but she looked it. She had costumed it with a splendor which

the modern taste might have accused of overdressing, but which was not discordant with a poetic sense of the magnificence of mediæval Verona. Her Juliet was no blonde, Gretchen-like maiden, in blue and white, but an impassioned southern girl in the dark reds and rich greens that go well with that beauty; she might have studied her dress from that of some superb patrician in a canvas of Cagliari. But with her beauty, her grace, and her genius for looking and dressing the character, her perfect triumph ended; there was something perplexingly indefinite in the nature or the cause of her failure, at those points where she failed. To some she simply appeared unequal to a sustained imagination of the character. Others thought her fatigued by the physical effort, which must be a very great one. Perhaps no one was of a very decided mind about her performance.

"It was good, yes—and it was n't good, either," said one of those critical spirits, rather commoner in Boston than elsewhere, who analyze and refine and re-refine and shrink from a final impression, with a perseverance that leaves one in doubt whether they have any opinion about the matter. "I should say she had genius, yes; genius for something—I don't know; I suppose the drama. I dare say I saw her without the proper perspective; I was crowded so close to her by what I'd heard of her off the stage, don't you know. I don't think the part was well chosen; and yet she did some things uncommonly well; all that passionate love-making of the first part was magnificent; but there was some detracting element, even there—I don't know what; I suppose she did n't let you think enough of Juliet; you could n't help thinking how very charming *she* was, herself; she realized the part the wrong way. There was inspiration in it, and I should say study; yes, there was a good deal of study; but after all it was n't so much art as it was nature and artifice. It wanted smoothness, unity; perhaps that might come, by and by. She had a very kind house; you know what our audiences usually are; they would n't turn

the thumb down, but they'd make an unlucky gladiator *wish* they would. But they were very good to her, last night, and applauded her hits like a little man. She did n't seem to have given *herself* a fair chance. Perhaps she was n't artistically large enough for the theatre. I should n't have said, at first, that she was particularly suggestive of the home circle; very likely, if I'd met her off the stage, I should have pronounced her too theatrical; and yet there was a sort of appealing domesticity about her, after all—especially in her failures. It's a pity she could n't take some particular line of the profession, in which she could somehow produce a *social* effect, don't you know! I'll tell you what; she could do something perfectly charming in the way of what they call sketches—character sketches—little morsels of drama that she could have all to herself, with the audience in her confidence—a sort of partner in the enterprise, like the audience at private theatricals. That's it; that's the very thing! She'd be the greatest possible success in private theatricals."

"Well, Robert, it's better than I ever dreamt she could do," said Mrs. Gilbert, as they drove home from the theatre. "But what a life for a woman! How hard and desolate at the best. Well, she's sufficiently punished!"

"Yes," said her husband, "it's a great pity they could n't somehow make up their minds to marry each other."

"Never! There are things they can never get over."

"Oh, people get over all sorts of things. And even according to your own showing, she behaved very well when it came to the worst."

"Yes, I shall always say that of her. But she was to blame for it's coming to the worst. No, a whole life-time would n't be enough to atone for what she's done."

"It would n't, in a romance. But in life you have to make some allowance for human nature. I had no idea she was so charming."

"Robert," said Mrs. Gilbert, sternly,

"do you think it would be right for a woman to be happy after she had made others so wretched?"

"Well, not at once. But I don't see how her remaining unhappy is to help matters. You say that you really think she does like him, after all?"

"She would hardly talk of anything else — where he was, and what he saw, and what he said. Yes, I should say she does like him."

"Then I don't see why he should n't come back from Europe and marry her, when she makes her final failure on the stage. I would, in his place."

"My dear, you *know* you would n't!"

"Well, then, *he* would in *my* place. Have it your own way, my love."

Mr. Gilbert seemed to think he had made a joke, but his wife did not share his laugh.

"Robert," she said, after a thought-

ful pause, "the lenient way in which you look at her is worse than wrong; it's weak."

"Very likely, my dear; but I can't help feeling it's a noble weakness. Why, of course I know that she spread a ruin round, for a while, but, as you say, it seems to have been more of a ruin than she meant; and there's every probability that she's been sorry enough for it since."

"Oh! And so you think such a person as that can change by trying — and atone for what she's done by being *sorry* for it!" said Mrs. Gilbert, with scorn.

"Well, Susan, I should not like to be such heathen as *not* to think so," responded her husband, with an assumption none the less intolerable because, while his position was in itself impregnable, it left a thousand things to be said.

W. D. Howells.

THE ANTIETAM STATUE.

STEADFAST and sad he stands, his level eyes
Asking stern question of eternal Fate.
That silent host of dead before him lies,
Whose wondrous, woeful loss no years abate;
Whose legend all the rolling plains relate,
The wind that wails, the unrelenting skies.

"What have these done?" the answering echo cries;
"Their life, their love, their youth's sweet promise gone;
Gone in a day their gilded destinies.
What evil errand have their swift lives done
To be so clipt, like insects in the sun;
And this gaunt stone to mock their memories?"
Stone art thou! God in each true soul replies,
"These men who died for man outlive all earth and skies."

Rose Terry Cooke.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

LETTERS FROM A HOSPITAL.

LETTER I.—MARY LAWRENCE TO A SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

—, MASS., Thursday, May 12, 1864.

MY DEAR ANNIE,—We learned from Mead's address to the soldiers, which was published in the Boston papers of May 5th, that the army was ready to advance. Since then we have lived in the most painful suspense, fearing to open the newspapers and dreading the sound of the door-bell. We suffered so much from anxiety it was a positive relief when, early this morning, the following telegram for Mabel arrived: "Colonel Lawrence is wounded; he will arrive in Washington to-night." The message was dated May 11th, and sent by Colonel T—, the Massachusetts Military Agent in Washington. I at once telegraphed to Mabel, who with the baby was visiting her mother, and went to the station, expecting she would come home in the eleven o'clock train to make preparations for going to Albert as soon as possible.

When the train stopped, Mabel stepped quickly from the cars with the baby in her arms. In a moment I was by her side, and she exclaimed, —

"Oh, Mary, I knew you would be here! Will you take care of the baby while I am away?"

"Yes, indeed!" I replied, taking the dear fellow in my arms. "How soon will you go?"

"Now," said Mabel, "on this very train." And she placed her foot upon the step of the car.

"Mabel! without an escort, with no protector at all!"

"I have the protection of a duty, and am not afraid."

The bell rang; Mabel hastened into the car. I saw her watch her baby from the window until the distance rendered it impossible to distinguish any one. As

I looked at that gentle but determined face, I resolved to do my part bravely and cheerfully. For, much as I love baby Charlie, I had been a little dismayed at the thought of taking charge of an unweaned child, only eight months old; but if his mother was courageous enough to leave him, I ought not to be afraid to take him.

Imagine the surprise at home when it was known that Mabel had gone. "God bless her! she is a true wife," said mother.

I wish you could be with us now. So does our mother, who sends her best love to you. Your affectionate sister,

MARY LAWRENCE.

LETTER II.—MABEL LAWRENCE TO MARY LAWRENCE.

EBBITT HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
May 13, 1864. }

MY DEAR MARY,—An hour ago I left Albert lying quietly upon his iron bedstead in ward seventeen, Mead Hospital. His wound is in the left foot, very near the ankle-joint. The ball is still in.

Albert is in excellent spirits, but since those nine months in Libby Prison, his strength has not been what it used to be. How he will be able to endure this new drain upon it is something of which I hardly dare to think. I wanted very much to sit by him all night, but he would not allow it.

I could write a long letter about my finding Albert, but must wait until tomorrow.

Tell your dear mother that Albert asked many questions about her. Kiss my darling baby for me. Albert is very much pleased that you have taken charge of him; so is the baby's mother. Your affectionate sister,

MABEL LAWRENCE.

[May,

LETTER III. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

WARD SEVENTEEN, MEAD HOSPITAL, }
WASHINGTON, May 14, 1864. }

MY DEAR MARY, — Albert has not suffered a great deal from pain to-day, but seems very weak; probably this is owing quite as much to the excessive fatigue of his journey from the Wilderness, as to his wound. He was wounded on Thursday, May 5th, and reached Washington on the following Wednesday at midnight, having been nearly all the time on the road. He was four days in an ambulance, which was driven a great part of the distance over corduroy roads. He says no conception can be formed of the sufferings of the wounded who are carried over these roads; and that, great as his sufferings were, they were nothing in comparison with those of another officer in the same ambulance, who had been shot through the body. On this dreadful journey they were not able to keep to the direct road, but had to go first in one direction, then in another, to escape the fire of guerrillas.

Now I must tell you how I found Albert. You know that I have never been in Washington before, so it was particularly fortunate that I went to the Ebbitt House; for, on looking out of the window, I saw "Sanitary Commission," in large letters, over the porch of the opposite building; and I no sooner saw it than I rushed down-stairs, across the street, and into the office of the commission. There I met Mr. ——, who knows Albert, and he took the greatest interest in finding him. He said that Colonel T——, of the Massachusetts agency, went to Fredericksburg on Thursday, with supplies, but that undoubtedly he could learn at the rooms of the Massachusetts agency where Albert was. Mr. —— also advised me to go back to the Ebbitt and take something to eat, while he went in search of information. I followed his advice.

In about an hour my new friend came to take me to Mead Hospital, where Albert had been carried. When we arrived at the hospital Mr. —— met Dr.

Stedman, the surgeon-in-charge, who kindly went to ward seventeen with us. This ward occupies one very long barrack, and is filled with single iron bedsteads, and upon each bed is a wounded man. As we entered, nurses were moving about in attendance upon the patients. They were dressing the wounds for the night, and pails, sponges, and bandages were in service; all this I took in at a glance. A tall lady, dressed almost like a Friend, was coming towards us, with a spoon in one hand and a glass of water in the other; as she approached, Dr. Stedman said to her, —

"Miss Fessenden, let me introduce to you Mrs. Lawrence, Colonel Lawrence's wife. I think he is in your ward."

She bowed slightly, and replied, "Yes, sir; you will find him in twenty-one, the bed next but one to my table."

We went directly to bed twenty-one, and through a great effort to control my feelings I was able to give Albert a cheerful greeting. There was no time for questions. Mr. —— wished to see several persons in the hospital, and promised to take me back on his return. Dr. Stedman said he would look at Albert's wound, and called a dresser to take the bandage from his foot. He asked if the surgeon was in the ward; he was not; he went to Miss Fessenden, seemed to be giving her some directions about Albert, and then left. I could not help wishing he had told me what was to be done, instead of Miss Fessenden, for she seems to me like an iceberg; but Albert says I shall find her such an iceberg as a very little sunshine will melt.

After Albert's foot was dressed last night, he was faint; Miss Fessenden brought him some brandy, which he objected to taking. She said, "It is only a teaspoonful, and is very pure; it was sent from Boston; just try to take it."

He took it like a little child. Anxious and preoccupied as I was, it was yet impossible not to notice the difference in her manner toward Albert and toward myself; and yet this difference was mostly in the tone of voice, which, though coaxing, made one feel she had perfect faith that

he would comply with her wishes. Soon after, Mr. —— came to take me back to the Ebbitt House.

I can't help a little twinge of disappointment, for I do not feel that I have the care of Albert as fully as I would like.

I am impatient for the hour that will bring a letter from you, telling me how my precious baby gets along. I have been very well, only a little faint after holding Albert's foot last night; my faintness alarmed me lest I should not be able to bear the smell of wounds, but I have got over all that.

Albert sends his best love to your mother and yourself, and mine goes with it.

MABEL.

LETTER IV. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 15, 1864, Sunday, A. M.

DEAR MARY, — I came to the hospital at an early hour to-day, in order to be present when Albert's foot was dressed. His wound does not improve; perhaps it is quite too soon to expect any improvement.

This morning everybody has been in a hurry. Such a cleaning of a place that was already clean! When all was ready, there were two rows of wounded men tightly and smoothly tucked up in bed, as though they had never moved and were expected never to move. The attendants were in dress uniform, and the whole ward wore an air of expectation. This was the preparation for Sunday's inspection. After waiting almost an hour, there was a loud cry of "Attention!" The surgeon in charge then entered, with all the assistant surgeons (all in dress uniform) and three or four gentlemen visitors. The attendants stood in a line by the entrance, and saluted as the surgeons passed. As they went through the ward, Dr. Stedman stopped to look at the worst cases. After they had looked into the bathing-room, and every nook and corner within the barracks, Dr. Stedman said to the ward-master, "Sir, your ward is perfect;" and they left.

I will not say that every man at once

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turned in bed, for many could not do it; but the tucked-up look vanished in a moment, newspapers and books appeared upon the tables, and in five minutes it was the old busy place again.

Miss Fessenden just came to me saying she had such good news that she must tell it. Dr. Gardner, from Massachusetts, has been assigned to duty in this ward.

It will be delightful to have a skillful and experienced surgeon, and a gentleman, instead of Dr. D——, who is so conceited that it is impossible to have confidence in him.

Sunday, P. M.

Dr. Gardner has spent the entire afternoon in the ward, examining wounds. He says — I can hardly think of it composedly — that Albert's foot must be amputated, and very soon; to-morrow, if Dr. Stedman can be present then. It is no shock to Albert, for he has never been sanguine about keeping it; but I thought we could save it, and it is a great trial to find that it must be amputated; not that I would rather Albert could have his foot than his war record, but he seems very weak to go through such an operation. I shall sit by him to-night; it is not necessary, but I should regret having left him if he should not endure the operation well.

Our joint love to mother and the dear baby.

MABEL.

LETTER V. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

WARD SEVENTEEN, MEAD HOSPITAL, {
WASHINGTON, Monday, May 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — Albert slept very well last night and is in good spirits this morning. Miss Fessenden brought some beef-tea for his breakfast, saying she would not give him any solid food until she knew whether Dr. Gardner intended to have the foot amputated to-day. If it were only well over!

I find it a great solace to relate to you all that happens here, knowing what a sympathizing listener you are. I wish I could give you a graphic description of a hospital ward at night, but there is

something about it that must be both seen and felt to be comprehended. The two long rows of beds seem endless in the dim light; half-suppressed moans are heard, and the night-watchers, as they move noiselessly through the ward, look like dusky shadows of men. Several times last night the silence was broken by the racing of a large wharf-rat under the beds; as it scented booty, it would stop in one place and another and wake up all the nervous sleepers, each one of whom would be sure to cry out, "I wish I could kill that rat!" One of the awakened patients told me that the night before, while half asleep, he thought he felt something soft and silky on his neck, and when he raised his hand to brush it away, an enormous rat jumped from his neck to the floor. The night-watch said that a few weeks ago, as a soldier's wounded arm rested on a pillow beside his bed, a rat mounted the chair and ate part of the bread poultice with which the wound was dressed. There were two visitors beside the rats. At midnight the officer of the day, accompanied by a man with a lantern, passed down the ward on his regular round through the hospital.

The situation of one poor man was most touching. Occasionally during the evening I had seen, in the upper part of the ward, a miserable arm raised in the air, with a bandage dangling from a wounded hand; the expression of agony in the movement of that poor hand and arm cut me to the heart, and, though half afraid of intruding, I went to the suffering man, for it was impossible to stay away. He told me that he had been under a cross-fire. On his right arm one ball had entered the front part of the fore-arm about an inch below the elbow, coming out at the shoulder; another entered the back part of the fore-arm about an inch above the wrist-joint, and escaped at the back of the hand; and another crushed the second joint of the forefinger. On his left arm, one ball entered the fore-arm just above the wrist, and was cut out at the elbow. A ball fractured his right thigh. Another entered his right ankle-joint and came

out at the top of the foot. The bottom of the foot was crushed by a shell, making in all eleven different wounds. Finding that he would like to listen, I obtained a candle and read to him a few verses from the Bible, and one of Ryle's hymns. The sound of my voice seemed to soothe him for a little while, then he would raise his arm again, and the bandage on his poor, wounded hand waved like a signal of distress, as it was. He knew he could not live, and did not like to be left alone; so, while Albert slept, I very gladly sat by him, reading aloud when he seemed to enjoy it. Towards morning I went to him for the last time, and when the sun arose, his place was vacant. I am not sorry that I remained in the hospital through the night, for it is a great privilege to be allowed to do even as little as I was able to do, for one about to give up his life for the sacred cause of freedom.

I shall write by the afternoon's mail. Albert sends love, and says that you and mother must not be too anxious about him. My love attends you and my dear child.

MABEL.

LETTER VI. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 16, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY, — The amputation is over! It was performed at two this afternoon. Dr. Gardner thinks Albert went through it very well, and is very sanguine about his recovery.

As you may suppose, I shall not leave Albert to-night; indeed, am already established for the night. The watchers are very kind; they have moved a rocking-chair to the side of Albert's bed, and made very comfortable arrangements for me. I have written this letter at Miss Fessenden's table, by the night-watcher's candle, and must now return to my post.

Midnight.

Another patient has just died; I knew nothing of it until his bed was carried by me. It was quite a shock to me, when, by the dim light, I suddenly saw the ward-master and an attendant carrying down the ward a bedstead covered

with a sheet, which plainly showed the stiff outlines of a dead man's form. I asked the night-watch what had caused the man's death, and he answered, "amputation of a leg." My heart sank. He told me they took the bedstead out because it was much the most quiet way of carrying out the dead. The body of the dead soldier is carried to the operating-room adjoining the ward, and there washed and clothed for burial.

Albert has waked up twice, and taken a little beef-tea each time. I will write you to-morrow. It would be a great comfort to take my dear baby in my arms this moment.

MABEL.

LETTER VII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,— Albert is very weak to-day, but Dr. Gardner says he is doing well. The only pain of which he complains is a sensation as if the amputated foot were on and paining him still. Your letter arrived this morning. I am truly thankful for such a good report of my dear baby.

The life here, among men who are hanging between life and death, is very intense; a person soon becomes absorbed in the surroundings. I feel quite at home now, and am very much interested in the patients; still I am a little shy of going to them without a special errand, and am inexpressibly astonished at the curiosity of some women, and men too, who come in as visitors.

To-day the screens were arranged around a soldier's bed while his thigh-wound was dressing. Two women, walking through the ward, actually stopped and peeped over them. These people are no doubt very kind, but they seem to be in search of the horrible. They ask the rudest questions with the most perfect unconsciousness of their own impertinence.

I begin to understand and like Miss Fessenden. She was very busy at dinner-time to-day, and I offered to feed one of the four privates who cannot feed themselves. The man said to me, "Do they have ladies in all the hospi-

tals, to wait upon the sick and wounded?" I told him I thought not in all. "No," said he, "I don't believe they do in half;" and, looking still more satisfied, he added, "not in a third of them."

May 18th.

Albert had quite a comfortable night, last night. I watched with him again, but you must not think him so ill that I could not leave him. I could not have slept in my own room, knowing that he was lying here so helpless; I had rather take a nap in the afternoon, when Miss Fessenden can watch Albert.

The night passed without incident, but before five o'clock in the morning a loud bugle-call announced the arrival of wounded men, and very soon we heard that two hundred were waiting at the gate. All the attendants hurried to the ambulances to help bring them into the hospital. I went to the end of the ward, and, looking up the yard through the thick fog that cast a misty veil over every object, could discern the figures of men carrying the wounded, upon stretchers, to the different wards; seen through the mist, they looked more like the figures of a dream than real, tangible people.

I had just taken my seat by Albert when the tramp of feet was heard, and one stretcher after another was laid upon the floor, until there were seven. There was a great excitement among the attendants. Miss Fessenden soon appeared, and taking a bottle of wine and a medicine-glass began with the nearest man. I held the bottle while she administered the wine.

After beds had been assigned the new patients, Miss Fessenden asked me to go with her to the ladies' house, while the newly-arrived were washed and put in bed.

The "ladies' house" is rough, but comfortable. We went into a reception room or hall, the furniture of which consisted of two wooden chairs and a very small unpainted table. "Now," said Miss Fessenden, "I am sure you must need a cup of coffee; and it may be late before I can go to my breakfast."

[May,

She began her preparations for coffee by bringing from her room an alcohol lamp, and placing a tin pot of water over it; then came a box of crackers, a bottle of olives, a can of concentrated milk, a cup and saucer, and a mug. In a very short time the water was boiling, and we had the most delicious coffee I have drank since leaving home. I must not forget to add what Miss Fessenden made a point of telling me, that coffee, crackers, etc., were all sent to her by her mother for her own use.

We returned to the ward quite refreshed, and found the new seven in their respective beds. I was pleased to find that an agreeable-looking Ohio man had been put in the bed next Albert's.

I have promised to write home for these men, so must close this letter.

Albert unites with me in love to yourself and mother, not forgetting our little boy. Lovingly yours, MABEL.

LETTER VIII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 20, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,— This morning I was up and out at a very early hour. Went to market, and there purchased a Porter House steak for Albert's breakfast, some delicious fresh rolls, enough to give to several patients, and a ball of fresh butter; and, after exploring the market, was fortunate enough to find a basket of strawberries that looked as if they had just been gathered. I reached the hospital by half past six. Miss Fessenden and Moses were hurrying about with medicines and stimulants. Albert was surprised to see me at so early an hour, and I had such a good time getting ready for and giving him his breakfast. At first Miss Fessenden looked dismayed when I asked if the beefsteak could be broiled, and said that she did not like to ask to have anything extra done in the special diet kitchen, because the servants there were so much overworked.

¹ Two or three years after the close of the war this young man wrote to Miss Fessenden, "The arm is doing finely. It troubles me but little, and that chiefly in the coldest winter months. I saw

"But," she added, "we might go to the other kitchen and find out what can be done there." We went, and were successful. The steak was brought at breakfast-time, well broiled and hot. Albert enjoyed it exceedingly, and I was able to give Ames enough for his breakfast, and six strawberries, all that Miss Fessenden would allow him or Albert; none were allowed to the pleasant French adjutant whom I had quite set my heart upon treating.

I wish that the ladies who have sent so many nice things could have the satisfaction of presenting their own gifts once, just to know what a pleasure it is. The things sent make a most acceptable variety to hospital fare, in which there is so great a sameness that it requires a person of many resources to keep some of the men contented. I have been amused at the tone in which Miss Fessenden asks a patient what he would like; it seems to imply that she has inexhaustible supplies at hand, and she herself says she always feels that anything a wounded man wants she can somehow manage to obtain.

This afternoon the surgeon took from the arm of a young man four inches of the large bone. He was brought in with a large piece of cannon-ball sticking in his right arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. Instead of amputating the arm, the shattered bone was taken out.¹

It is time for me to say good night. With truest love to all at home,

Your loving sister, MABEL.

LETTER IX. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 23, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,— I have just dispatched a letter to your mother, and will now begin one to you.

This morning Miss Fessenden, in a state of great indignation, came to tell us a sad and very exceptional incident connected with the death of a young soldier in this ward. He was dreadfully

and split wood with it, and can carry a pail of water with as much ease as with the left. I can do more, can lift from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds with it."

wounded, and directly on coming to the hospital had written to the girl to whom he was engaged, saying he was a mere wreck, and would not hold her to her engagement. He received in reply a very heartless letter, saying that she had never considered herself bound to him since he enlisted. His wound was supposed to be fatal; but he had been doing so well that slight hopes of his recovery had been entertained. After he read that letter he seemed to have no courage to live, and refused to take his medicines and stimulants, though told that his only chance of recovery lay in taking them. He died within two or three days after receiving the letter. Miss Fessenden says she cannot conceive how any woman can marry a man who has not been wounded. I reminded her that it was impossible for every man to have had the chance to be wounded; and that some earnest, patriotic men are compelled by circumstances to stay at home, and are doing almost as much—I can never say of them quite as much, for what is equal to life?—for the country as if in the army.

"It need not always be a flesh and blood wound," she replied; "but I can't believe in a man until he is in earnest enough in some good cause to be wounded for it."

I inclose a letter that Miss Fessenden lately received from an old patient who belongs to a Maine regiment. He was sent to a Philadelphia hospital before the battle of the Wilderness. Please return the letter when you have read it.

Our love to all, from the dear grandmother to the darling baby.

MABEL.

**LETTER X.—FROM ALONZO COLCORD
TO MISS FESSENDEN.**

— HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA, }
May 20, 1864. }

MISS FESSENDEN,—I will now report myself to you, after keeping you waiting so long, and I will commence by trying to give you a faint impression of this hospital. I do wish that I could do it justice. I shall not attempt to give

you a plan of this hospital, for I cannot. It holds three thousand men, when full. The wards accommodate sixty men each, and range from A to X, and then they go by numbers. The wards are plastered on the outside. We have cold and hot water every day, and in plenty.

The rules and regulations are altogether different here from those at Washington. When the doctor comes in we have to put all our clothes on the foot of the beds; the ward-master calls to us, "Attention! Salute! Rest!" The doctor has a book, and when one wants any medicine, he puts the number of the bed down, and so goes from one to another in the same way. The ward-master makes out the extra diet. We have no lady nurses in the wards, but are not without females, for we have the "Sisters" to look out for the sick, and they are very kind to all. The sick get better care than the wounded. The doctors do not seem to look out very well for the wounded, as those used to at Mead Hospital. We have only two attendants in this ward, and they have as much as they can do.

When we first came here there was nothing in the ward but the beds, and they are poor ones. We have a new ward-master; he is from the "bush," as the sailor said, so he is afraid to do anything but what is "orders." He came in one morning and said, —

"Men, I want this ward to look as well as any in the house."

We have sport, to see how green these new ones are.

Now I will say a word or two about our rations. We do not live near as well as we did at Washington. The men find a great deal of fault, but are looking forward to the day when their time will expire. Our cooking is all done by steam. The hospital has an engine to heat water and cook. This hospital is carried on by contract. — draws the money from government, and buys the rations himself; so he is making a large pile out of it.

As for the out-buildings, we have a barber's shop, printing-office, chapel, and reading-room; the last-mentioned is

fitted up in good style; they have all kinds of reading that is good, and a plenty of fiction. In this room there is a billiard table and all kinds of games. The most splendid thing that I have seen is a glass case with a fountain full of fishes. I should like for you to see it; you could not help admiring it.

We have good air, for we are on a high hill; but, to tell the truth, I do not like it here, for a fence twenty feet high incloses the grounds and prevents our seeing anything, and the wards are so close together that the hospital looks like a prison more than anything else.

The wounded are coming in here by hundreds. Miss Fessenden, I am thinking what a hard time you are having now, for the wounded are crowding the hospitals. You must not make yourself sick by working too hard.

I saw one of my company that was wounded. My regiment is almost all gone. How I feel, to hear of my comrades melting away like snow, before the destructive fire of the enemy! This is a most beautiful day; the sun shines brightly; and I am thinking how our poor soldiers are fighting this day, and I am finding fault in the rear when I should be thankful to be so well off.

My wound is very troublesome now; it is all healed up, but pains me very much. I think it will trouble me all summer. I had a very hard time coming on to Philadelphia in the cars. I was about played out, and have not been very well since; this is the reason that I have not written to you before.

One thing more: James Brown, who belongs to the —— Maine regiment, Company D, wanted me to request you to ask Dr. Stedman whether he should get his discharge here; it was made out at the Mead Hospital, and signed by Stedman. By so doing you will oblige him much, and when you write let me know the verdict. So now adieu for this time. Please write as soon as you can. I think this quite a long letter, and you must excuse all mistakes, for I do not pretend to write a perfect letter.

From your friend,

ALONZO COLCORD.

LETTER XI. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 25, 1864, Wednesday, P. M.

MY DEAR MARY, — Yesterday I was delighted to see Mrs. —— enter the ward. It is a year since her brave husband died for his country. She has come to Washington to be nearer her brother during the summer campaign, and is as beautiful and fascinating as ever. Mrs. —— has been in the habit of visiting this ward when in Washington, as she knows Miss Fessenden, who says, "The whole ward brightens when she enters."

The six o'clock train brought two mothers to ward seventeen: one is a sad, quiet-looking woman, whose son will die; the other woman is noisy and loud-talking; fortunately her son is in the upper end of the ward; he is doing well, and will soon be carried home.

Ames's leg was amputated yesterday afternoon; he seems very weak; the flies trouble him; I must fan them away, and finish my letter to-morrow.

May 26th.

Ames has had a chill. Miss Fessenden tries in vain to tempt his appetite with the good things that have been sent to her. Dr. Stedman himself makes very large requisitions upon the Sanitary Commission, but does not allow the ladies in his hospital to make requisitions upon that or any agency in Washington. Now almost all supplies of linen, etc., are sent to the front, and every three or four days the hospital supply gives out; for tent wards are continually being added, and the number of patients increases faster than the extra supplies arrive. Owing to the interest felt in the ward by former patients, Miss Fessenden has had boxes of supplies sent directly to her, and says that in the crowded state of the hospital the patients could not have been made comfortable without them; and she is able to send things to the tent wards.

I was silly enough to ask Miss Fessenden, who is from Maine, if the Massachusetts women had not done more

for the soldiers than those of any other State. It amused her intensely. She said everybody knew that the Massachusetts women had done splendidly, and so had those of the other States; but if she could choose the State on which to make her requisitions, it would be Connecticut, for never had she seen such soft and fine old linen, such lint, and all sorts of useful things, as the Connecticut ladies sent. Then Miss Fessenden told me a great deal about the Massachusetts women in Washington, how much they had done for the wounded, and said that she herself owed whatever skill she possessed in taking care of the wounded to the instructions of a Boston lady, with whom she spent some time in a hospital during the early days of the war.

I hope your mother receives regularly my daily report of Albert's progress.

With love to all, your loving sister,

MABEL.

LETTER XII.—TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 27, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,—The ward has seemed a sadder place to-day than before. There has been hardly a moment when there were not moans to be heard. Miss Fessenden tells me that the men never arrived in better spirits, but she has never before heard so many groans, and has never been in the ward of a surgeon who really devoted all his time to the patients, as Dr. Gardner does. Do the men groan more when the surgeon stays in the ward?

Throughout the hospital the wounds have not done as well as usual. Some of the men fought so long that they were exhausted before they were wounded, and then came the terrible journey in the ambulances; it is not surprising that they do not rally quickly.

There is in the ward a New Hampshire lieutenant whose case seems a very sad one; he is apparently in great distress of mind, and to-day asked to see the chaplain, who is ill and unable to leave his house; but fortunately a minister visited the ward this morning. One need not be in want of a spiritual adviser

here, for men connected with the Christian Commission come every day; a Catholic priest, who looks like, and is said to be, a very good, kind man, is also a daily visitor; the Rev. Mr. Channing calls occasionally, and would come any time when sent for.

Once to-day there has been a hearty laugh in the ward at the expense of Lieutenant B—, a very peculiar man, with a long, thick beard. He is said to have been a Pennsylvania school-master before the war. It happened that Dr. Gardner, Miss Fessenden, and the ward-master were all out of the ward at the same moment. Lieutenant B— requested the attendants to bring him his clothes. This they refused to do without an order from Dr. Gardner; he insisted, but to no purpose; and then with great difficulty—for he has a wound in one leg,—he let himself down from the bed to the floor, and, in his shirt and drawers, tried to make his way over the floor by hopping on his hands and one leg; but after having accomplished the length of two or three beds he was obliged to give up, and was ingloriously carried back to bed by the attendants.

Lieutenant B— cannot do anything without making a little flourish. Here is the copy of a note he sent to Miss Fessenden, with two letters to be put in the office:—

DEAR MADAM,—Feeling that you are the soldier's friend, not only their friend but their very guardian angel, gliding along sylph-like, supplying and anticipating our wants,—nay, the very spirit of the institution, all working through you so noiseless and so uniform, permit me, then, to request that you will direct the mailing of these letters; then I shall be sure they are not mislaid.

Yours respectfully, JOHN B—.

Mrs. —— sent some very nice-looking jelly to-day. Miss Fessenden gave me some to carry to a bright-looking boy, who was sitting up in bed. He seemed to enjoy it, and I asked him if he liked it. He said he did, very much, but added, "Nothing ever tastes so good

to me as what my mother makes, even if it is made of just as nice things."

As Miss Fessenden was cutting up the roast beef for a wounded man's dinner, I heard him say to her, "No one can complain of the treatment he receives here; I don't know as any one could be better treated."

I must say good-by, and attend to Albert. Our joint love to all.

MABEL.

LETTER XIII.—TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 28, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,—I went to market at an early hour this morning to purchase some fresh rolls for Albert's breakfast, and tried to find something that Ames could eat, but did not succeed.

Mrs. —— comes regularly every forenoon, and brings whatever any patient particularly wants; sometimes it is sweet, fresh butter and home-made bread; at another time ice-cream or oranges; this morning she brought a basket of new-laid eggs. Her visit is the cheeriest incident of the day.

Last night Mrs. Damon—the quiet mother—watched beside her son. It was thought he would not live through the night, but he does not seem weaker this morning. It is another case of pyæmia, which is said to be almost an epidemic now. His color is a decided yellow.

Dr. Gardner is beginning to show the effects of his constant work over wounds. He came to this hospital from the field, ill of pus poisoning, and, finding how great a need there was for more surgeons here, he stayed instead of returning home. He is rarely out of the ward from morning until night, and attends to the dressing of the wounds himself, which is an unusual thing for a surgeon to do. I think it is in consequence of his judicious care that Albert has got on so well. The fear that Dr. Gardner may be obliged to return home on account of his own health makes me wish to leave Washington. I have talked with the doctor about it, and he thinks we may do so in ten days, perhaps soon-

er, if Albert continues to improve. Dr. Gardner thinks the risk of moving will be more than counterbalanced by the benefit of pure air and the quiet of home.

One young fellow is already on his crutches. He would not stay in bed, but when no one was looking would get out, and, with the stump of his left leg resting in a sling suspended from his neck, would travel all over the lower part of the ward on his hands and foot. A day or two ago Dr. Gardner ordered some crutches for him, and he began to walk, with a man on each side to keep him steady: to-day he walked with the assistance of only one man, but he still lifts his leg very high. At first his attire consisted of shirt and drawers; but since he has had his crutches he has added to it an embroidered artillery jacket and a little round cap.

Mrs. —— has sent Miss Fessenden a rolling chair for the use of the ward. One man, who has been in it several times, to-day, is perfectly delighted with it. He looks with admiration on the wheels, pats them, and wonders what the chair cost; thinks he shall get the worth of the money out of it himself.

Some of the patients are sliding into the half-unconscious state that usually comes before death; many others are full of hope and bright anticipations of the pleasures to be enjoyed when they can go home on a furlough.

With best love to the dear grandmother and baby.

LETTER XIV.—TO MARY LAWRENCE.

Sunday, May 29, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,—I have been tonight with Miss Fessenden to visit the quarters of the colored people who work in the laundry, etc. A prayer-meeting was going on. One man made some remarks in which he endeavored to impress it upon his hearers that they owed their freedom to Almighty God alone. He said that Abraham Lincoln had only done what God Almighty made him do; then he prayed that "de Lord would touch ebery heart wid de finger ub his love." Another man prayed that "de

Lord would ride his conqueren horse down in Dixie dis a'ternoon, dis eben-in'!'" Then he spoke of the time when an old man used to come round preaching to them in the night, because he did not dare to come in the day-time; and when he was caught he was nearly murdered.

We could not stay until the meeting was over, as Miss Fessenden thought she must return to her ward; but before we came away we went up-stairs to see the quarters for the women. The entire second story is made into one rough room; here all the women and children sleep. We found four old women and a few of the younger women, who were attending to their children, getting babies to sleep and making attempts to undress the older children, who, in frolic, would contrive to slip out of their reach and race about the room.

Two or three candles made the room just light enough to give a sort of weird, fantastic look to the whole scene. The women seemed very much pleased to see us. One of the old women was very much excited and talked very earnestly, throwing up her arms as she spoke; the others gathered around her, one by one, until they formed a half-circle of which she was the centre. She told us a good deal of her own experience. She saw Jackson kill Ellsworth. "Was mighty sorry for de colonel," but was so glad when Jackson was killed that she could not help shouting "Victory!" for she thought the Lord had come to deliver them. At that time she got away and was free, and what she earned was her own. She said it was parting with their children, and never knowing what became of them, that broke their hearts. She has sons and daughters. I asked if they were with her. She answered,—

"Oh no, missus! They are sold, sold, sold down South!"

The sons were carried off, she did not know where; but, "T'ank de Lord!" she had her daughter Eliza to look at. And there was "Mister Lincoln;" just think what he had done for them; and ought n't they to praise him and be grateful to him? "Deed they had!" She

prayed for him every day, and would as long as she lived, and hoped that in the next world she should see him. And then to think of the ladies who had left their homes to come and take care of the soldiers; and to think what the Yankees had done for the poor colored people! Ought n't they to thank the Lord and trust him? I would have liked to stay longer, but as we could not we shook hands all round, and left.

On our way out we met a colored woman leading a little girl. Upon the very top of the child's head stood a little pug of tightly-braided hair tied with a red string. The woman explained that the child's palate troubled her by dropping down, and that it was a cure for it to braid very tightly a certain lock of hair on the very top of the head.

I have written this evening in the ward. Albert joins me in love to all our dear ones at home, whom we hope soon to see.

LETTER XV.—TO MARY LAWRENCE.

May 31, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,— . . . Ames's bed is already occupied by another, a young man of twenty-two years, who was brought in yesterday. He is a magnificent, soldierly-looking man, with fine face, and light-brown hair that curls slightly around his forehead. He has a compound fracture of the thigh, and his recovery is very doubtful. He lies almost all the time with his eyes closed, and seems to suffer a great deal, but makes no complaint. To-day I said to him, "You are very patient."

He replied, "I can stand more than some can," and then the tears came into his eyes.

The New Hampshire lieutenant, whose bed was nearly opposite Albert's, died yesterday. They were giving out dinner, and everybody was busy, when I saw that there was some change in him, and spoke to Miss Fessenden, who went directly to him, but he was dead.

This afternoon the son of that gentle woman, Mrs. Damon, passed away. For four days they supposed him dying,

and for four days and nights his mother sat by his bed, sometimes talking with him, and at others reading to him. The attendants have been touchingly kind to them both. I was near Miss Fessenden's table when the mother came and asked if she might keep the little Testament and a Christian Commission hymn-book that she said had been a great comfort to him; of course they were given to her.

Miss Fessenden then remarked to me that she herself knew nothing of the patients except as patients; that her all-absorbing thought was how they could be cured.

I said, "I can easily imagine that one might come to feel so, when one person is trying to do the work of two, as you now are; but it is a great privilege to be allowed to be here and to do the work that you are doing."

She replied, with great earnestness, "Yes, that is exactly what it is, a great, a very great privilege to be here. There are times when the work is not as absorbing as it is now, and then the life in a ward becomes a little dreary; but there is more satisfaction in rendering a little help in the care of these wounded soldiers than in anything I ever did. It has brought a great blessing to me. It has entirely changed my feelings about death."

I asked in what way.

She answered, "In the certainty of the life beyond, that has come to me. Sometimes when a soldier has departed, it has seemed like this: that as the veil which separates the two worlds is lifted to receive the soul, before it is dropped again I have caught a glimpse of the world beyond; and I know that they themselves are there, the same men I have watched here, and that we shall meet again. It is such a comfort when one comes to realize that the very same person lives on; that dropping the body does not change the spirit, but only its surroundings. You look surprised to hear me speak so positively, but it is so real to me that I cannot help it, and it astonishes me whenever I hear one person say of another, 'I should n't be sorry if he were dead,' and such sort

of sayings, as if death were the end of a person; though I must confess that I am not insensible to the present relief of having a very troublesome person taken away."

We talk every day of our return home, and long to see you all once more.

LETTER XVI.—TO MARY LAWRENCE.

June 1, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,—I have had in my experience to-day more variety than usual. Finding that Miss Fessenden wished very much to go to the Sanitary Commission on an errand, but was perplexed to know how she could leave the ward in the forenoon, I asked if I might go for her.

"It would be a great relief if you would go," she replied. "Will you ask to have William Brown's descriptive list looked up? His captain was killed, and his papers have not yet been sent to this hospital. He is in great want of his back pay to send to a sick wife, and the Sanitary Commission will get it for him."

She gave me a paper with the man's name, rank, company, regiment, etc., written upon it, and asked if I would do an errand at the same place for Miss Munroe.

I went to ward sixteen and learned Miss Munroe's errand, which was to ask if the Sanitary Commission would see that the discharge papers of James Bidwell, Company K, —— Maine Volunteers, go through the War Department as soon as possible, for the man is failing and is very anxious to live to get home.

The reason for going to the Sanitary Commission about these matters is that they can get such cases attended to at once. Some member of the commission takes the papers and carries them through the department, obtaining the necessary signatures. If these two patients waited for their turn they might have to wait for weeks. My errands were successfully accomplished.

On my return, went to Miss Munroe's ward to say that her man's case would

be attended to immediately, and made her quite a long call. Her home is in Massachusetts. She is a gentle, interesting woman, and perfectly enthusiastic when she talks of the soldiers. I ventured to ask her if she did not think she saw the best side of a soldier's character.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "every man shows the best side of his character to a woman whom he respects; but who would have thought that the best side was so very fine? And I am sure I do not take an exaggerated view of their patriotism, patience, and fortitude. In all their conversations to which I have listened, I cannot recall any bitterness of feeling towards the South; it is steady, determined devotion to the country; and this loyalty to a principle throws such a halo around them as to cast their faults of character, for the time, into the shade."

Miss Munroe is very decided in her preference of privates as patients; says the officers, unless badly wounded, do not need the care of ladies. She said, "I came for the privates, and never feel that I am doing my work when we have to take in officers. I remember at one time, when we had to take in more than twenty officers, I became so much exhausted from overwork as to be confined to my room for a week. On returning I went through the ward, speaking to the patients. Each private said he was glad to see me back, and inquired how my own health was; while each officer, without a single exception, told me how glad he was that I had got back, for he had had nothing fit to eat since I left."

When I expressed surprise, she added, "Those men were not an unpleasant set, by any means; and, it is true, we had very young convalescent soldiers for attendants, who, finding the officers in their power, probably could not resist the temptation of annoying them about their meals."

As I was leaving, Miss Munroe invited me to a tea-party in the "ladies' house" to-night, saying she had this morning received a large box full of eatables from her mother, for herself and

friends, so she had invited all the nurses to tea. I was happy to accept the invitation.

Albert joins me in love to yourself, mother, and the dear baby.

LETTER XVII. — TO MARY LAWRENCE.

June 2, 1864.

MY DEAR MARY,—I am sure you will want to know how the tea-party went off last night.

After both suppers had been given out in this ward, Miss Fessenden asked me to accompany her, and, instead of going to the dining-room, went to the "ladies' house." On the way we were joined by several ladies, all hurrying in the same direction. We found Miss Monroe already in the hall, kneeling on one knee before a chair, on which was placed a board, and upon this stood two alcohol lamps; over one of them a pot of coffee was making, and a large teakettle of water was boiling over the other. At one side of it was a teapot; into this Miss Monroe turned the boiling water as we entered.

The little table and some boxes served as the supper table, upon which were spread delicious bread and butter that had come all the way from Massachusetts, and many other good things that motherly love and care had provided.

In a very few moments all the ladies had assembled; each one came bringing either the chair from her own room or a box from the store-room, that, turned upside down, made a very good seat.

Not a moment was lost; Miss Fessenden assisted Miss Monroe in serving the other ladies, and then, seating herself upon a keg, managed to eat her own supper, wait upon everybody, and do her share of the talking. This last it is impossible to describe, for while the company was divided into little knots, each discussing some very absorbing subject, there was at the same time a general conversation kept up in which each lady occasionally joined. There were stories told of faithful and unfaithful surgeons; of kind visitors, distinguished visitors, and visitors who were

only annoying; of very interesting patients who were so disappointing on recovery, sure to get intoxicated the first time they had a pass, and of patients who had seemed nearly dead and yet got well.

Very soon the ladies began to leave; first, one who had a very sick patient whose medicines she must attend to herself, then another whose surgeon was to make his evening visit earlier than usual; and in a few minutes all had gone except Miss Fessenden, who stayed to help Miss Monroe put things in order. This somewhat picnic-like element in the life here is very attractive.

The ladies are a very pleasant set, receive no pay for their services, and seem to take a most enthusiastic interest in their work.

One thing I heard at the tea-party makes me wish to be making preparations to go home. They say that the officers are always moved into one or two wards by themselves, and there are rumors that they are to be moved in a few days. Nobody knows which wards are to be devoted to officers, but Miss Fessenden thinks this will not be one of them. I should not like Albert to have a new surgeon, neither do we wish to leave Miss Fessenden; so we shall try to get away just as soon as it will be safe for Albert. Our love to all at home.

LETTER XVIII.—TO MARY LAWRENCE.

Saturday Evening, June 4th.

I am delighted to write you that the day for our return home is very near. We have decided to leave Washington next Monday night. Dr. Gardner thinks that Albert can bear the journey quite as well as the heat here. Colonel Tufts

has called to see Albert, and will make arrangements for him to go in a hospital car, where he can lie down. Dr. Gardner has promised to see us safely into the train; and if Albert is not as well when we reach New York, or if we need any help, Colonel F. E. Howe will take care of us; so you see that we shall be well provided for.

Miss Fessenden expresses great regret that we are to leave her so soon, and we shall be very sorry to say good-by to her. I did not think at first that we should part such good friends. She has let me copy for you a letter from a soldier's sister. He died in this ward. Miss Fessenden has known of but three cases where patients were conscious while dying, and he was one of the three. He had been very patient through long and great suffering, and when dying took each one who had taken care of him by the hand, and said to each, "Good-by; I hope to meet you in heaven." And when he could not speak, he beckoned to his mother not to look at him, his suffering distressed her so much.

I am very, very thankful, my dear Mary, that I have been here. My heart aches for the women who are waiting at home. Truly, to wait is heroic; but to minister to one's nearest friend is blessed!

This is probably the last letter I shall write you from here. Can it be possible that on Wednesday I shall see you all once more! I shall have a thousand things to tell you, and can hardly wait till Wednesday before seeing my baby. Albert does not dread the journey, he so longs to see you all.

With love to our dear mother, I am your grateful and affectionate sister,

MABEL LAWRENCE.
Rachel Rollins.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

FOUR o'clock, the resting time of the day;
Sunlight with shade a fantastic patchwork weaves,
But the shadows lengthen; the wind, while dying away,
Lingers to rustle the quivering aspen leaves.

I'm under the pear-tree, sitting all alone;
My garden is gay with asters, pinks, and phlox,
And many a posy for others' pleasure sown,
But here, for myself, I have planted four-o'clocks.

"Old-fashioned," you think, and cannot my choice approve;
Rarer blossoms your fancy craves, no doubt;
But after all, it is n't the flowers we love,
But the dear old times that they make us think about.

It's a way they have of making us love them so;
We care not long how fragrant and gay they may be;
But deep in our hearts they strike their roots, and grow,
Tangled and twined with various memory.

Do you see that building yonder among the trees?
Years ago it was there that I went to school.
The master was good, but strict and hard to please,
And I was wayward and never would heed the rule.

Lois studied with me, but I was slow,
Though she always was ready to help me if she might;
But Lois was early through, and free to go,
While I was kept in the school-house every night.

Kept in, kept in! 'T was a weary time to wait,
But Lois would never play until I was free;
I always found her down by the garden gate,
Watching the four-o'clocks closing, waiting for me.

We left the school, and our childhood too, behind,
But we both had entered the Master's school for life;
And Lois loved the Master good and kind,
And I loved Lois, and she became my wife.

The hardest lessons began when our children died, —
Drowned they were, in the river. I see them now:
John, whose eyes of black were his mother's pride,
And blue-eyed Archie, my boy with the thoughtful brow.

They brought them home, but Lois did not cry;
Never a sob was heard, or a womanish scream;

Pale as theirs was her face, but her eyes were dry,
And she walked about as one who is in a dream.

I spoke to her, and pressed her passive hand;
My tears flowed fast, for I hoped to make her weep;
But she only said, "I am trying to understand;"
And for days my Lois could neither eat nor sleep.

Four was my resting hour, and I loved this spot
Because of the tree which shelters and keeps it cool;
And my boys had planted this patch with four-o'clocks
To tell me when to expect them home from school.

After they died I sat here all alone,
Sat here and listened, knowing that they were gone,
But the mocking wind could whistle with Johnnie's tone,
And Archie's footstep rustled among the corn.

So Lois came one day and found me here;
Her smile was as sweet as ever, but more subdued,
And her sweet blue eyes now shone with the wished-for tear:
Lois had learned the lesson,—she *understood*.

"Husband," she said, "I know why we lost our boys,"
And she sought my face with never a shade of doubt:
"They are kept for us as the master kept our toys,
And our joy will be only greater when school is out."

Kept in, kept in! I was always dull and slow,
And my tasks are hard, for the world is a weary school.
My Lois finished and went home long ago;
She was quick to learn, was Lois, easy to rule.

So I sit and watch for the four-o'clocks to close,
While the lengthening shadows tell of the sinking sun,
For after the working cometh the sweet repose,
And my life is closing, my day is nearly done.

Perhaps my Lois is waiting at home for me,
As she used to stand and watch at the garden gate;
Perhaps,—if it's right to think that this may be.
But who shall say it? I only watch and wait.

H. E. Sanford.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

X.

I CANNOT remember any event or series of events the influence of which could, during my first stay in Edinburgh, have made a distinctly serious or religious impression on my mind, or have directed my thoughts especially towards the more solemn concerns and aspects of life. But from some cause or other my mind became much affected at this time by religious considerations, and a strong devotional element began to predominate among my emotions and cogitations. In my childhood in my father's house we had no special religious training; our habits were those of average English Protestants of decent respectability. My mother read the Bible to us in the morning before breakfast; Mrs. Trimmer's and Mrs. Barbauld's Scripture histories and paraphrases were taught to us; we learnt our catechism and collects, and went to church on Sunday, duly and decorously, as a matter of course. Grace was always said before and after meals by the youngest member of the family present, and I remember a quaint, old-fashioned benediction which, when my father happened to be at home at our bedtime, we used to kneel down by his chair to receive, and with which he used to dismiss us for the night: "God bless you! make you good, happy, healthy, and wise!" These, with our own daily morning and evening prayers, were our devotional habits and pious practices. In Mrs. Harry Siddons's house religion was never, I think, directly made a subject of inculcation or discussion; the usual observances of Church of England people were regularly fulfilled by all her family, the spirit of true religion governed her life and all her home relations, but special, direct reference to religious subjects was infrequent among us. God's service in that house took the daily and hourly form of the conscientious discharge of duty, unselfish, tender affec-

tion towards each other, and kindly Christian charity towards all. At various times in my life, when hearing discussions on the peculiar (technical, I should be disposed to call it) profession and character supposed by some very good people of a certain way of thinking to be the only indication of what they considered real religion, I have remembered the serene, courageous self-devotion of my dear friend, when, during a dangerous (as it was at one time apprehended, fatal) illness of her youngest daughter, she would leave her child's bedside to go to the theatre and discharge duties never very attractive to her, and rendered distasteful then by cruel anxiety, but her neglect of which would have injured the interests of her brother, her fellow-actors, and all the poor people employed in the theatre, and been a direct infringement of her obligations to them. I have wondered what amount of religion a certain class of "professing Christians" would have allowed entered into that great effort. We attended habitually a small chapel served by the Rev. William Shannon, an excellent but not exciting preacher, who was a devoted friend of Mrs. Harry Siddons; and occasionally we went to Dr. Allison's church and heard him — then an old man — preach, and sometimes his young assistant, Mr. Sinclair, whose eloquent and striking sermons, which impressed me much, were the only powerful direct appeals made to my religious sentiments at that time. I rather incline to think that I had what a most unclerical young clergyman of my acquaintance once assured me I had (and which he certainly had not), a natural turn for religion. I think it not unlikely that a great deal of the direct religious teaching and influences of my Paris school-days was, as it were, coming up again to the surface of my mind, and occupying my thoughts with serious reflections upon the most important sub-

jects. The freedom I enjoyed gave scope and leisure to my character to develop and strengthen itself; and to the combined healthful repose and activity of all my faculties, the absence of all excitement and irritation from external influences, the pure moral atmosphere and kindly affection by which I lived surrounded during this happy year, I attribute whatever perception of, desire for, or endeavor after goodness I was first consciously actuated by. In the rest and liberty of my life at this time, I think, whatever was best in me had the most favorable chance of growth, and I have remained ever grateful to the wise forbearance of the gentle authority under which I lived, for the benefit as well as the enjoyment I derived from the time I passed in Edinburgh. I think that more harm is frequently done by over than by under culture in the moral training of youth. Judicious *letting alone* is a precious element in real education, and there are certain chords which, often touched and made to vibrate too early, are apt to lose instead of gaining power; to grow first weakly and morbidly sensitive, and then hard and dull; and finally, when the full harmony of the character depends upon their truth and depth of tone, to have lost some measure of both under repeated premature handling.

I sometimes think that instead of beginning, as we do, with a whole heaven and earth embracing theory of duty to God and man, it might be better to adopt with our children the method of dealing only with each particular instance of moral obligation empirically as it occurs; with each particular incident of life, detached, as it were, from the notion of a formal system, code, or theory of religious belief, until the recurrence of the same rules of morality under the same governing principle, invoked only in immediate application to some instance of conduct or incident of personal experience, built up by degrees a body of precedent which would have the force and efficacy of law before it was theoretically inculcated as such. Whoever said that principles were moral habits spoke, it seems to me, a valuable

truth, not generally sufficiently recognized or acted upon in the task of education.

The only immediate result, that I can remember, of my graver turn of thought at this time upon my conduct was a determination to give up reading Byron's poetry. It was a great effort and a very great sacrifice, for the delight I found in it was intense; but I was quite convinced of its injurious effect upon me, and I came to the conclusion that I would forego it. Cain and Manfred were more especially the poems that stirred my whole being with a tempest of excitement that left me in a state of mental perturbation impossible to describe, for a long time after reading them. I suppose the great genius touched in me the spirit of our time, which, chit as I was, was common to us both; and the mere fact of my being *un enfant du siècle* rendered me liable to the infection of the potent, proud, desponding bitterness of his writing.

The spirit of an age creates the spirit that utters it, and though Byron's genius stamped its impress powerfully upon the thought and feeling of his contemporaries, he was himself, after all, but a sort of quintessence of them, and gave them back only an intensified, individual extract of themselves. The selfish vanity and profligate vice which he combined with his extraordinary intellectual gifts were as peculiar to himself as his great mental endowments; and though fools may have followed the fashion of his follies, the heart of all Europe was not stirred by a fashion of which he set the example, but by a passion for which he found the voice, indeed, but of which the key-note lay in the very temper of the time and the souls of the men of his day. Goethe, Alfieri, Châteaubriand, each in his own language and with his peculiar national and individual accent uttered the same mind; they stamped their own image and superscription upon the coin to which, by so doing, they gave currency, but the mine from whence they drew their metal was the civilized humanity of the nineteenth century. It is true that some of Solomon's coining

rings not unlike Goethe's and Byron's, but Solomon forestalled his day in being *blasé* before the nineteenth century. Doubtless the recipe for that result has been the same for individuals ever since the world rolled, but only here and there a great king, who was also a great genius, possessed it in the earlier times; it took all the ages that preceded it to make the *blasé* age, and Byron, preëminently, to speak its mind in English,—which he had no sooner done than every nineteenth-century shop-boy in England quoted Byron, wore his shirt-collar open, and execrated his destiny. Doubtless, by grace of his free will, a man may wring every drop of sap out of his own soul and help his fellows like-minded with himself to do the same: but the everlasting spirit of truth renews the vitality of the world, and while Byron was growling and howling, and Shelley was denying and defying, Scott was telling, and Wordsworth singing things beautiful and good, and new and true. Certain it is, however, that the noble poet's glorious chanting of much inglorious matter did me no good, and so I resolved to read that grand poetry no more. It was a severe struggle, but I persevered in it for more than two years, and had my reward; I broke through the thralldom of that powerful spell, and all the noble beauty of those poems remained to me thenceforth divested of the power of wild excitement they had exercised over me. A great many years after this girlish effort and sacrifice, Lady Byron, who was a highly esteemed friend of mine, spoke to me upon the subject of a new and cheap edition of her husband's works about to be published, and likely to be widely disseminated among the young clerk and shop-keeper class of readers, for whom she deprecated extremely the pernicious influence it was calculated to produce. She consulted me on the expediency of appending to it some notice of Lord Byron written by herself, which she thought might modify or lessen the injurious effect of his poetry upon young minds. "Nobody," she said, "knew him as I did" (this certainly was not

the general impression upon the subject); "nobody knew as well as I the causes that had made him what he was; nobody, I think, is so capable of doing justice to him, and therefore of counteracting the injustice he does to himself and the injury he might do to others in some of his writings." I was strongly impressed by the earnestness of her expression, which seemed to me one of affectionate compassion for Byron and profound solicitude lest even in his grave he should incur the responsibility of yet further evil influence, especially on the minds of the young. I could not help wondering also whether she did not shrink from being again, to a new generation and a wider class of readers, held up to cruel ridicule and condemnation as the cold-hearted, hard, pedantic prude, without sympathy for suffering or relenting towards repentance. I had always admired the reticent dignity of her silence with reference to her short and disastrous union with Lord Byron, and I felt sorry, therefore, that she contemplated departing from the course she had thus far steadfastly pursued, though I appreciated the motive by which she was actuated. I could not but think, however, that she overestimated the mischief Byron's poetry was likely to do the young men of 1850, highly prejudicial as it undoubtedly was to those of his day, illustrated, so to speak, by the bad notoriety of his own character and career. But the generation of English youth who had grown up with Thackeray, Dickens, and Tennyson as their intellectual nourishment seemed to me little likely to be infected with Byronism, and might read his poetry with a degree of impunity which the young people of his own time did not enjoy. I urged this as my conviction upon her, as rendering less necessary than she imagined the antidote she was anxious to append to the poison of the new edition of her husband's works. But to this she replied that she had derived her impression of the probable mischief to a class peculiarly interesting to him, from Frederick Robertson, and of course his opinion was more than an overweight for mine.

Lady Byron did not, however, fulfill her purpose of prefacing the contemplated edition of Byron's poems with a notice of him by herself, which I think very likely to have been a suggestion of Mr. Robertson's to her; it is matter of deep regret that the silence she so sacredly kept for so many years, upon the subject of her relations with her husband, should with or without her sanction have been broken by the revival of a hideous scandal dragged up from the oblivion into which it had sunk, to disgust and shock the moral sense of Europe and America.

My happy year in Edinburgh ended, I returned to London, to our house in James Street, Buckingham Gate, where I found my parents much burdened with care and anxiety about the affairs of the theatre, which were rapidly falling into irretrievable embarrassment. My father toiled incessantly, but the tide of ill-success and losing fortune had set steadily against him, and the attempt to stem it became daily harder and more hopeless. I used sometimes to hear some of the sorrowful details of this dreary struggle, and I well remember the indignation and terror I experienced when one day my father said at dinner, "I have had a new experience to-day: I have been arrested for the first time in my life." I believe my father was never personally in debt during all his life; he said he never had been up to that day, and I am very sure he never was afterwards. Through all the severe labor of his professional life, and his strenuous exertions to maintain his family and educate my brothers like gentlemen and my sister and myself with every advantage, he never incurred the misery of falling into debt, but paid his way as he went along, with difficulty, no doubt, but still steadily and successfully, "owing no man anything." But the suit in question was brought against him as one of the proprietors of the theatre, for a debt which the theatre owed; and, moreover, was that of a person whom he had befriended and helped forward, and who had always professed the most sincere gratitude and attachment to him.

This was Mr. B——, then a poor and obscure young author, of whose very considerable abilities my father always spoke warmly while defending him from my mother's impatient charge of personal vulgarity. I think my mother was too intolerant of what she considered vulgarity and under-breeding in people's manners; I have sometimes fancied that a vision like St. Peter's ("what God hath cleansed," etc.) might have been serviceable to her and some of her descendants. My poor mother had certainly a bitter triumph she could well have dispensed with, when she heard that this distressing affront had been put upon my father by this — to her — distasteful friend of his. For my own part, great as was my horror then at Mr. B——'s proceeding, I now perfectly understand how a poor literary man (as he then was), working for money and sorely needing the money he had earned, and which the theatre did not pay him, was induced to take the not ill-considered measure of arresting my father, the only one of the partners, or proprietors, whose personal freedom was indispensable to carrying on the concern, who had to act that very evening and was necessarily liberated, I presume by the satisfaction of Mr. B——'s claim against Covent Garden. The constantly darkening prospects of that unlucky theatre threw a gloom over us all; sometimes my father used to speak of selling his share in it for anything he could get for it (and Heaven knows it was not likely to be much!), and going to live abroad; or sending my mother, with us, to live cheaply in the south of France, while he continued to work in London. Neither alternative was cheerful for him or my poor mother, and I felt very sorrowful for them, though I thought I should like living in the south of France better than in London. I was working with a good deal of enthusiasm at a tragedy on the subject of Fiesco, the Genoese noble's conspiracy against the Dorias, — a subject which had made a great impression upon me when I first read Schiller's noble play upon it. My own former fancy about going on the stage, and passionate

desire for a lonely, independent life in which it had originated, had died away with the sort of moral and mental effervescence which had subsided during my year's residence in Edinburgh. Although all my sympathy with the anxieties of my parents tended to make the theatre an object of painful interest to me, and though my own attempts at poetical composition were constantly cast in a dramatic form, in spite of my enthusiastic admiration of Goethe's and Schiller's plays—which, however, I could only read in French or English translations, for I then knew no German—and my earnest desire to write a good play myself, the idea of making the stage my profession had entirely passed from my mind, which was absorbed with the wish and endeavor to produce a good dramatic composition. The turn I had exhibited for acting at school appeared to have evaporated, and Covent Garden itself never occurred to me as a great institution for purposes of art or enlightened public recreation, but only as my father's disastrous property, to which his life was being sacrificed; and every thought connected with it gradually became more and more distasteful to me. It appears to me curious that up to this time I literally knew nothing of Shakespeare, beyond having seen one or two of his plays acted; I had certainly never read one of them through, nor did I do so until some time later, when I began to have to learn parts in them by heart. Besides working at my version of Fiesco's Conspiracy, I wrote great quantities of verses, some of which were rather pretty, but the greater part mere school-girl unconscious imitations of Moore and Byron.

I think the rather serious bias which my mind had developed while I was still in Scotland tended probably to my greater contentment in my home, and to the total disinclination which I should certainly now have felt for a life of public exhibition. My dramatic reading and writing was curiously blended with a very considerable interest in literature of a very different sort, and with the perusal of such works as Mason on Self-Knowledge, Newton's *Cardiphonia*, and

a great variety of sermons and religious essays. My mother, observing my tendency to reading on religious subjects, proposed to me to take my first communion. She was a member of the Swiss Protestant church, the excellent pastor of which, the Rev. Mr. S—, was our near neighbor, and we were upon terms of the friendliest intimacy with him and his family. In his church I received the sacrament for the first time, but I do not think with the most desirable effect. The only immediate result that I can remember of this increase of my Christian profession and privileges was, I am sorry to say, a rigid, Pharisaical formalism, which I carried so far as to decline accompanying my father and mother to our worthy clergyman's house, one Sunday, when we were invited to spend the evening with him and his family. This sort of acrid fruit is no uncommon first harvest of youthful religious zeal; and I suppose my parents and my worthy pastor thought it a piece of unripe, childish, impertinent conscientiousness hardly deserving a serious rebuke. The circumstance has been fixed in my memory by the manner in which I passed the evening which I was too godly to spend with my family and Dr. S—. I was reading a book of devotion, when I was suddenly rushed in upon by the housemaid, desiring that I would come and see the cook, who, she said, had had a fit; a doctor had been sent for, upon her and the footman's responsibility, and when I went to the woman's room I found her about to be bled, and the housemaid steadily refusing to turn her eyes in the direction of the operation. Anxious to afford whatever assistance I could, I undertook to hold the basin under the arm during the process; but it was the first time I had ever seen living blood flow, and, though I contrived to stand at my post, the dreadful faint sickness that almost overcame me made me remember long after that employment of my peculiarly religious Sunday evening.

The eldest daughter of Dr. S—, Mrs. G—, was a beautiful widow of little more than twenty when I first knew

her. She was one of the finest amateur musicians I have ever known; her playing on the piano was admirable. She sang too, and, though her voice was rather thin in quality, her musical knowledge made her a valuable member of our small singing-club; her brother had a good bass voice and musical ear; and with my mother, myself, and my sister, who was gradually developing her fine musical gifts, we and our friendly neighbors used to get up very agreeable family concerts. A pleasant result of which for all parties was the marriage of Mrs. G—— to my cousin Horace Twiss, whose first wife had died some years before.

My brother Henry was now a duly enrolled Westminster Blackguard. Of his attendance at that seminary of polite learning I have one droll recollection, which belongs to an "educational institution," to speak the American English of the present day, not likely to survive very long the reprobation now generally expressed against it. My sister and myself were sitting at our lessons one morning, when a modest tap at the door was followed by the entrance of an exceedingly delicate, gentleman-like little lad, with my brother's school-books in his hand, who said, "If you please, I am Fitz Maurice; and Master Kemble bade me bring his books home and give them to you, if you are his sister." "But," said I to this young sprig of nobility, the son of my afterwards very kind friend, Lord Lansdowne, "how comes Master Kemble to send you home with his books, instead of carrying them himself?" "Because, if you please, I am his fag," said the gentle little boy, making us a farewell bow, and vanishing. Henry was a kind-hearted, good-natured fellow, and I hoped he did not treat his small slave very unhumanely.

Another of my recollections which belong to this time is seeing several times at our house that exceedingly coarse, disagreeable, clever, and witty man, Theodore Hook. I always had a dread of his loud voice, and blazing red face, and staring black eyes; especially as on more than one occasion his after-dinner wit seemed

to me fitter for the table he had left than the more refined atmosphere of the drawing-room. One day he dined with us to meet my cousin Horace Twiss and his handsome new wife. Horace had in a lesser degree some of Hook's wonderful sense of humor and quickness of repartee, and the two men brought each other out with great effect. Of course I had heard of Mr. Hook's famous reply when, after having returned from the colonies, where he was in an official position, under suspicion of peculation, a friend meeting him said, "Why, hallo, Hook! I did not know you were in England! What has brought you back again?" "Something wrong about the *chest*," replied the imperturbable wit. He was at this time the editor of the John Bull, a paper of considerable ability, and only less scurrility than the Age; and in spite of his *chest difficulty* he was much sought in society for his extraordinary quickness and happiness in conversation. His outrageous hoax of the poor London citizen from whom he extorted an agonized invitation to dinner by making him believe that he and Charles Mathews were public surveyors, sent to make observations for a new road, which was to go straight through the poor shopkeeper's lawn, flower-garden, and bedroom, he has, I believe, introduced into his novel of Gilbert Gurney. But not, of course, with the audacious extemporeaneous song with which he wound up the joke, when, having eaten and drank the poor citizen's dinner, prepared for a small party of citizen friends (all the time assuring him that he and his friend would use their very best endeavors to avert the threatened invasion of his property by the new line of road), he proposed singing a song, to the great delight of the unsophisticated society, the concluding verse of which was,—

"And now I am bound to declare
That your wine is as good as your cook,
And that this is Charles Mathews, the player,
And I, sir, am Theodore Hook."

He always demanded, when asked for a specimen of his extemporizing power, that a subject should be given to him. I do not remember, on one occasion, what was suggested in the first instance, but

after some discussion Horace Twiss cried out, "The Jews." It was the time of the first mooting of the question of the Jews being admitted to stand for Parliament and having seats in the House, and party spirit ran extremely high upon the subject. Theodore Hook shrugged his shoulders and made a discontented grimace, as if baffled by his theme, the Jews. However, he went to the piano, threw back his head, and began strumming a galloping country-dance tune, to which he presently poured forth the most inconceivable string of witty, comical, humorous, absurd allusions to everybody present as well as to the subject imposed upon him. Horace Twiss was at that time under-secretary either for foreign affairs or the colonies, and Hook took occasion to say, or rather sing, that the foreign department could have little charms for a man who had so many more in the home, with an indication to Annie Twiss; the final verse of this real firework of wit was this: —

"I dare say you think there's little wit
In this, but you've all forgot
That instead of being a *jew d'esprit*,
'T is only a *jew de mot*."

Pronouncing the French words as broadly as possible, "a *Jew d'esprit*, and 't is only a *Jew de motte*," for the sake of the rhyme, and his subject, the Jews. It certainly was all through a capital specimen of ready humor. I remember on another occasion hearing him exercise his singular gift in a manner that seemed to me as unjustifiable as it was disagreeable. I met him at dinner at Sir John McDonald's, then adjutant-general, a very kind and excellent friend of mine. Mrs. Norton and Lord C——, who were among the guests, both came late and after we had gone into the dining-room, where they were received with a discreet quantity of mild chaff, Mrs. Norton being much too formidable an adversary to be challenged lightly. After dinner, however, when the men came up into the drawing-room, Theodore Hook was requested to extemporize, and, having sung one song, was about to leave the piano in the midst of the general entreaty that he would not do so,

when Mrs. Norton, seating herself close to the instrument so that he could not leave it, said in her most peculiar, deep, soft, contralto voice, which was like her beautiful, dark face set to music, "I am going to sit down here, and you shall not come away, for I will keep you in like an iron crow." There was nothing about her manner or look that could suggest anything but a flattering desire to enjoy Hook's remarkable talent in some further specimen of his power of extemporizing, and therefore I suppose there must have been some previous ill-will or heart-burning on his part towards her; she was reckless enough in her use of her wonderful wit and power of saying the most intolerably stinging things, to have left a smart on some occasion in Hook's memory, for which he certainly did his best to pay her then. Every verse of the song he now sang ended with his turning with a bow to her, and the words, "my charming iron crow;" but it was from beginning to end a covert satire of her and her social triumphs; even the late arrival at dinner and its supposed causes were duly brought in, still with the same mock-respectful inclination to his "charming iron crow." Everybody was glad when the song was over, and applauded it quite as much from a sense of relief as from admiration of its extraordinary cleverness; and Mrs. Norton smilingly thanked Hook, and this time made way for him to leave the piano.

We lived near each other at this time, we in James Street, Buckingham Gate, and the Nortons at Storey's Gate, at the opposite end of the Birdcage Walk. We both of us frequented the same place of worship, a tiny chapel wedged in among the buildings at the back of Downing Street, the entrance to which was from the park; it has been improved away by the new government offices. Our dinner at the McDonalds' was on a Saturday, and the next day, as we were walking part of the way home together from church, Mrs. Norton broke out about Theodore Hook, and his odious ill-nature and abominable coarseness, saying that it was a disgrace and

a shame that for the sake of his paper, *The John Bull*, and its influence, the tories should receive such a man in society. I, who but for her outburst upon the subject should have carefully avoided mentioning Hook's name, presuming that after his previous evening's performance it could not be very agreeable to Mrs. Norton, now, not knowing very well what to say, but thinking the Sheridan blood (especially in her veins) might have some sympathy with and find some excuse for him, suggested the temptation that the possession of such wit must always be more or less to the abuse of it. "Witty!" exclaimed the indignant beauty, with her lip and nostril quivering, "witty! One may well be witty when one fears neither God nor devil!" I was heartily glad Hook was not there; he was not particular about the truth, and would infallibly, in some shape or other, have translated for her benefit, "Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte." The Nortons' house was close to the issue from St. James Park into Great George Street. I remember passing an evening with them there, when a host of distinguished public and literary men were crowded into their small drawing-room, which was literally resplendent with the light of Sheridan beauty, male and female: Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Callender, of whom, when she published a novel, the hero of which commits forgery, that wicked wit, Sydney Smith, said he knew she was a Callender, but did not know till then that she was a Newgate calendar), the mother of the graces, more beautiful than anybody but her daughters; Lady Grahame, their beautiful aunt; Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Blackwood (Lady Dufferin), Georgiana Sheridan (Duchess of Somerset and queen of beauty by universal consent), and Charles Sheridan, their younger brother, a sort of younger brother of the Apollo Belvedere. Certainly I never saw such a bunch of beautiful creatures all growing on one stem. I remarked it to Mrs. Norton, who looked complacently round her tiny drawing-room and said, "Yes, we are rather good-looking people." I remember this even-

ing because of the impression made on me by the sight of these wonderfully "good-looking people" all together, and also because of my having had to sing with Moore, an honor and glory hardly compensating the distress of semi-strangulation, in order to avoid drowning his feeble thread of a voice with the heavy, robust contralto which I found it very difficult to swallow half of, while singing second to him, in his own melodies, with the other half. My acquaintance with Mrs. Norton lasted through a period of many years, and, though never very intimate, was renewed with cordiality each time I returned to England. It began just after I came out on the stage, when I was about twenty, and she a few years older. My father and mother had known her parents and grandparents, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Miss Lindley, from whom their descendants derived the remarkable beauty and brilliant wit which distinguished them.

My mother was at Drury Lane when Mr. Sheridan was at the head of its administration, and has often described to me the extraordinary proceedings of that famous first night of *Pizarro*, when, at last keeping the faith he had so often broken with the public, Mr. Sheridan produced that most effective of melodramas, with my aunt's and uncle's parts still unfinished, and, depending upon their extraordinary rapidity of study, kept them learning the last scenes of the last act, which he was still writing, while the beginning of the piece was being performed. By the bye, I do not know what became of the theories about the dramatic art, and the careful and elaborate study necessary for its perfection. In this particular instance, John Kemble's Rolla and Mrs. Siddons's *Elvira* must have been what may be called extemporaneous acting. Not impossibly, however, these performances may have gained in vivid power and effect what they lost in smoothness and finish, from the very nervous strain and excitement of such a mental effort as the actors were thus called upon to make. My mother remembered well, too, the dismal Saturdays when, after prolonged pe-

riods of non-payment of their salaries, the poorer members of the company, and all the unfortunate work-people, carpenters, painters, scene-shifters, understrappers of all sorts, and plebs in general of the great dramatic concern, thronging the passages and staircases, would assail Sheridan on his way to the treasury with pitiful invocations: "For God's sake, Mr. Sheridan, pay us our salaries!" "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Sheridan, let us have something this week!" and his plausible reply of "Certainly, certainly, my good people, you shall be attended to directly." Then he would go into the treasury, sweep it clean of the whole week's receipts (the salaries of the principal actors, whom he dared not offend and could not dispense with, being, if not wholly, partially paid), and, going out of the building another way, leave the poor people who had cried to him for their arrears of wages baffled and cheated of the price of their labor for another week. The picture was not a pleasant one. When I first knew Caroline Sheridan, she had not long been married to the Hon. George Norton. She was splendidly handsome, of an un-English character of beauty, her rather large and heavy head and features recalling the grandest Grecian and Italian models, to the latter of whom her rich coloring and blue-black braids of hair gave her an additional resemblance. Though neither as perfectly lovely as the Duchess of Somerset nor as perfectly charming as Lady Dufferin, she produced a far more striking impression than either of them, by the combination of the poetical genius with which she alone, of the three, was gifted, with the brilliant wit and power of repartee which they (especially Lady Dufferin) possessed in common with her, united to the exceptional beauty with which they were all three endowed. Mrs. Norton was extremely epigrammatic in her talk, and comically dramatic in her manner of narrating things. I do not know whether she had any theatrical talent, though she sang pathetic and humorous songs admirably, and I remember shaking in my shoes when, soon after I came out,

she told me she envied me, and would give anything to try the stage herself. I thought, as I looked at her wonderful, beautiful face, "Oh, if you should, what would become of me!" She was no musician, but had a deep, sweet contralto voice, precisely the same in which she always spoke, and which, combined with her always lowered eyelids ("downy eyelids" with sweeping silken fringes), gave such incomparably comic effect to her sharp retorts and ludicrous stories; and she sang with great effect her own and Lady Dufferin's social satires, Fanny Grey, and Miss Myrtle, etc., and sentimental songs like Would I were with Thee, I dreamt 'twas but a Dream, etc., of which the words were her own, and the music, which only amounted to a few chords with the simplest modulations, her own also. I remember she used occasionally to convulse her friends *en petit comité* with a certain absurd song called The Widow, to all intents and purposes a piece of broad comedy, the whole story of which (the wooing of a disconsolate widow by a rich lover, whom she first rejects and then accepts) was comprised in a few words, rather spoken than sung, eked out by a ludicrous burthen of "rum-ti-iddy-iddydido," which, by dint of her countenance and voice, conveyed all the alternations of the widow's first despair, her lover's fiery declaration, her virtuous indignation and wrathful rejection of him, his cool acquiescence and intimation that his full purse assured him an easy acceptance in various other quarters, her rage and disappointment at his departure, and final relenting and consent on his return; all of which with her iddy-iddydido she sang, or rather acted, with incomparable humor and effect. I admired her extremely.

In 1841 I began a visit of two years and a half in England. During this time I constantly met Mrs. Norton in society. She was living with her uncle, Charles Sheridan, and still maintained her glorious supremacy of beauty and wit in the great London world. She came often to parties at our house, and I remember her asking us to dine at her

uncle's, when among the people we met were Lord Lansdowne and Lord Normanby, both then in the ministry, whose good will and influence she was exerting herself to *capture* in behalf of a certain shy, silent, rather rustic gentleman from the far-away province of New Brunswick, Mr. Samuel Cunard, afterwards Sir Samuel Cunard of the great mail packet line of steamers between England and America. He had come to London an obscure and humble individual, endeavoring to procure from the government the sole privilege of carrying the transatlantic mails for his line of steamers. Fortunately for him he had some acquaintance with Mrs. Norton, and the powerful beauty, who was kind-hearted and good-natured to all but her natural enemies, *i. e.*, the members of her own London society, exerted all her interest with her admirers in high place in favor of Cunard, and had made this very dinner for the express purpose of bringing her provincial *protégé* into pleasant personal relations with Lord Lansdowne and Lord Normanby, who were likely to be of great service to him in the special object which had brought him to England. The only other individual I remember at the dinner was that most beautiful person, Lady Harriet d'Orsay. Years after, when the Halifax projector had become Sir Samuel Cunard, a man of fame in the worlds of commerce and business of New York and London, a baronet of large fortune, and a sort of proprietor of the Atlantic Ocean between England and the United States, he reminded me of this charming dinner in which Mrs. Norton had so successfully found the means of forwarding his interests, and spoke with enthusiasm of her kind-heartedness as well as her beauty and talents; he, of course, passed under the Caudine Forks, beneath which all men encountering her had to bow and throw down their arms. She was very fond of inventing devices for seals and other such ingenious exercises of her brains, and she gave — a star with the motto, "Procul sed non extincta," which she civilly said bore reference to me in my transatlantic home. She also

told me, when we were talking of mottoes for seals and rings, that she had had engraved on a ring she always wore the name of that miserable bayou of the Mississippi — Atchafalaya — where Gabriel passes near one side of an island, while Evangeline, in her woe - begone search, is lying asleep on the other; and that to her surprise she found that the King of the Belgians wore a ring on which he had had the same word engraved, as an expression of the bitterest and most hopeless disappointment.

In 1845 I passed through London, and spent a few days there with my father, on my way to Italy. Mrs. Norton, hearing of my being in town, came to see me and urged me extremely to go and dine with her before I left London, which I did. The event of the day in her society was the death of Lady Holland, about which there were a good many lamentations, of which Lady T—— gave the real significance, with considerable naïvete : "Ah, poore deare Ladi Ollande! It is a grate pitie; it was suc'e a *pleasant* ouse!" As I had always avoided Lady Holland's acquaintance, I could merely say that the regrets I heard expressed about her seemed to me only to prove a well-known fact — how soon the dead were forgotten. The *real* sorrow was indeed for the loss of her house, that pleasantest of all London *rendezvous*, and not for its mistress, though those whom I then heard speak were probably among the few who did regret her. Lady Holland had one good quality (perhaps more than one, which I might have found out if I had known her): she was a constant and exceedingly warm friend, and extended her regard and remembrance to all whom Lord Holland or herself had ever received with kindness or on a cordial footing. My brother John had always been treated with great friendliness by Lord Holland, and in her will Lady Holland, who had not seen him for years, left him as a memento a copy, in thirty-two volumes, of the English essayists, which had belonged to her husband.

Almost immediately after this transient renewal of my intercourse with Mrs. Norton, I left England for Italy,

and did not see her again for several years. The next time I did so was at an evening party at my sister's house, where her appearance struck me more than it had ever done. Her dress had something to do with this effect, no doubt. She had a rich gold-colored silk on, shaded and softened all over with black lace draperies, and her splendid head, neck, and arms were adorned with magnificently simple Etruscan gold ornaments, which she had brought from Rome, whence she had just returned, and where the fashion of that famous antique jewelry had lately been revived. She was still "une beauté triomphante à faire voir aux ambassadeurs."

In 1852 I went to Italy. I spent a summer at Sorrento, and thence went to Capri for a week. Mrs. Norton had been there, but had left the island, her two sons remaining there, with a queer, clever slip of an old Yorkshire root, G—— C——, who had a firm persuasion that he could construct a flying machine with which he should be able to guide himself through the air. His father and grandfather had had precisely the same aerial hobby, and had spent much time, thought, and money in divers experiments in flying machines. C—— had had one constructed at Capri, and, having had it conveyed up to the top of the rocky precipice of the Salto di Tiberio, was with extreme difficulty dissuaded by the Nortons from casting himself into the air upon it; at length, yielding to their persuasions, he sent his bird flying without himself on its back, when, after fluttering for a few seconds above the abyss, it turned over and went falling from point to point of the rocks, and finally was stopped by the arms of a tree that had anchored itself half-way between heaven and the Mediterranean, whence it was never recovered.

During one of my last sojourns in London I met Mrs. Norton at Lansdowne House. There was a great assembly there, and she was wandering through the rooms leaning on the arm of her youngest son, her glorious head still crowned with its splendid braids of hair, and wreathed with grapes and ivy

leaves, and this was my last vision of her; but in the autumn of 1870, Lady C—— told me of meeting her in London society, now indeed quite old, but indomitably handsome and witty.

I think it only humane to state, for the benefit of all mothers anxious for their daughters', and all daughters anxious for their own future welfare in this world, that in the matter of what the lady's-maid in the play calls "the first of earthly blessings—personal appearance," Caroline Sheridan as a girl was so little distinguished by the exceptional beauty she subsequently developed, that her lovely mother, who had a right to be exacting in the matter, entertained occasionally desponding misgivings as to the future comeliness of one of the most celebrated beauties of her day.

At the time of my earliest acquaintance with the Nortons, our friends, the Basil Montagues, had left their house in Bedford Square, and were also living at Storey's Gate. Among the remarkable people I met at their house was the Indian rajah, Ramohun Roy, philosopher, scholar, reformer, Quaker, theist, I know not what and what not, who was introduced to me, and was kind enough to take some notice of me. He talked to me of the literature of his own country, especially its drama, and, finding that I was already acquainted with the Hindoo theatre through the medium of my friend Mr. Horace Wilson's translation of its finest compositions, but that I had never read *Sakuntala*, the most remarkable of them all, which Mr. Wilson had not included in his collection (I suppose because of its translation by Sir William Jones), Ramohun Roy sent me a copy of it, which I value extremely as a memento of so remarkable a man, but in which I confess I am utterly unable to find the extraordinary beauty and sublimity which he attributed to it, and of which I remember Goethe also speaks enthusiastically (if I am not mistaken, in his conversations with Eckermann), calling it the most wonderful production of human genius. Goethe had not, any more than myself, the advantage of reading Sa-

kuntalā in Sanskrit, and I am quite at a loss to account for the extreme and almost exaggerated admiration he expresses for it.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE, }
August 23, ——.

MY DEAREST H——: I received your last on my return from the country, where I had been staying a fortnight, and I assure you that after an uncomfortable and rainy drive into town I found it of more service in warming me than even the blazing fire with which we are obliged to shame the month of August. I think it particularly kind of you to have written to me, for in the midst of your anxieties [about her brother's health] I do not expect you to bestow either much thought or time upon me; and though the sight of your handwriting is one of my chief pleasures, my own affection for you and my reliance on your interest in me do not depend on a regular exchange of letters. I often think of the time we spent together at Heath Farm, of our long, delightful walks and talks, and my mind constantly recurs to your earnest endeavors then to make me happier and better. In one of your letters, which I was looking over the other day, you express an opinion of the uselessness of indiscriminate preservation of correspondence, and I remember thinking that you wished me to destroy yours; but indeed I cannot do this, nor do I think that what you said to me on the subject holds good with respect to your letters to me. For there is not one of them which does not contain expressions of affection which I value dearly, and advice likely perhaps to be appreciated even more as time goes on than when first I received them.

I have a great deal to tell you about our affairs, and the effect that their unhappy posture seems likely to produce upon my future plans and prospects. Do you remember a letter I wrote to you a long time ago about going on the stage? and another, some time before that, about my becoming a governess? The urgent necessity which I think now

exists for exertion, in all those who are capable of it amongst us, has again turned my thoughts to these two considerations. My father's property, and all that we might ever have hoped to have derived from it, being utterly destroyed in the unfortunate issue of our affairs, his personal exertions are all that remain to him and us to look to. There are circumstances in which reflections that our minds would not admit at other times of necessity force themselves upon our consideration. Those talents and qualifications, both mental and physical, which have been so mercifully preserved to my dear father hitherto, cannot, in the natural course of things, all remain unimpaired for many more years. It is right, then, that those of us who have the power to do so should at once lighten his arms of all unnecessary burthen, and acquire the habit of independent exertion before the moment comes when utter inexperience would add to the difficulty of adopting any settled mode of proceeding; it is right and wise to prepare for the evil day before it is upon us. These reflections have led me to the resolution of entering upon some occupation or profession which may enable me to turn the advantages my father has so liberally bestowed upon me to some account, so as not to be a useless encumbrance to him at present, or a helpless one in future time. My brother John, you know, has now determined to go into the church. Henry we have good although remote hopes of providing well for, and, were I to make use of my own capabilities, dear little A—— would be the only one about whom there need be any anxiety. I propose writing to my father before he returns home (he is at present acting in the provinces) on this subject. Some step I am determined to take; the nature of it will of course remain with him and my mother. I trust that whatever course they resolve upon I shall be enabled to pursue steadily, and I am sure that, be it what it may, I shall find it comparatively easy, as the motive is neither my own profit nor reputation, but the desire of bringing into

their right use whatever talents I may possess, which have not been given for useless purposes. I hope and trust that I am better fitted for either of the occupations I have mentioned than I was when I before entertained an idea of them. You asked me what inclined John's thoughts to the church. It would be hard to say; or rather, I ought to say, that Providence which in its own good time makes choice of its instruments, and which I ever firmly trusted would not suffer my brother's fine powers to be wasted on unworthy aims. I am not able to say how the change which has taken place in his opinions and sentiments was effected; but you know one has not done *all* one's thinking at two-and-twenty. I have been by circumstances much separated from my brother, and when with him have had but little communication upon such subjects, as he was always, while at home, extremely engrossed with his own studies. It was at a time when, I think, his religious principles were somewhat unsettled, that his mind was so passionately absorbed by politics. The nobler instincts of his nature, diverted for a while from due direct intercourse with their divine source, turned themselves with enthusiastic, earnest hope to the desire of benefiting his fellow-creatures; and to these aims—the reformation of abuses, the establishment of a better system of government, the gradual elevation and improvement of the people, and the general progress of the country towards enlightened liberty and consequent prosperity—he devoted all his thoughts. This was the period of his fanatical admiration for Jeremy Bentham and Mill, who, you know, are our near neighbors here, and whose houses we never pass without John being inclined to salute them, I think, as the shrines of some beneficent powers of renovation. And here comes the break in our intercourse and in my knowledge of his mental and moral progress. I went to Scotland, and was amazed, after I had been there some time, to hear from my mother that John had not got his scholarship, and had renounced his intention of going to

the bar and determined to study for the church. I returned home, and found him much changed. His high sense of the duties attending it makes me rejoice most sincerely that he has chosen that career, which may not be the surest path to wordly advancement, but if conscientiously followed must lead, I should think, to the purest happiness this life can offer. I think much of this change may be attributed to the example and influence of some deservedly dear friends of his; probably something to the sobering effect of the disappointment and mortification of his failure at college, where such sanguine hopes and expectations of his success had been entertained. Above all, I refer his present purpose to that higher influence which has followed him through all his mental wanderings, suggesting the eager inquiries of his restless and dissatisfied spirit, and finally leading it to this, its appointed goal. He writes to us in high spirits from Germany, and his letters are very delightful, full of detailed descriptions of the enchanting country—the Rhine land—he is traveling through, which, I confess, sometimes make me sin in envy of his good fortune; when last I heard from him he was at Heidelberg, with which he seems delighted.

Mrs. Siddons and Cecy are with Mrs. Kemble at Leamington. Mrs. Harry Siddons is, I fear, but little better; she has had another attack of erysipelas, and I am very anxious to get to her, but the distance, and the dependence of all interesting young females in London on the legs and leisure of *chaperons*, prevents me from seeing her as often as I wish. German is an arduous undertaking, and I have once more abandoned it, not only on account of its difficulty, but because I do not at present wish to enter upon the study of a foreign language, when I am but just awakened to my radical ignorance of my own. God bless you, dear H——.

Yours ever, FANNY.

As long as I retained a home of my own, I resisted my friend's half-expressed wish that I should destroy her letters;

but when I ceased to have any settled place of habitation, it became impossible to provide for the safe-keeping of a mass of papers the accumulation of which received additions every few days, and by degrees, for my courage failed me very often in the task, my friend's letters were destroyed. Few things that I have had to relinquish have cost me a greater pang or sense of loss, and few of the conditions of my wandering life have seemed to me more grievous than the necessity it imposed upon me of destroying these letters. My friend did not act upon her own theory with regard to my correspondence, and indeed it seems to me that no general rule can be given with regard to the preservation or destruction of correspondence. What revelations of misery and guilt may lie in the forgotten folds of hoarded letters, that have been preserved only to blast the memory of the dead! What precious words, again, have been destroyed, that might have lightened for a whole heavy life-time the doubt and anguish of the living! In this, as in all we do, we grope about in darkness, and the one and the other course must often enough have been bitterly lamented by those who "did for the best" in keeping or destroying these chronicles of human existence. The letters generally exchanged between intimate friends are certainly no more intended to be collected and kept than the words which friends utter in confidential conversation; yet how often would one have preserved, if one could, the very words, tone, look, accent, and gesture of certain conversations, while at the same time, could the speaker anticipate such a stereotyping of his utterance, he would probably be struck dumb with the consciousness, and there would be nothing to retain. The most intimate revelations of greatly gifted minds are not unnaturally the most eagerly sought after by the world. The clay feet of these golden-headed images seem to attract rather than repel their worshipers, whose enthusiastic curiosity is apt to be puerile, not to say irreverent. Is it for the sake of the comfortable sense of kindred to greatness—all our feet being

clay, though all our heads are not gold—that we inquire into the number of toes of our idols? But while the public revels in the domestic details of this or that illustrious individual's private life and manners, his family and kindred, those to whom such portions of his history peculiarly belong, may be pardoned if they feel that his fame has no right to desecrate instead of consecrating his home. They are justified in desiring that something special of his personal intercourse should be left to them, to whom he was father, husband, son, or dearest friend; and if his boots are in a glass case in the museum, his slippers may remain by his bedside at home. His genius may shine like a great light at his gate, on the highway of life, but because it does so, and cheers and guides the wayfarers as they come and go, it hardly warrants their peeping through the key-hole, still less their pressing in to where he sits with his own, at his hearth or board. Very true, no doubt, they eagerly desire to know "all about him," and would fain thrust themselves into the closet where he shuts himself to pray, to discover whether he kneels or stands, or moves his lips and utters an audible voice of supplication or prays in silence with his soul alone. Genius pays its penalty like royalty. Small privacy is allowed to either; but it seems hard to grudge it to our benefactors in their graves, their share having been of the smallest till they came thither.

Madame Pasta's daughter once said to Charles Young, who enthusiastically admired her great genius, "Vous trouvez qu'elle chante et joue bien, n'est-ce pas?" "Je crois bien," replied he, puzzled to understand her drift. "Well," replied the daughter of the great lyrical artist, "to us, to whom she belongs and who know and love her, her great talent is the least admirable thing about her; but no one but us knows that."

Doubtless if letters of Shakespeare's could be found, letters developing the mystery of those sorrowful sonnets, or even letters describing his daily dealings with his children, and Mistress Anne Hathaway, his wife; nay, even

the fashion, color, and texture of the hangings of the second best bed, her special inheritance, a frenzy of curiosity would be aroused by them. All his glorious plays would not be worth (bookseller's value) some scraps of thought and feeling, or mere personal detail, or even commonplace (he must have been sovereignly commonplace) impartment of theatrical business news and gossip to his fellow-players, or Scotch Drummond, or my Lord Southampton, or the Dark Woman of the sonnets. But we know little about him, thank Heaven! and I am glad that little is not more.

I know he must have sinned and suffered, mortal man since he was, but I do not wish to know how. From his plays, in spite of the necessarily impersonal character of dramatic composition, we gather a vivid and distinct impression of serene sweetness, wisdom, and power. In the fragment of personal history which he gives us in his sonnets, the reverse is the case; we have a painful impression of mournful struggling with adverse circumstances and moral evil elements, and of the labor and the love of his life alike bestowed on objects deemed by himself unworthy; and in spite of his triumphant promise of immortality to the false mistress or friend, or both, to whom (as far as he has revealed them to us) he has kept his promise, we fall to pitying Shakespeare, the bestower of immortality. In the great temple raised by his genius to his own undying glory, one narrow door opens into a secret, silent crypt, where his image, blurred and indistinct, is hardly discernible through the gloomy atmosphere, heavy and dim as if with sighs and tears. Here is no clew, no issue, and we return to the shrine filled with light and life and warmth and melody; with knowledge and love of man, and worship of God and nature. There is our benefactor and friend, simplest and most lovable, though most wonderful of his kind; other image of him than that bright one may the world never know. The extraordinary development of the taste for petty details of personal gossip which our present literature bears

witness to makes it almost a duty to destroy all letters not written for publication; and yet there is no denying that life is essentially interesting — every life, any life, all lives, if their detailed history could be given with truth and simplicity. For my own part, I confess that the family correspondence, even of people utterly unknown to me, always seems to me full of interest. The vivid interest the writers took in themselves makes their letters better worth reading than many books we read; they are life as compared with imitations of it — life, that mystery and beauty surpassing every other; they are morsels of that profoundest of all secrets, which baffles alike the man of science, the metaphysician, artist, and poet. And yet it would be hard if A, B, and C's letters should therefore be published, especially as, had they contemplated my reading them, they would doubtless never have written them or written them quite other than they did.

To resume my chronicle. My brother John was at this time traveling in Germany; the close of his career at Cambridge had proved a bitter disappointment to my father, and had certainly not fulfilled the expectations of any of his friends or the promise of his own very considerable abilities. He left the university without taking his degree, and went to Heidelberg, where he laid the foundation of his subsequent thorough knowledge of German, and developed the taste for the especial philological studies to which he eventually devoted himself, but his eminence in which brought him little emolument and but tardy fame, and never in the least consoled my father for the failure of all the brilliant hopes he had formed of the future distinction and fortune of his eldest son. When a man has made up his mind that his son is to be Lord Chancellor of England, he finds it hardly an equivalent that he should be one of the first Anglo-Saxon scholars in Europe.

In my last letter to Miss S—— I have referred to some of my brother's friends and their possible influence in determining his choice of the clerical profession

in preference to that of the law, which my father had wished him to adopt, and for which, indeed, he had so far shown his own inclination as to have himself entered at the Inner Temple. Perhaps the names of the young men who were his chief companions, and among my own friends at this time, will furnish some excuse for the rather fastidious tendency of my social taste in after life, and my very decided preference for a good deal of solitude to much society.

Among my brother's contemporaries, his school and college mates who frequented my father's house at this time, were Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brothers, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard Trench, William Donne, the Romillys, the Malkins, Edward Fitzgerald, James Spedding, William Thackeray, and Richard Monckton Milnes.

These names were those of "promising young men," our friends and com-

panions, whose various remarkable abilities we learnt to estimate through my brother's enthusiastic appreciation of them. How bright has been in many instances the full performance of that early promise, England has gratefully acknowledged; they have been among the jewels of their time, and some of their names will be famous and blessed for generations to come. It is not for me to praise those whom all English-speaking folk delight to honor; but in thinking of that bright band of very noble young spirits, of my brother's love and admiration for them, of their affection for him, of our pleasant intercourse in those far-off early days,—in spite of the faithful, life-long regard which still subsists between myself and the few survivors of that goodly company, my heart sinks with a heavy sense of loss, and the world from which so much light has departed seems dark and dismal enough.

Frances Anne Kemble.

MEDUSA.

(SONNET FOR A PICTURE.)

A SHAPE in whose voluptuous bloom there lies
Olympian faultlessness of mold and hue;
Lips that a god were worthy alone to woo,
Round chin, and nostrils curved in the old Greek wise.
But there is no clear pallor of Arctic skies,
Fathom on crystal fathom of livid blue,
So bleakly cold that one might liken it to
The pitiless, icy splendors of her eyes!

Her bound hair, colored lovelier than the sweet,
Rich halcyon yellow of tall harvest wheat,
Over chaste brows a glimmering tumult sheds;
But through the abundance of its warm, soft gold,
Coils of lean horror peer from many a fold,
With sharp tongues flickering in flat, clammy heads!

Edgar Fawcett.

LITERARY ASPECTS OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der
Glaube;
Das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebtestes Kind.
GOETHE'S FAUST.

LUDWIG TIECK, the literary chieftain of the German Romantic School, was, with due allowance for the natural differences between a romanticist and a classicist, a kind of Goethe in miniature.

The serene old Jupiter at Weimar absorbed in his own large self all the diversified and frequently conflicting currents which agitated his times; they mingled with his being, became the fibre of his mind, and are recognizable as the spiritual atmosphere (different at the different periods of his life) pervading his writings. We therefore speak of Goethe's Storm and Stress or Werther period, of his Meister period, etc., but we have no Faust period, because Faust embraces the poet's whole life, spanning it like a vast phantasmagoric arch from youth to the very grave, and binding the century that died to the one that was born.

Viewed as a whole, Tieck's poetical career, rivaling in length, at least, that of Goethe, presents a succession of chapters of literary history one of which exceeds the other in interest; and still William Lovell, Prince Zerbino, St. Genevieve, or in fact any individual work from his pen, viewed by itself, is singularly unsatisfactory and incomplete, and hardly seems to warrant the praise which nevertheless may be justly bestowed upon the whole. The significance of Tieck's career has been variously estimated by critics and biographers, some deeming him great and others small, but all agreeing to regard his life in its *tout ensemble* as a most important series of documents in the annals of German literary history; it ran during four decades parallel with that of Goethe, without becoming absorbed in it, and by its very distinctness supplementing what was lacking in the life

of the Weimar autocrat to make it the full and complete expression of the intellectual life of the Fatherland. When we called him a Goethe in miniature we did not, of course, thereby mean to imply that he followed in the latter's footsteps, imitating on a smaller scale and with painstaking care what his master had wrought in the ardor of primal creation, but rather that he fulfilled in a different sphere a similar mission, standing in the Romantic camp as the *facile princeps*, as Goethe did among the classicists. It may appear strange now to compare the two; for Tieck is, outside of Germany, well-nigh forgotten, while Goethe's far-resounding name is still echoing through the literatures of all nations; but if we imagine ourselves the contemporaries of both, and estimate the relative value of the principles which each represented, and the influence of each upon his times, the comparison, although unequal, will no longer seem absurd.

Ludwig Tieck was born in Berlin in the year 1773, and his boyhood and youth consequently fell at a time when the Enlightenment¹ was in its fullest bloom. His father was strongly influenced by the barren and unimaginative philosophy of the worthy Nicolai, and the school in which young Tieck received his early education was a very hot-bed of utilitarian enlightenment. But almost simultaneously the first productions of the Storm and Stress period began to attract attention. The translations of Shakespeare, Goethe's Götz, and Schiller's Robbers had called into being a dramatic literature, the chief characteristic of which was strength, that is, primitive direct expressions of passion, unrefined by taste, culture, or even common decency. It was the old protest against the so-called artificial order of society to which Rousseau had half a

¹ Social Aspects of the German Romantic School, Atlantic Monthly, July, 1875, pages 49, 60.

century before given so powerful an utterance, and before him, in a somewhat gentler form, Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his *Paul and Virginia*. But the Teutons had profited little by the experience of their Gallic neighbors, and men like Klinger, Lenz, and the painter Müller continued in the eighth and ninth decades of the eighteenth century to repeat the world-old declamations about nature, deeming their approach to nature always in direct proportion to their removal from accepted propriety. The boldly unconventional character of these declamations may be fairly judged by the notorious remark of the second trooper in the third act of *Götz von Berlichingen*.

A youth so sensitive as Tieck could not escape receiving a reflex tinge from a school so aggressive, and moreover so positive in its color, as the *Storm and Stress*; and his youthful dramas, *The Parting* and *Karl von Berneck*, rival in noisy declamation and violence the works of the professed adherents of the school. It is worthy of notice, however, that even these childishly immature productions contain a distinctly new motive which henceforth runs like a vital fibre through all Tieck's writings, and through him has become part, and indeed a distinguishing trait, of the Romantic literature. Whether this new motive is really a gain may perhaps be questioned; as a means of intensifying horror, Tieck has at least proved it to be exceedingly effective. To give an idea of what in its inmost essence it really is may be very difficult,—as difficult as to make an aroma present to the senses by explaining it. Julian Schmidt devotes several pages of very learned writing to it, and only succeeds in convincing you that the thing must be very hard to understand. Haym now and then refers to it in rather vague terms, and treats you to some exceedingly fine remarks, but leaves you not very much wiser than you were before. Heine, with the true instinct of the poet, avoids all explanations, but, while waxing warm in the praise of Tieck, unconsciously falls into his own style of writing, and thereby

gives you a fairer idea of what Tieck is than if he had attempted to convince you scientifically why you ought or ought not to like him.

There is, in spite of beauties of detail, a horribly damp and sultry atmosphere pervading these effusions of Tieck's youthful muse; he revels in blood and atrocities of every description, and the whole imaginary scene hangs heavy as a nightmare upon the reader's vision, attracting him by an uncomfortable fascination, and compelling him to gaze at the ghastly spectacle to the bitter end; and the end is universally tragic. In *The Parting*, for instance, there is hardly a single survivor. The *dramatis personae* have apparently no power of self-determination; they are the tools of certain mysterious powers outside and above them; they go about as in a trance, murdering those that are dearest to them, and from beginning to end acting and talking in the most irresponsible fashion. The fatalism of Greek tragedy, although entailing sorrow and suffering upon the innocent, was a clear, rational, and almost cheerful affair compared to the groping horror of these dark and unaccountable deeds.

A short drama, *Almansur*, full of fatalistic philosophy and strongly tinted with Rousseau, and a long Oriental tale, *Abdallah*, are monuments of their author's extraordinary precocity and industry, rather than of genius.

The work which was first to bring Tieck prominently before the public was William Lovell, a two-volume romance, suggested by the *Paysan Perverti* of *Rétil de la Bretonne*. The ostensible purpose of this book is to trace with minute psychological realism the downward career of a sensitive, passionate, and uncorrupted youth. And what purpose could be more revolting, more distasteful, more unworthy of a poet! But the author was then only twenty-two years old, and happily had not yet pierced, even with his imagination, to those deepest depths of human misery and sin which he is here pretending to sound. We marvel at the vividness of his colors, his analytical skill and his abundant rhetorical

resources; but rhetoric is a poor substitute for passion, and where the genuine vital force is lacking you cannot make up for its loss, as Tieck has attempted to do, by an excess of analysis. In William Lovell we are rather astounded and fascinated than really interested; the hero becomes at last too vile to deserve any sympathy, and moreover we have a haunting sense of the unreality of all his crimes as well as his sufferings, and wait with calm resignation for the moment when we as well as he shall wake up to find that all these horrors were merely the vanishing visions of a dream. Thus in spite of all the ingenuity which the author has expended upon the outfit of his hero, the reader can hardly suppress a sigh of relief when finally he has left Lovell dead on the Roman Campagna, where at last he reaps the fruit of his numerous misdoings.

After having spent a few years at the universities of Halle and Göttingen, where he had devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal to the study of Shakespeare and the older English dramatists, Tieck returned in 1794 to Berlin, rented a summer-house outside of the gates, and soon gathered about him a most congenial circle of eager admirers and friends. Among these the gentle and lovable Wackenroder has left a brief and pathetic literary record behind him. From their earliest school-days Tieck and he had felt strongly drawn towards each other, and while the former rapidly developed the abundant resources of his mind, while he forecast the years by the daring complexity of his plans, the latter, checked in his progress by the blight of a deadly disease, clung with a touching, almost maidenly devotion to his stronger friend, entering with ardent faith and sympathy into all his hopes of literary greatness.

In the mean while the ancient Nicolai, ever active and full of enterprise for the advancement of his utilitarian cause, had made the acquaintance of William Lovell's author, and had with a view to mutual benefit proposed to him a kind of literary copartnership; and Tieck, with whom the need to find a market for

his productions was imperative, had consented to overlook the divergence of their views and to grind off at a fixed rate "enlightened" and instructive tales for the edification of the belletristic public of the capital. It was indeed a novel position for the future chief of Romanticism to find himself thus in the hire of the very party against which he was soon to direct the keenest arrows of his criticism. But Tieck, conscious only of his own inward wealth, and as yet unhampered by any fixed theories of art, was well content only to yield to the momentary joy of creating, heedless as to the name of the cause which he indirectly served. Nicolai had for several years past been publishing a kind of treasury of novels, entitled *Ostrich Feathers* (*Strauszfedern*), mostly free adaptations of second-rate French stories, which with a slight admixture of moralizing and "enlightened sentiment" had found extraordinary favor with the constituents of circulating libraries. Tieck was now entrusted with the continuation of this laudable enterprise, and in his first efforts even exceeded the expectations of his employer. But soon his rebellious fancy refused to submit to the bondage of spirits far inferior to itself; the French models were thrown aside, and one original tale followed another with astounding rapidity. Nicolai was enchanted. The very titles of these tales show how well the fertile scribbler knew what was demanded of him; here we have, for instance, *The Sensitive Ulrich*, *The Talented Termer*, *The Friend of Nature*, etc. Presently, however, some playful sprite began to whisper his mischievous suggestions into Tieck's ear; it would be capital sport if he could smuggle in his own sentiments in a sufficiently deceptive disguise, and thus beguile the old Philistine into publishing veiled satires and ridicule of himself and all his rationalistic sophistry. Nicolai ran into the snare, but at length began to suspect mischief, and the unnatural partnership came to an end. It seems, however, that the "enlightened" impetus which the Romanticist had received from his publisher must have carried him some-

what beyond his original intention; for in his next romance, *Peter Leberecht*, he still occupies the same position as in the first *Ostrich Feathers*, turns his weapons against himself, and ridicules the gratuitous horrors with which but a short time before he had regaled his readers in *William Lovell* and *Abdallah*.

After all these youthful vagaries and aimless wanderings between the various literary camps, Tieck seems at last to have found his own true self. That enchanted wonder-world which lies glimmering in the old German *märchens*, ballads, and folk-lore had long beckoned to him from afar, and he was now ready to cast aside all wasteful trifling and obey the call. *Wackenroder* had been the first to call his attention to those old, poorly-printed *Volksbücher*, with the coarse wood-cuts, which had for centuries been circulating among the peasantry, and which may still be picked up at the bookstalls of the Leipsic fairs; but Tieck was then deep in Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and had no time to listen to nursery tales. Erelong, however, *Wackenroder* prevails; his friend begins to look more favorably upon the old legends, and after the reading of *St. Genevieve* and *The Children of Heymon* his enthusiasm breaks out into full blaze. It is impossible, within the space here allotted us, to give even the briefest characteristic of the numerous dramatic and novelistic adaptations of the national legends with which he flooded the market and the stage during the next twenty years; among the dramas *The Life and Death of St. Genevieve* has been accorded a foremost place, and among his many excellent tales the critics usually give the preference to *The Blonde Eckbert*, *Tannhäuser*, *The Faithful Eckart*, and *The Runenberg*, all of which are included in the collection of *Phantasies*.

Tieck's manner of treating the old stories seems to depend greatly upon the mood in which they happen to find him. Sometimes, as in *The Children of Heymon*, he strives to reproduce in himself that simple primitive credulity for which no absurdity is too startling,

no miracle too great for belief. It is the mood in which a nurse with an accompaniment of vivid gestures tells a child about *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and *Puss in Boots*, and it presupposes in the child an uncritical acceptance even of the most incredible statement. It was in the childhood of nations that these legends came into being, and it is to the still existing reminiscences of the primitive state that you must appeal for interest in tales of this order. Even the prosiest Philistine has some recollection of the startled wonder and delight with which he once gazed into the enchanted world of the Arabian Nights, and, if gently and skillfully touched, those long tuneless strings may once more be brought to vibrate. Tieck was such a magician, who touched with his wand and opened the tuneless chamber in the Philistine heart.

This plain and primitive method, however, involved great self-abnegation on the author's part; and just at this time he longed to give vent to the warm and passionate life which labored within him. Thus in his next *märchens* we detect again something of the mood with which we have been made familiar in *Lovell* and *Abdallah*; the tale is now no longer its own object and end,—it is merely the vehicle of some individual sentiment, mood, or passion. It is a sensitive, quickly responsive instrument, through which the poet may give utterance to his sorrow and yearning and doubt. Most clumsily and inartistically has Tieck done this in his *Love-Story of the Beautiful Magelone* and the *Count Peter of Provence*, where the hero philosophizes over his love in a feeble lyrical strain, loses himself in rapturous contemplations of nature, sings jingling and meaningless love-songs, and strikes tragic attitudes, all in the latest improved Romantic fashion. Incomparably better is the style of *The Runenberg* and *The Blonde Eckbert*; here Tieck is trying to find an embodiment for those deep, unutterable emotions which are too fleeting for words to grasp, but still are more or less consciously present with all of us. These "anonymous feelings of the soul," as

Novalis calls them, can be made intelligible only by being brought into action; you cannot explain them except by describing or producing that combination of circumstances which will arouse them. That inexplicable, mysterious shudder which seizes one in reading these apparently harmless tales, whence does it arise if not from some half-conscious under-current of our being, to which an indefinable element in this author appeals? And here we have at last arrived at that new element or motive in Tieck to which we referred in speaking of *The Parting* and *Karl von Bernecker*. Notice, in perusing Heine's description of these *märchen*, if you do not feel, as it were, physically at least, a faint touch of that awe and mysterious intensity of which he speaks. Although of course the effect must be greatly weakened in translation, we are still conscious that something of the indefinable mystery remains: "In these tales there reigns a mysterious intensity, a strange intimacy with nature, especially with plants and stones. The reader feels as if he were in an enchanted forest: he listens to the melodious rush of subterranean fountains; he imagines many a time amid the whispering of the trees that he hears his own name called; the broad-leaved vines often wind themselves perilously about his feet; strange wonder-magic flowers gaze at him with their many-colored, yearning eyes; invisible lips kiss his cheeks with delusive tenderness; tall fungi like golden bells stand ringing at the foot of the trees; large, silent birds sit rocking upon the boughs, and nod with their long, wise-looking bills; all is breathing, listening, shudderingly expectant; then suddenly the soft bugle is heard, and upon a white palfrey a beautiful maiden rushes past you, with waving plumes on her hat, and a falcon upon her hand. And this beautiful maiden is so very beautiful, so blonde, with eyes like violets, so smiling and still so grave, so true and still so roguish, so chaste and yet so passionate, like the fancy of our excellent Ludwig Tieck. Yes, his fancy is a gracious mediæval maiden who hunts fabulous beasts in a magic forest; hunts, perhaps,

that rare unicorn which can be caught only by a pure virgin."

This is not criticism, but it is better than criticism; it is not negatively analytical, but conveys by a certain happy, instinctive choice of adjectives some of the more positive qualities of the poets, and indeed those very qualities which are surest to escape analysis.

We fondly believe that in an enlightened age like ours, when science mercilessly penetrates to the causes of every cherished mystery, the range of the terrible is gradually reduced to a mere vanishing quantity; but no amount of scientific reasoning can conquer the tremor which a timid person feels in a dark hall or in an empty church at midnight. The small territory of clear daylight fact which we have conquered for ourselves is on all sides surrounded by a far vaster realm of mystery, and whenever the flood-gates are opened to this realm, our reason refuses to do our bidding, and we are on the verge of insanity. *It is on the boundary between these two realms of reason and mystery that Tieck has laid the scene of his fairy-tales;* he is perpetually setting the gates ajar, and while we dwell on situations which on the surface appear only grotesque and comical, we involuntarily shudder. He knows exactly where to touch us to find our reason weak and our sense of mystery the more active. Vulgar ghost-stories he seldom deals with, but frequently with those situations in which some undeniably real but unexplained psychological element overmasters the will and urges it on to deeds for which the individual is hardly himself responsible. According to Tieck, the germ of insanity is implanted in us all, and the moment we become conscious of its presence, we are already half-way under its sway.

Forest solitude, church-yards at midnight, ruins of convents and baronial castles, in fact, all the things which we are now apt to call Romantic, are the favorite haunts of Tieck's muse. It is he and his school who have the doubtful merit of having introduced all these sepulchral situations into literature; and the Romanticists of other lands — Wal-

ter Scott in the British Isles, Victor Hugo in France, and Ingemann in Denmark — have enlarged the original *répertoire*, until at present we are almost able to draw a distinct line between that order of natural phenomena and human emotions which is Romantic and that which is not. Tieck was excessively fond of moonlight, and literally flooded his tales with its soft, dim splendor; therefore moonlight is now Romantic. He never allows a hero to make a declaration of love without a near or distant accompaniment of horn or bugle (*Schallmei* and *Waldhorn*); accordingly, the bugle is called a Romantic instrument. He showed a great preference for the Middle Ages, and has the very decided merit of having revived the interest in mediæval history and literature; therefore the Middle Ages are to-day regarded as the most Romantic period of history, and their literature is *par excellence* the Romantic literature; and so on *in infinitum*.

Happily, Tieck wrote his best tales and dramas before A. T. Hoffmann, Achim von Arnim, and the other so-called Late-Romanticists (*Spätromantiker*) had yet reduced the art of arousing sensations of horror to a complete system, and thereby vulgarized it. In the productions belonging to his best period, at least, he refrains from those violent and purely physical effects which in these latter days have made the Romantic name synonymous with literary clap-trap and charlatanism; and when men of Hoffmann's and Brentano's calibre had brought the school into irrevocable decay, he gradually withdrew from it, and joined the ranks of its opponents.

As a poet in the more specific sense of a writer of verse, Tieck holds a position peculiarly his own within the German literature. His prose writings are abundantly sprinkled with verse, some mere deliciously musical jingle, and some rare expressions of rare moods, deficient in passion, but charged with color and melody. In fact, at no time of his life does he appear to have harbored passionate convictions; he had

strong likes and dislikes, but his hostility to one idea and his preference for another were determined by the unchangeable laws of his being, and were seldom or never the results of conscious reasoning. In his verse it is exceedingly difficult to lay hold of a single definitely expressed proposition to which you may confidently assent, or which you may combat. The rhythmical flow of words, the exquisite cadences of melody, the soothing, luring, coaxing, caressing concord of sweet sounds, charm the ear and lull the reason into slumber. It is all so delicious, so rich and soft; you ask nothing more. Tieck was himself well aware of these qualities in his songs, and like a genuine Romanticist he immediately established the doctrine that in poetry sense should be secondary to sound. It was Wackenroder who had first caught the musical mania, and Tieck, who was of an impressible temperament, systematized his friend's dithyrambic utterances, and raised them to the dignity of a new poetic doctrine. The more exalted the sentiment of a poem is, the more it is apt to rise above the region where articulation is possible, and approach the disembodied, inarticulate sound. Music — *i. e.*, inarticulate harmony — existed before the spoken language; poetry is a return to primitive utterance, and appeals directly to the deepest emotions, and more by its music than by its meaning. Love, the most primitive of all emotions, has hardly any need of language.

"Liebe denkt in süßen Tönen,
Denn Gedanken steh'n zu fern.
Nur in Tönen mag sie gern,
Alles, was sie will, verschön'en.
Drum ist ewig uns zugegen,
Wenn Musik mit Klängen spricht,
Ihr die Sprache nicht gebracht,
Halde Lieb' auf allen Wegen:
Liebe kann sich nicht bewegen,
Leihet sie den Othem nicht."

This, in brief, is the poetic philosophy of Tieck, and through him and Novalis it has at length become an accepted tenet with the school.

Wackenroder, in the mean while, had begun to give vent to the fullness of his heart, not only indirectly through his influence on his friend, but also in inde-

pendent productions. In the summer of 1796 he had with Tieck made a pilgrimage to Dresden, where the miraculous Madonnas of Rafael and Holbein had suddenly unsealed his lips and enabled him to find a fitting expression for his rapturous worship and enthusiasm. The tongue of flame had descended upon him, and he began to speak in strange languages. In his Heart Effusions of an Art-Loving Friar (a most discouraging title) he gives the first impetus to that extravagant Madonna-worship which, in connection with his mediæval yearnings, at last assumed the phase of "artistic Catholicism," and ended with sending more than half of the prominent Romanticists to the bosom of the "only saving church." With Wackenroder, this Catholic tendency sprung from a sincere, child-like faith, which willingly reposed in authority, and to which miracles were not only no stumbling-blocks, but on the contrary the most beautiful and most natural revelation of the divine. But it will always remain a matter of surprise that Tieck, with his "enlightened" reminiscences and his naturally skeptic temperament, could have entered with such vehemence into the religious ecstasies of his companion. Again, as in the case of his connection with Nicolai, we see him assume the cloak of another, and wear it with even more grace than the real owner. And still, this ready adaptability on his part was not hypocrisy; it was rather that sort of æsthetic belief which enthusiastic men are very apt to contract during some period of their lives; they desire so ardently to believe, that at length they persuade themselves that belief is theirs.

Wackenroder's religious reverence, not only for art in the abstract but also for the individual works of art, is mirrored on every page of those of Tieck's writings which date back to this period, and especially in the romance, Sternbald's Wanderings, a book written under Wackenroder's inspiration, and as a tribute to his and the author's friendship. This Sternbald, with the subtitle *Eine Alt-Deutsche Geschichte*, like half the romances of that day, seems

a feeble echo of *Wilhelm Meister*. In sentiment it is as widely removed from that singular virtuoso performance as the dim Romantic twilight is from the daylight of pagan, rationalistic Weimar; nevertheless Sternbald could never have been, if *Meister* had not been. Who knows if (like Novalis's *Ofterdingen*) it was not written as a conscious protest against the cheerful paganism of the Weimar school?

Franz Sternbald, a young German painter, and a pupil of Albrecht Dürer's, starts out from Nuremberg, on his way to Italy. While wandering on he falls in with a great many people who invariably sing a song, weep, and tell him their history. A most extraordinary autobiographical mania seems to possess everybody; no man thinks of withholding the deepest secrets of his heart for more than five minutes; then usually a bugle comes in very conveniently, and either the tale or the bugle moves both parties to tears, whereupon they sing another song and exchange opinions regarding art, the one topic with which high and low are familiar, and touching which they have the most ingenious theories. Everybody's birth is wrapped in mystery, which gives a charming uncertainty to the family relations of the hero and those of the poetic adventurers with whom he consorts. Unfortunately, the book was never finished, and to clear up the numerous entanglements of kinship the author is obliged to sum up the unwritten portion of the tale in an epilogue, in which he explains who were in paternal and who in fraternal relations, etc., and assures the reader that in the end they were all very happy.

It is difficult to read a novel of the eighteenth century without feeling what great strides we have made in that branch of writing during the last seventy years. How much more entertaining, how much truer, purer, and more artistic is the work of those whom we call the average writers of the present day, than were those clumsily moral or lasciviously virtuous romances in which our slim-waisted grandmothers delighted! In the course of one's reading one is constantly

astonished to see what an amount of space the literary histories devote to books which, if they had been written to-day, would hardly have been honored with a notice in our monthly reviews. Characterization of the kind which we find even in the minor novelists of our day is seldom attempted in these Romantic extravaganzas. Everybody moves about as in a fever-dream, the most unheard-of things are continually happening, and nobody is really responsible either for himself or for anybody else. The fact that a man determines to do something is no reason whatever why he should do it; it is rather a reason why he should leave it undone or do the very opposite. Human will is at the mercy of strange, mysterious powers, which thwart it, play with it, and urge it on to the most arbitrary deeds. This is the tendency in most of Tieck's novels, as in those of Brentano, Arnim, Hoffmann, and his other successors. And even at the present day the tendency survives; it is not many years since a legitimate heir to the Romantic doctrine, Hermann Grimm, published a two-volume novel, entitled *Invincible Forces*, in which the philosophy of the school is once more distinctly revived.

During the later years of his life Tieck lived in Dresden, where he chiefly interested himself in the affairs of the theatre. To quote Heine once more, "He who in his earlier writings had constantly satirized the court counselors as the type of everything ridiculous became himself a royal Saxon court counselor. The Almighty is, after all, a greater satirist than Mr. Tieck." The Napoleonic wars had devastated Germany and reduced it to a state of political nullity; therefore public men, being forbidden to interfere in public affairs, were obliged to take refuge in the imaginary world of the stage, where they could mold the destinies of nations according to their sovereign will. And Tieck, like so many others, sought this refuge. The dearest friends of his youth were dead, and the school he had founded had fallen into disrepute. As early as 1798, that gentle enthusiast,

Wackenroder, had ended his pathetic strivings for the ideal, to continue them where, perhaps, the ideal no longer seems so hopelessly beyond one's reach. Three years later his other bosom friend, Novalis, had quitted this life which he loved so well. Friedrich Schlegel, whose friendship Tieck had once prized so highly, had after many strange vagaries become respectable, conservative, and a Catholic, and had established himself as a literary grand inquisitor in Vienna; his work on *The Language and Wisdom of the Hindoos* had at length gained him a strong position among the *savans* of the day. But just as he had turned the first bright page in the tragic history of his life, he died suddenly from the effects of a too hearty dinner, and evil tongues once more revived the scandal of his youth. To die from overeating—what an end for an idealist! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Of the early Romanticists, then, Tieck was the only survivor, unless, indeed, Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel could still be said to be alive; he who, after his various tragic marriages and his fierce warfare against the literary coryphaei of France, now languished as a comfortable fossil at the University of Göttingen. This elder Schlegel had, with his brother Friedrich, founded *The Atheneum*, and had through the columns of that journal developed a gigantic critical activity, until his quarrel with Schiller and Goethe, and his friendship for Madame de Staël, for a time removed him from the Romantic arena. In spite of all the obloquy, however, which has been so abundantly heaped upon him by Heine and other unscrupulous reviewers, his labors are of too solid a character to be left unnoticed in a review of the school for whose advancement he worked with such laudable zeal. It is to him that the Germans owe their first complete translation of Shakespeare,—a translation which to this day stands unsurpassed. Not poet enough to produce any original work of real worth, he had still a sufficiently tuneful ear to enable him to appreciate and to render rhythmical effects with great nicety.

After having exhausted the dramatic treasures of English literature, Schlegel turned to those of Spain, and began the translation of Calderon and Lope de Vega. On all sides he opened avenues through which foreign culture could flow abundantly into the Fatherland. Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck had labored in the same direction, and it is no vain boast when the Romantic School claims the merit of having widened the national horizon and enabled the German scholar of to-day to approach that cosmopolitan type of manhood which Goethe has foreshadowed in the second part of his *Faust*.

Another member of The Athenaeum circle, the preacher, Schleiermacher, of whose personal history we have communicated some fragments in a previous article,¹ had in the year 1802 left Berlin and his Henrietta, and was seeking consolation in his Platonic studies for the privations which fate had inflicted upon him. But before retiring to his rural solitude at Stolpe, he had startled the theological world by a series of literary performances which bore on their face the mark of their Romantic origin. His *Discourses on Religion* is a most remarkable document, a virtuoso performance of the first order. Considering its philosophical purpose and the profound depths of human thought to which it penetrates, it is clear in the midst of its abstruseness, large in its conception, and in its spirit broad and catholic. There is a healthy, warm-blooded, and broad-breasted humanity about all that Schleiermacher writes, and even if this was his only merit, it would still suffice to make him a phenomenon among theologians. As sound in sentiment — that is, correct, dogmatic, and clerically narrow — he will hardly be regarded either by orthodox or by freethinker. But if he errs, he does so in a large, free fashion, which wins one's heart and makes his error more lovable than the same amount of unquestioned truth clothed in the severe garb of the Lutheran pulpit. As soon as a chapter is finished, he carries

the manuscript to Henrietta, and they criticise and discuss the contents together.

Schleiermacher's religion is chiefly an aesthetic one, and consists in action. Humanity, he says, is not the universe; "it is only a single form of it, an embodiment of a single modification of its elements; . . . it is an intermediate link between the individual and God [*zwischen dem Einzelnen und dem Einen*], a resting-point on the way to the infinite, and man would have to possess some still higher element of character than his humanity, if he were to refer himself and his existence directly to the universe. This presentiment of something outside and above humanity is the object of all religion." This, we admit, does not appear especially clear, but German philosophy has never been remarkable for lucidity of expression. In other passages the thought, although still abstruse, is more easily seized. When, for instance, he speaks of "contemplation of the universe" as "the highest formula of religion," he has thereby felicitously expressed the passively aesthetic nature of his faith. Morality is active and finds its expression in the objective deed; religion is a pious exaltation, a state of the mind, and therefore subjective. But this universal contemplation does not only include self and pious abstractions; it embraces all humanity, and, although in itself passive, is actively fostering feelings of compassion, humility, love, gratitude, etc. These religious feelings must accompany all the deeds of man, "like sacred music;" he must do everything with religion, everything from religion. Thus in the end morality is not separable from religion; it is, however, not an aim and end, but an attendant circumstance.

Schleiermacher's object is to prove that dogmatic theology is not *per se* religion, and that religion in the higher and wider sense of his definition is not only not at variance with advanced culture, but that no real culture can exist without it. It is very much the same position which Chateaubriand was to take in his *Genie du Christianisme* (1802),

¹ Social Aspects of the German Romantic School, Atlantic Monthly, July, 1875.

that much-lauded and much-abused book which suddenly made Christianity fashionable, and reconciled France (*i. e.*, Paris) to the Napoleonic Concordat. The objects of both were identical, but how different their methods! The Gaul undertakes with much elaborate rhetoric to show that Christianity is sensuously attractive, picturesque, and poetic. The Teuton appeals to the deeper needs of the soul, and deduces religion from the fact that man is so constructed that he cannot reach the full completion of his being without it.

Friedrich Schlegel, who excelled in inventing startling formulas for everything under the sun, had naturally enough also found a formula for religion. According to him, religion is the synthesis of art and philosophy; the former strives to give an outward form to the objects in accordance with their inner being, the latter seeks to explore their inmost essence; the two united make religion. "Religion," he says again, "is the all-animating universal soul of culture. Only he can be an artist who has a religion of his own, who has an original view of the infinite. . . . The only opposition to the everywhere germinating religion which we may expect will come from the few real Christians still remaining."

In sharp contrast to this, Schleiermacher maintains that Christianity in its spirit, independent of the dogmatic differences of sects, alone can satisfy the cultivated intellect as well as the deep-

er, more primitive needs of the human heart. Châteaubriand had emphatically declared Christianity to mean Catholicism; Schleiermacher, with his broader, more cosmopolitan manhood, ignored sectarian partisanship, and strove to rise above the letter which killeth, strove to find the spirit which giveth life.

Schlegel very naturally felt dissatisfied with the position of his friend; he felt that they were divided, and he expressed in a sonnet his judgment of his solution of the religious problem: Schleiermacher stands at the door of a stately temple of wondrous beauty; he opens the door; a solemn, sacred symphony fills the air with sweet, soul-stirring sound; a curtain is drawn aside, and behold, the old Sphinx. The riddle is still unsolved.

And it may be well that neither Schleiermacher nor any one else has as yet definitely solved the riddle. In the strife and infinite divergence fostered by our eagerness and aspiration for truth absolute lies our surest promise of spiritual progress. The Romantic school, through its various representatives, strove to reclaim a nation which was rapidly drifting into artistic paganism. Through Tieck, Wackenroder, and Novalis, it introduced Christianity into literature; through Schleiermacher (paradoxical as the expression may seem), it introduced Christianity into religion. And even if the truth which these men saw was more than half error, they still labored nobly for a noble cause, and surely have not lived in vain.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE Life of George Ticknor¹ was begun by one of his intimate friends, Mr. George S. Hillard, but, owing to his failing health, the work after reaching the sixth chapter had to be committed to the hands of some of Mr. Ticknor's relatives, subject still to Mr. Hillard's revision. The principal task, however, was that of editing Mr. Ticknor's journals and letters, for he had preserved so copious memoranda of his life that the work has to a considerable extent the charm of an autobiography. This task of making suitable selections from his papers has been well performed, and the matter that has gone to connecting the bits of Mr. Ticknor's writing is always apt and of value. Of the early years of his life there is not much that is important to be said. His parents spared no pains with his education, and when, after graduating at sixteen from Dartmouth College, and studying law, he determined to go abroad to carry on his education as he could not in this country, not only was his plan found practicable, but he was aided and advised by his father, who seems to have been a man of noticeable intelligence and kindness. Before leaving this country he traveled through part of it, seeing, among other people, Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, who gave him many letters for use abroad. It was in 1815, when twenty-three years old, that he set sail for Europe, reaching England just in time to hear of Bonaparte's escape from Elba. It is with this date that the main interest of the book begins, for at once Mr. Ticknor was thrown with a number of remarkable people, of whose conversation he fortunately made ample notes. Not only was he well equipped with letters of introduction, but he also was fortunate in being able to use his position as an American for an introduction where at present it might be less sure of producing the same effect. Indeed, those early travelers from this country not only saw what was to them an unknown and longed-for land, but they also, it is clear, were themselves regarded with considerable curiosity and interest. Mr. Ticknor made a favorable impression wherever he went, but what is of more importance in this book is the impression other

people made upon him. Of Lord Byron he says that he had not "a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree." Again he says, "He is, I think, simple and unaffected." Testimony like this is certainly valuable. Of older men he saw Dr. Parr, and Dr. Rees, who was at one of the dinners at which Johnson and Wilkes met, and from all quarters he heard a number of interesting anecdotes, which he fortunately put down on paper. Here is one: "There was a Captain Fuller present, who was in one of the frigates stationed off Elba to keep in Bonaparte and to keep out the Algerines. He told us several anecdotes of the rude treatment of Bonaparte by the English sailors, which were very amusing. Among them he said that Captain Towers, or 'Jack Towers,' as he called him, gave a ball, at which many of the inhabitants of Elba were present, and Bonaparte was invited. When he came along-side, and was announced, the dancing stopped, out of compliment to him as emperor; but Jack Towers cried out, 'No, no, my boys, none of that; you're aboard the king's ship, and Bony's no more here than any other man. So strike up again.' The band was English, and obeyed." Another amusing thing is this remark of the Dey of Algiers to an English officer with regard to the same prisoner: "Your masters were fools, when they had the Frenchman in their hands, that they did not cut off his head. If I catch him, I shall act more wisely."

Mr. Ticknor did not linger long in London, but soon made his way to Göttingen, where he devoted himself to hard work under Eichhorn, Blumenbach, and others. In the summer of 1816 he traveled through parts of Germany, seeing every one of note on the way, and among others, naturally, Goethe, who made no very deep impression on him. What he seems to have noticed especially in the German poet was his freedom from stiff German manners. After another winter in Göttingen he went to

¹ *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.* Two Volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

Paris, and there, while not neglecting his studies, he devoted a good part of his time to what may be called the business of society. He was received everywhere with heartiness. He met Madame de Staél, of whose conversation he preserved some interesting notes, and at the *salon* of her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, he used to see the best literary society of the time. A mere list of the names is enough to fill the reader with envy: Benjamin Constant, Alexander Humboldt, Madame Récamier, and Châteaubriand, "a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. . . . His general tone was declamatory, though not extravagant so, and its general effect that of interesting the feelings and attention, without producing conviction or changing opinion."

From Paris Mr. Ticknor went through Switzerland — where he met Borstetten, and studied the scenery which Rousseau taught the people of this century to admire — to Italy, falling in again with Byron at Venice. The winter of 1817-18 he spent in Rome, studying Italian literature. In the early summer of 1818 he went to Spain. His descriptions of this country are particularly full and hearty. In 1819, after visiting again France and England, he returned to America, and was made Professor of the French and Spanish Languages and of the Belles-Lettres at Harvard College. Narrowing space compels us merely to mention this important period of his life, as well as his second visit to Europe, from 1835 to 1838, in which, accompanied by his family, for he had married meanwhile, he again spent much of his time in society. Besides the preparation of his valuable History of Spanish Literature, one of the more noteworthy events of his life was the aid he gave to the public library of Boston, and his interest in this took him again abroad in the year 1856. From the time of his return, the next year, until his death in 1871, he lived mainly in Boston, keeping up many of the ties he had formed in his long life by busy correspondence.

This outline gives even less indication of all that the book contains than do the full indexes or the table of contents. The number of people he met is simply enormous, and of almost every one he has recorded some observation of talk or appearance. The volumes give us, indeed, a crowded picture of European society during a good half-century. We can only be grateful

that the tastes which threw him with so many people were found in conjunction with the habit of writing full journals and letters. His long life, too, adds to the interest of the book; mention is made of Washington's death and of the late war between France and Germany. The meagre description we have given shows, too, how wide was the field that contributed great men for his delectation. It is curious to notice how many interesting persons have had no better luck than to slip, not quite into foot-notes, because no one writes foot-notes in his diary, but into the corresponding hastily written line at the end of the day's record. Charles Lamb (i. 294) figures as a decrier of more successful men's reputations, in company with Hunt, Hazlitt, and Godwin, and the difference between their deportment and that of the genteeler men whom Mr. Ticknor was at the time in the habit of meeting is carefully pointed out; but fame is less punctilious. Sainte-Beuve, as it were, thrusts his head in the door and then disappears. Although Mr. Ticknor sat at dinner between Madame Récamier and Châteaubriand, his mention of her is very brief and unsatisfactory. In general, however, the reader has little of this sort to complain of, and it would be ungracious to overlook the vast amount of entertainment the book affords. It deserves to take a high place among a very readable sort of literature. It is not easy to recall any American book, nor many English, with the same generous supply of what shall surely delight the reader who cares to study his fellow-men through another's glasses. The best thing that any one can do is to get the book and see for himself how cool our praise is in proportion to the entertainment and information it gives.

— In his preface, Mr. Greene frankly disclaims any pretensions to originality of research in his little book on the German element in our War of Independence,¹ and acknowledges Mr. Frederick Kapp's studies of our history as the chief sources of his information. Nevertheless the general reader owes Mr. Greene a distinct debt of gratitude for assembling in such short space and in such agreeable form so much that one ought to know upon the subject. The three chapters of the book are severally devoted to Baron von Steuben and General de Kalb, who fought for us, and those hapless

¹ *The German Element in the War of American Independence.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, LL. D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1876.

Hessian mercenaries who fought against us. If any reader therefore finds the obligation conferred by the former more oppressive than it was felt by contemporary congressmen, who delayed a substantial acknowledgment of Steuben's services during years of poverty and humiliation, he may relieve himself by turning to the story of the Hessians; though here, indeed, there is a chance that his only feeling will be one of entire compassion. It is a very miserable story, quite as shameful to England as the fact of her arming the savages against us; as for the poor, sottish little German princelings who sold her their subjects at so much a head, it would be rather hard asking them to account anything shameful. In those days a German recruit was a slave, no more nor less, and he was not otherwise treated than as a slave; what a slave's treatment then was one may learn from this most interesting chapter of Mr. Greene's book, which one may profitably supplement by re-perusal of the recruiting episodes of *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*.

The paper on De Kalb is one of those romances wherein life shows itself so much greater master than fiction that one feels that when biographies come to be written as they should be, there will be no longer any reading of novels. The Steuben has much the same charm; and there is the added pathos, at the close, of his long waiting for the republic's leisurely gratitude; De Kalb had the happier fortune to die in the war.

The Germans are now grown so great as a people, and their national self-complacency is naturally so vast, that we can fancy even our adoptive fellow-citizens not much caring to remember what Germans did for American liberty; but it is something that Americans cannot afford to forget. Mr. Greene has well outlined the record, and in such particulars as he has seized, he gives us one of the most entertaining volumes that this year of patriotic memories is likely to call forth. The matter is important, and the manner, without losing ease, is touched with that warmth of feeling which is the right tone of the time, and is the habitual mood of a writer whose name is forever related to the Revolution and its history.

—Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American

Literature¹ was first published in 1856, and ten years later the surviving editor, Evert A. Duyckinck, issued a supplement bringing the work down to that date. The original work and supplement have been consolidated, and considerable additions made by Mr. Simons; the present edition, issued in numbers and now complete in two large volumes, closes with the year 1873. The new matter has been so marked that it may easily be distinguished from the old, but it is not easy to discover any departure from the general temper which pervaded the original work, unless it be in a somewhat more business-like performance of the editorial duty. Both the Messrs. Duyckinck and Mr. Simons have honestly sought to make the cyclopædia an impartial and unadorned record of what has been done by American writers. The book is what it professes to be, a cyclopædia and not a treatise, and the facts stated, so far as our own knowledge goes, are accurately and fairly given. It was not so difficult to do this when dealing with the older authors, but it is evident that great pains have been taken to give faithful reports of the literary life and the works of contemporary writers; and the general absence of comment and explicitness of statement give evidence that the editor has recognized the limits of his responsibility. The work remains as a most comprehensive and convenient guide to American authorship; if the diligence and method of bibliographers will now keep track of the issues of the press from year to year, the labors of special students of our literature will be free from much of the drudgery of individual exploration, and any one who desires to acquaint himself with the names, general career, and productions of American writers up to the present day will find the cyclopædia an excellent base of operations.

The cyclopædia is arranged by a chronological method, and is not broken into divisions or periods; it affords thus an admirable means for making a survey of American literature with reference to its growth and development; any one conversant with the works of the principal writers can, when turning its pages, make for himself the general divisions, and remind himself of the occasional groups and *coteries* in which the authors named have been

¹ *Cyclopædia of American Literature: embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day; with Portraits and Autographs,*

gathered. There is a disposition amongst some to deny the existence of a national literature in America as having any marked characteristics which separate it from English literature, and to resent the claims laid by certain productions having a wilding flavor to represent American literature in its possibilities and tendencies; on the other hand there always have been those who were fired with a zeal, most fiery when most ignorant, to demonstrate the existence of a national literature which would carry off the prize in any grand international literary exhibition, and who look eagerly to every erratic display of authorship for the appearance of some new champion of the independence of American art. It would be amusing, and no very difficult matter, with this cyclopaedia before us, to trace the course of these opposing views from the beginning of colonial independence to the present time, marking the exhibition on one side of subservience to English literary manners, and on the other of self-conscious posing and the admiration of make-believe swans. But these are only theories about national literature; the more substantial fact remains that it is impossible for a nation, as it is impossible for a man, to conceal character and individuality; and while literature may not, as in the case of the United States it does not, present the fullest illustration of national life, it is impossible that it should not, within the scope even of American life, afford a reflection of the conditions which accompanied its production. In some sense, however one may place limits; the literature of a nation is an outcome of the national life; and to those who believe in the positive personality of a nation the study of its literature must inevitably take the form of an inquiry into the extent and fullness with which that literature embodies the purposes, aspirations, temptations, and victories of the nation.

The student of our history seeks for institutional beginnings in the character of the early colonies and the laws and customs which they brought with them from an older civilization; watches for the first resolution of the new elements of social life in the New World into formal and orderly proceeding; traces the gradual combination of the particles of national life into one organic body; and notes how independence, while consolidating by a rapid process the several parts, was but one prominent sign of a destined union which it accelerated, but did not produce. No one

simply reads the history of the United States from the date of its formal institution a hundred years ago. So the student of our literature, carrying back his inquiry to the first beginnings of literary activity on this continent, as he reads in succession the representative writings, perceives, as he could not by the study of any formal history, that spiritual growth and change which in a man we know to be the last and finest result of our analysis, and in a nation can never be lost sight of if one aims to know the nation as a separate, independent body.

The study of literature as art will not best be pursued by an examination of the masterpieces of American literature, one or two exceptions being made, but as an exponent of American life it offers advantages which we suspect have been too much disregarded by students. How completely it has mirrored both the depth and the shallowness of American life! That singular company of men and women who move across the field of Winthrop's Journal and Bradford's History leave upon the pages the enduring memorial of their nobility and their folly, their perverseness and their steadfastness, while bursts of passionate utterance disclose the repressed fervor of the life portrayed in those literary memorials. The religion which had been allied with the practical work of founding a Christian commonwealth drove its power into abstractions when the pressure of necessity was withdrawn, and the literature which gathers about the *Magnalia Christi Americana*—theology run to seed, poetry ridiculously travestied in lumbering conceits of rhyme, learned trifles, interminable webs of useless learning—reflects with sardonic truthfulness the dreary commonplace of a community which had spent its first high energy, and was fed by no streams from the ever-living fountains of great political endeavor. The commercial instincts of a shrewd, self-reliant, thrifty community, looking out for the main chance, were reproduced in the perspicuous, easily comprehended pages of Franklin's autobiography. Then the period of nascent force, when the country was agitated by profound questions which the conscience mooted, was open-minded, stirred by the re-discovery of the Old World in travel and art, conscious of its unfolding vocation,—this period was caught and contained in Hawthorne's romances, the poetry and philosophy of the transcendental school, the traditional art of

Longfellow and Irving, the hopeful expansive work of Bryant and Cooper. The feverish gallop to California, an intense, confined movement, has issued in a literature of sudden and striking form, while the waves of emigration that have extended across the continent, a movement of which history will yet make great account, have found already a partial reproduction in literature. We are confident that other separate phases of our national life might in turn be set forth in a survey of the corresponding period in literary endeavor. For such a study the cyclopaedia under notice affords a valuable basis.

— Mr. Aldrich has studied the life of A Bad Boy as the pleasant reprobate led it in a quiet old New England town twenty-five or thirty years ago, where in spite of the natural outlawry of boyhood he was more or less part of a settled order of things, and was hemmed in, to some measure, by the traditions of an established civilization. Mr. Clemens, on the contrary, has taken the boy of the Southwest for the hero of his new book,¹ and has presented him with a fidelity to circumstance which loses no charm by being realistic in the highest degree, and which gives incomparably the best picture of life in that region as yet known to fiction. The town where Tom Sawyer was born and brought up is some such idle, shabby little Mississippi River town as Mr. Clemens has so well described in his piloting reminiscences, but Tom belongs to the better sort of people in it, and has been bred to fear God and dread the Sunday-school according to the strictest rite of the faiths that have characterized all the respectability of the West. His subjection in these respects does not so deeply affect his inherent tendencies but that he makes himself a beloved burden to the poor, tender-hearted old aunt who brings him up with his orphan brother and sister, and struggles vainly with his manifold sins, actual and imaginary. The limitations of his transgressions are nicely and artistically traced. He is mischievous, but not vicious; he is ready for almost any depredation that involves the danger and honor of adventure, but profanity he knows may provoke a thunderbolt upon the heart of the blasphemer, and he almost never swears; he resorts to any stratagem to keep out of school, but he is not a downright liar, except upon terms of after shame and remorse that make his falsehood bitter to him. He is cruel, as

all children are, but chiefly because he is ignorant; he is not mean, but there are very definite bounds to his generosity; and his courage is the Indian sort, full of prudence and mindful of retreat as one of the conditions of prolonged hostilities. In a word, he is a boy, and merely and exactly an ordinary boy on the moral side. What makes him delightful to the reader is that on the imaginative side he is very much more, and though every boy has wild and fantastic dreams, this boy cannot rest till he has somehow realized them. Till he has actually run off with two other boys in the character of buccaneer, and lived for a week on an island in the Mississippi, he has lived in vain; and this passage is but the prelude to more thrilling adventures, in which he finds hidden treasures, traces the bandits to their cave, and is himself lost in its recesses. The local material and the incidents with which his career is worked up are excellent, and throughout there is scrupulous regard for the boy's point of view in reference to his surroundings and himself, which shows how rapidly Mr. Clemens has grown as an artist. We do not remember anything in which this propriety is violated, and its preservation adds immensely to the grown-up reader's satisfaction in the amusing and exciting story. There is a boy's love-affair, but it is never treated otherwise than as a boy's love-affair. When the half-breed has murdered the young doctor, Tom and his friend, Huckleberry Finn, are really, in their boyish terror and superstition, going to let the poor old town-drunkard be hanged for the crime, till the terror of that becomes unendurable. The story is a wonderful study of the boy-mind, which inhabits a world quite distinct from that in which he is bodily present with his elders, and in this lies its great charm and its universality, for boy-nature, however humanness varies, is the same everywhere.

The tale is very dramatically wrought, and the subordinate characters are treated with the same graphic force that sets Tom alive before us. The worthless vagabond, Huck Finn, is entirely delightful throughout, and in his promised reform his identity is respected: he will lead a decent life in order that he may one day be thought worthy to become a member of that gang of robbers which Tom is to organize. Tom's aunt is excellent, with her kind heart's sorrow and secret pride in Tom; and so is his sister Mary, one of those good girls who are born to usefulness and charity and

¹ *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.* By MARK TWAIN. Hartford: American Publishing Co. 1876.

forbearance and unvarying rectitude. Many village people and local notables are introduced in well-conceived character; the whole little town lives in the reader's sense, with its religiousness, its lawlessness, its droll social distinctions, its civilization qualified by its slave-holding, and its traditions of the wilder West which has passed away. The picture will be instructive to those who have fancied the whole Southwest a sort of vast Pike County, and have not conceived of a sober and serious and orderly contrast to the sort of life that has come to represent the Southwest in literature. Mr. William M. Baker gives a notion of this in his stories, and Mr. Clemens has again enforced the fact here, in a book full of entertaining character, and of the greatest artistic sincerity.

Tom Brown and Tom Bailey are, among boys in books, alone deserving to be named with Tom Sawyer.

—The author of the very pretty little comedy of *The Queen of Hearts*¹ has made a play in which one perceives nothing of the labor of doing an airy and graceful thing, and has completely realized a very charming conceit. He imagines that the various cards of the pack come to life under fairy influence, and play their different parts in a drama, which he makes a delicate burlesque of the ordinary human motive and action in love-making and court-intrigue, dimly following in outline the plot indicated in the old nursery-rhyme of the Queen of Hearts who made some tarts. In the comedy this august lady has goaded her lord, the King of Hearts, into allowing her to give party, in spite of the deficit in the budget, and has promised to economize by providing tarts for refreshments, using kerosene instead of gas, and inviting a pianist; and she has announced her purpose to her daughter, the Ace of Hearts, and the Court Ladies, Ace of Diamonds, Ace of Clubs, and Ace of Spades, when the Herald announces a minstrel who craves audience. The minstrel, who appears in an ulster, with a lute under his arm, proves to be the White Knight, or the Joker, whom the princess has met the previous summer at a watering-place, and whom she altogether prefers to the Knave of Diamonds, her father's favorite, and the Knave of Hearts, whom her mother wishes her to marry. After a violent scene, in which she declares that she will

have no one but the Joker, it is arranged that her hand shall be the prize of a competitive examination, because, as the king says, "It will please the people, and then I can give the place as I like, afterwards. That's the way Grant does. Nobody will see through it except the editor of *The Nation*."

Ace sends a book of conundrums to the White Knight, that he may prepare himself for the contest, but the Herald forgets to deliver it, and in the mean time the Knaves of Hearts and Diamonds wickedly plot to carry him the queen's tarts as a gift from the princess. The unhappy Joker eats them with rapture, and at the court ball, after he has triumphed in the examination and has won the princess's hand, the queen misses her tarts. The king of course orders the Joker to the block instantly, but he insists upon a trial, and they are preparing for this when the presiding fairy appears and says that they must not manage matters in this ridiculous human way; they must cut for it, and the guilty one will cut lowest. The Knaves of Hearts and Diamonds each cut a deuce, and the king orders them to the block; but the fairy forbids, and turns them into statues. The court ladies intercede for them, because "it's a pity to waste young men in this way when there are so few," and accordingly the fairy pardons them, on their promising "to be very kind and attentive, and never plot any more, nor steal any more, nor smoke, nor do anything that is n't nice as long as they live;" and so all ends happily. The characterization is as charming as the plot, which is full of incident and action: the king with his furious moods, the queen with her alternate majesty and *stizza*, the innocent guileful princess, the White Knight with his preposterous splendor, the Knave of Hearts, a comical rogue, and the Knave of Diamonds, a most desperate and unscrupulous villain, are all delightful, and a spirit of delicate fun rules throughout. It is a pity that some manager has not the wit to see how fascinating the play would be on the stage. In the mean time it is recommended to people desiring a play for private theatricals as the best imaginable thing for their purpose.

—Those who have faithfully clung to an early fondness for Thackeray's quaint initial letters and illustrations for his novels will find ample justification for their taste in the new volume of his sketches, so tastefully issued, and so charmingly edited by

¹ *The Queen of Hearts. A Dramatic Fantasia. For Private Theatricals. By an Amateur. Cambridge : Charles W. Sever. 1875.*

his daughter.¹ What strikes one first in this collection is the various facility of Thackeray's pencil, no less than the complete mastery of his theme and his means, which he displays frequently and in the most diverse moods. The sketches accompanying the little extravaganza of *The Orphan of Pimlico* are perhaps on the whole the least meritorious, though they are full of exuberant fun; and the head of "the good admiral, Earl of Fitzmarlinspike," is as admirable for its drawing as for its quiet satire. *Mordaunt's* half-length, too, is no less deliciously desperate than well carried out. The genuineness of character-impressions and neatness of touch are remarkable, in all cases; even in that of the page called *De Juventute* (from the *Roundabout Paper* of that name), which gives a couple of queer, coarse-lined, scratchy representations of Charter House school-day tussles. Very amusing are the negro Othello and a couple of American sketches; and one could not easily tire of the many ingenious cartoons made out of the clubs and spades and hearts and diamonds of playing-cards. Then there are two or three colored drawings: *City, City!* and *Children at Play*; the latter of which gives us, with mournful truth and the deep emphasis of pent-up pity, the spectacle of some squalid Scotch children at their dismal amusements in a murky street of Glasgow. Indeed, here and there one breaks suddenly through the surface of honest, hearty fun into little abysses of profound pathos, just as in the artist's books. Nothing, in fact, is more charming or more curious in these pictured impressions than their exact and detailed correspondence to the author's written impressions. Several of the designs have an associative literary interest, as the glimpse of Sir Pitt Crawley, and the first allegorical vision of Becky Sharp, and that misty but masterly *ébauche* of Colonel Newcome withdrawing Clive from the Cave of Harmony (adopted by John Doyle, the illustrator of *The Newcomes*). Others again have the most intimate and delightful flavor of autobiography, presented as they are by the editor; for example, the one called *Breakfast-Time*, where "some long-forgotten morning light is streaming on the breakfast-table at the window." It makes us think (by its absence of figures)

of the kindly and humane gentleman who will never more share in the little, cozy comforts of English life, or open his heart to the world in wholesome and vigorous novels about other sides of that life. One cannot take up a page of Thackeray's prose description without seeing how inevitably his pen traces little pictures through the print; it was a part of his genius to frame things in their physical outline and to group his characters or note a facial expression just as a painter does these things. So that his actual pictorial expression has always been an inseparable sort of thing from the literary side of him. There is evidence in these pages that he might have made a name in illustration as eminent as Leech's, while doing work more thorough than Leech's and akin to the best of the later *Punch* draughtsmen's productions. And, though no one can wish that he had confined himself to such a fame, it is valuable to have the fact made clear. On many accounts we have to thank Miss Thackeray for the rare gift of this collection to the public.

— This first installment of a *Life of Lord Shelburne*² is chiefly a compilation by his grandson, Lord Fitzmaurice, from the interesting papers preserved in Lansdowne House. It begins with a fragment of autobiography, which one very much wishes the author could have lived to complete. To this are subjoined his official correspondence with the great statesmen under and with whom he held office before 1766, and several elaborate pen-and-ink portraits of famous men with whom Lord Shelburne was intimately acquainted at different periods of his changeful, yet not indirect nor inconsistent career. Among these are the elder Fox and the elder Pitt, the Earl of Bute and the infamous Lord George Sackville, General Wolfe, with whom Shelburne was serving in Canada at the time of the hero's death, and that fiery soldier and orator, Colonel Barré, whose most famous philippic every American school-boy knows by heart. These personal sketches are somewhat dry and unsympathetic in tone, but vigorous and evidently truthful. If they fail of clearness at some points, it is owing to a species of grammatical clumsiness, which continually deforms the states-

¹ *The Orphan of Pimlico, and Other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings.* By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With some notes by ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

² *Life of William Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lansdowne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By LORD EDMUND FITSMURICE. Vol. I. 1737-1766.

man's style, and is doubtless due to that miserable early education which he never ceased to lament. Writing in 1800 of his neglected and joyless boyhood in Ireland, he says he should "hardly have known how to read, write, or even articulate," but for his aunt, Lady Arabella Denny, a woman of distinguished qualities, of whom he speaks in what are for him terms of extreme tenderness and veneration. Born in 1737, and bred a tory of the tories, he took his seat in the House of Lords on his father's death in 1761, and soon displayed political abilities of so uncommon an order that he obtained a place in Lord Bute's cabinet, and was offered the presidency of the Board of Trade when he was only twenty-six. He accepted the latter office after having once declined it, but resigned at the end of a few months. It was at that time a thankless and most harassing place, owing to increasing troubles connected with American taxation; and, moreover, its duties were ill-defined and confused with those of the Secretary of State, and Shelburne, even at that age, disdained a divided responsibility. He soon quarreled with Fox, with whom, as head of the Pay Office under Lord Bute, he was for a time on the most intimate terms, because Fox had promised to resign his paymaster's place on condition of being made a peer, and then, after receiving the peerage, declined to do so. Fox argued with his young friend against what he called his "romantic notions of honor," and was deeply aggrieved at his final desertion. Lord Bute, who was very anxious to retain them both and have them work in harmony, attempted to smooth matters to Mr. Fox by describing Shelburne's course (very inappropriately) as a kind of "pious fraud." "I see the fraud," replied Fox, bitterly, "but where is the piety?" The fame of this remark seems to have lain at the bottom of a singularly incorrect notion that Lord Shelburne was a treacherous man. His faults were of quite another order. Horace Walpole, who hated him cordially, for no better reason, it would seem, than the essential antagonism between his own *dilettante* nature and Shelburne's grave and zealous one, insinuates that the young minister wanted the paymaster's place himself; but of this there is not the slightest evidence. Walpole had an equally uncharitable reason to assign for the resignation of the presidency of the Board of Trade, namely, that Lord Shelburne, "thinking Pitt must be minister

soon, and finding himself tolerably obnoxious to him," was "seeking to make his peace at any rate;" and Shelburne's definitive separation from the party with which he had first been identified, which occurred soon after, and his alliance with Mr. Pitt and the more liberal whigs, appeared to give some color to the sneer. But the character and subsequent career of the man allow us to believe that his conversion to more liberal views than those in which he had been educated was a genuine one, due to the natural growth of a generous and sagacious mind, willing to be taught by the movement of events, and that when he took service under the Great Commoner, who, with all his faults, was undoubtedly the most disinterested British statesman of his day, it was from no ignoble motive. Lord Shelburne was much too rich to care about the emoluments of office, and his own writings reveal him as too haughty and self-contained greatly to value personal popularity. The majority of men are liberal in their youth and conservative in their riper years; but that smaller class who begin with high tory prejudices, which they gradually exchange for broader views, numbers some of the most honorable of mankind.

To the policy of Mr. Pitt Lord Shelburne remained ever afterwards attached, and Americans at least ought to hold him in respectful remembrance, as one of the wisest and most steadfast of their friends in the mother country before and during the Revolutionary War. The present volume closes with the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, for which Lord Shelburne had labored strenuously. Another is projected in which Lord Fitzmaurice proposes to give a more complete account of the "political life of Lord Shelburne in office and in the opposition, to explain how it was that Mr. Pitt in 1783 did not have Lord Shelburne for his colleague, to give some new details as to the condition of the whig party during the French Revolution, to draw a picture of the society of which Bowood (the country-seat of Lord Shelburne) was the centre during the latter part of the century, and to describe the connection of Priestley, Price, and Bentham with Shelburne." The forthcoming volume promises to be of unusual interest.

Of the life at Bowood we have already some interesting glimpses in the brief extracts from Lady Shelburne's diary which are introduced near the close of the present

volume. Lady Shelburne, *née* Lady Sophia Cartaret, seems to have been not only a devoted wife, but a woman of vigorous intellect, on whose judgment the statesman relied no less than on her sympathy. He used to read aloud to her his own state papers before they were made public, or selections from Thucydides or Abernethy's Sermons, which strikes one as a very dignified, not to say rigid, mode of recreation.

—A book of a very high order, altogether austere and manly, is Henry M. Goodwin's *Christ and Humanity*.¹ In his modest preface, after alluding to the urgent curiosity concerning the nature of Jesus Christ and the secret of his unique influence upon the minds of men which characterizes the present generation, and to the strange and contradictory theories concerning it which are constantly put forth both in orthodox and in skeptical quarters, Mr. Goodwin proposes to unfold one which to his own mind is consistent alike with Christian intuition, biblical history, and philosophic reason. He begins by decisively rejecting the always distracting notion of *dualism*, or the presence of two natures in Christ's person. Christ was both divine and human certainly; but his being was a natural and homogeneous one, for the simple reason that all humanity is divine, and all divinity human. The latter half of this proposition Mr. Goodwin finds plainly stated in the verse, "God said, Let us make man in our image." In this passage he sees both our patent of nobility and the promise of our perpetual individuality. Christ was the Platonic *archetype* of man in this world, the original, divine ideal of the creature whom we know, and in this sense he "was in the beginning with God;" a view which all who remember Charles Kingsley's noblest work, *Hypatia*, will also remember to have been most eloquently advocated there. Mr. Goodwin waives what is known as the doctrine of redemption, and barely alludes to the presence of evil in the world, but concentrates all his powers on the solution of what he calls, not quite agreeably, "the Christological problem." He argues for his own view of Christ's nature and mission with great force and ingenuity, in a temper always admirable, and with an amount of learning which in itself induces confidence and respect. No narrow dogmatism need

be apprehended from an author who finds support for his theory in Greek philosophy, in the profound speculations of Hegel and Schelling, and in the poetry of Wordsworth; and he does really succeed in bringing before the mind a clear and consistent conception, and one which harmonizes with the Bible without contradicting history or outraging common sense. Whether or no the mass of mankind, to whom, if to anybody, Christ's coming must deeply import, will be made happier by knowing that he is the *archetypal man*, the few who think, and who love all honest books which make them think, will do very well to read Mr. Goodwin's essay with attention. His historical sketch of the doctrine of Christ's person, and particularly the tabular view of authorities on this interesting subject, are of extreme value. His manly maintenance of the divinity in humanity is tonic and refreshing to a mind long wearied by the ignominious deductions of Darwinism, and his book is in itself a refutation of the conceited notion so acceptable in some quarters, that all the learning and ability of the present generation are enlisted on the skeptical and materialistic side. It is not so, and they who reiterate it proclaim their ignorance of some of the finest fruits of recent thought and scholarship, especially in Germany.

—If Cassandra had been a little more impressionable to Apollo's personal passion, she might have had all her knowledge of futurity, and have delivered her warnings to ears that gave some heed to them. Mr. Greg, by the title of his book,² invites us to consider a moment the rationale of the fable of Cassandra, and to inquire if he has not, with more or less deliberateness, placed himself in the attitude of that unfortunate prophetess. To interpret the fable by our modern methods, is not prophecy pretty sure to be idle words to idle ears, when its predictive side is the dominant one? whereas prophecy, in its fullest scope, whether Jeremiah or Isaiah like, must needs be a distinct disclosure of superhuman and divine thought, acting in and by human conditions. It was when Cassandra forgot Apollo, that her revelations of the future failed to make any impression on her countrymen.

In *Rocks Ahead*, Mr. Greg points out the three great rocks on which, if his premises

¹ *Christ and Humanity*. With a Review Historical and Critical of the Doctrine of Christ's Person. By HENRY M. GOODWIN. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876.

² *Rocks Ahead; or, The Warnings of Cassandra*. By W. R. GAGE, author of *Enigmas of Life, Literary and Social Judgments, etc.* Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

are correct, England is to go to pieces: the political, the economic, and the religious rock. The political supremacy of the lower classes, he argues, will transfer the power from those who are educated and capable of statesmanship, to the uneducated and those who are easy dupes of unprincipled demagogues; the management of government, even if it remains with the educated class, will be warped by the preponderating influence of the constituencies that elect; the average intelligence of the electoral body will determine the character of its representatives. Again, he claims that the approaching industrial decline of England may be predicted from three facts: the near period of the exhaustion of the supply of *cheap* coal, the increasing dishonesty of the artisans, and the gradual withdrawal of capital into countries where it can be more profitably used. He makes an important distinction between the absolute depletion of the coal fields, which is an impossibility, and such exhaustion as will increase the expense of mining coal beyond the point where the product can compete with the importation of coal from America. The increasing dishonesty of the artisans he refers to as a well-known fact, incapable from its nature of exact proof. Finally, he affirms that there is a divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion, and that the unbelief which characterizes the great thinkers of England must eventually pass into the common mental habitudes of the people.

These theses Mr. Greg maintains with a sorrowful earnestness which forbids the suspicion that he is merely supporting a fanciful theory; he adduces facts and testimonies which would go far, in the absence of any rebutting evidence, to prove his assertions, and he undertakes in each case to make some faint show of resistance to the inevitable, laying down courses for the nation which may at least save the country from total shipwreck on either of the three rocks. The main security against the political danger lies, to his thinking, in the wider diffusion of property and a new organization of laws and institutions with reference to it; from the economic danger he can see no permanent relief save in a subsidence into the "stationary state" described by Mr. Mill, which will drain off superfluous population and leave England to the cultivation of her own resources for her own people. But this is scarcely more in Mr. Greg's eyes, apparently, than a philosophic making the best of a degradation to

the rank of a third-class power. His remedy for the divorce of religion and intelligence lies in the elimination from current, traditional religion of all dogmas and beliefs which are hard, questionable, and repellent, leaving as residuum "a faith which piety and science might combine to uphold; a national altar before which the highest intelligence and the most fervent devotion might in transparent sincerity kneel side by side; a religion in which should lurk no seed for wars, no standing-ground for the sacerdotal element, no fair pretexts or gaudous disguises for the low, bad passion of humanity."

The field covered by Mr. Greg's book is too wide to permit us to do more than present this brief synopsis of his argument, with a single reflection. The facts which he brings forward are not to be blown aside by any puff of sentiment or incredulity. They are, moreover, suggestive of problems set before our own nation, though it is difficult, when we consider the boundless resources of this continent and the more mobile society, to enter fully into sympathy with the author in his survey of England. Yet certain principles obtain which in different forms are applicable both to England and to the United States, and it is in Mr. Greg's failure to apprehend the force of these that we find hope and courage to withstand the despairing note of his prophecy. The pass to which England has come, by his showing, has been the result of the greedy policy which has made her a nation of shopkeepers, with the high ambition of drawing the trade away from all other shops, and the consequent spirit of timidity and anxiety respecting the safety of the cash-box. The return to an England with a great policy can be made only by the process, slow or revolutionary, of an intenser and profounder national life. Only as England develops the resources of English life for Englishmen will she ever have a controlling voice in European politics. This is something more than a stationary state, and the reason why Mr. Greg's warnings fall faint upon incredulous or listless ears is that they are uninspired by any energetic belief in the higher life of a nation. The restoration of England will not be in some new adjustment of political majorities, nor in the discovery and application of contrivances for cheapening the cost of coal, nor in the gradual spread of a religious faith, courteously so called, which has no power to cleave society as energetic religion always does,

making the good better and the bad worse. We cannot conceive of a more hopeless outlook, if one is to take his place by the side of Mr. Greg and shade his eyes against too strong a light from above. If Cassandra had responded to Apollo's passion, her predictions would not only have had the truth of fact but the persuasive truth which prophecy carries when it is inspired by a divine enlightenment. If we were looking for the prophet of England to-day, we should not find his words in *Rocks Ahead*, but in *Fors Clavigera*, for Mr. Ruskin, with all his vagaries and impulses, hitches his wagon to the stars. The principles which lie at the basis of the St. George's Company are more radical, and permit a larger hope than do the feeble make-shifts of Mr. Greg's philosophy. Both men see a coming destruction to England, yet we suppose Mr. Ruskin is called a visionary and Mr. Greg a practical man.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

M. Taine has for some time been turning his attention to the study of the recent history of his own country, following therein the tendency on the part of the French, which has been especially marked since the late war, of overhauling the various causes which led them to such swift and startling, though possibly temporary, decadence. This Taine is doing, not in order to make a display of captious fault-finding, but that it may be possible for his fellow-countrymen, taking warning from the past, to be wiser in the future when they undertake to put the political machine into good running order. As he says in his preface, thirteen times in the last eighty years the French have remodeled their form of government, and they have not yet hit upon any scheme which gives them general satisfaction. He considers, and with reason, that consultation of the popular voice is a very inadequate way of securing the wisest constitution; that the people can say what they wish, but not necessarily what is best for them; that in order to do so it is important to know what the needs of the country are.

The title of the whole book, which is to consist of three parts, is *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*;² the first volume, the only one that has appeared, is entitled

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

L'Ancien Régime. It is to be followed by studies of the Revolution and of the new régime. In the volume before us Taine endeavors to make out the causes of the Revolution as they existed in the last century in the politics, in the social life, in the prevailing ideas and modes of thought of the time. For this purpose he divides his subject into five books, and in this order discusses the structure of society, the manners and characteristics, the spirit and doctrine, the propagation of the doctrine, and the people. Each one of these subdivisions of his subject he treats with great care; for its full investigation he made careful researches, often in unpublished documents, and the results of his industry are stated by him with all the vigor of his brilliant though at times somewhat wearisome style. By this time Taine's method of work is well known to us all. He does not deal with general principles and vague statements; on the contrary, he accumulates details and statistics, and lets them explain whatever he has to say. In this book, certainly, he cannot be accused of attaching too much weight to isolated instances of what he is anxious to prove was the rule. He has amassed too many examples, and, moreover, he has had a very uncomplex task in showing the great variety of causes that produced the French Revolution. It was nothing obscure or hidden that started that great convulsion. A slight glance beneath the surface — or, for the matter of that, at the surface — of the civilization of the last century shows this. The closer the examination, the clearer does it become that the country was, and for a long time had been, suffering almost incredibly. Exactly of what this suffering consisted, this book shows.

The higher clergy and the nobles had all sorts of privileges. Their taxation was light, the clergy having succeeded in establishing their right to make a gratuitous gift at discretion to the treasury, instead of paying onerous taxes; moreover, they were even ingenious enough to manage that money should be paid them from the treasury, instead of their paying money in; and this besides the enormous revenues they received from their vast properties. The nobles had very much the same experience. The princes of the blood had possession of one seventh of the whole country, and, in-

² *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. (Volume I.) *L'Ancien Régime*. Par H. TAINE. Paris: Hachette. 1875.

stead of paying 2,400,000 livres in taxes, paid only 188,000, with a revenue of from twenty-four to twenty-five millions. Other nobles, too, possessed colossal fortunes, which were equally spared by the tax-gatherer. Those of the nobles who lived on their estates, although lacking in public spirit, and ignorant in many respects about agricultural matters, were generally kind to their peasants and did what they could to free them from their sufferings. Those, on the other hand,—and they formed the vast majority,—who passed their time in Paris or Versailles, lived so extravagantly that they felt unable to forego any of the income they received from their estates, which they left in charge of stewards, forgetting the sufferings of the poverty-stricken, overworked peasants. At court, luxury ruled everywhere. There was no position that was not extravagantly paid. The treasury seemed to be regarded as an unfailing spring, and the illustrations of this that Taine cites are most curious reading; they show how recklessly the money was spent; with what cruelty it was accumulated is shown in another book, which exposes at great length the dreadful misery of the people. It is indeed a terrible indictment that is brought against the frivolous, thoughtless, amiable, cultivated French nobility of the last century. It is not merely with the provocation to revolt that Taine concerns himself; he goes on, in some most interesting chapters, to state what doctrines were at work dissolving those ties and sentiments which tended to keep society united, even if it were in every way miserable. Conservatism was attacked by three things. In the first place, the new activity in the physical sciences, and the explanation of much that had formerly been obscure by the discoveries of Newton, Leibnitz, Laplace, Lavoisier, etc., which showed how universal was the rule of law in the positive sciences, seemed to establish as a natural corollary that the same exactness applies to the moral sciences, and that these could be determined, understood, and controlled to the same extent as the natural sciences. It was considered that a principle of reason worked in the heart of man with the same uniformity that the laws of gravitation show in their work outside of him. This notion of reason, however, undermined the reverence which had been of so great service in keeping society together. A second element was what Taine calls the classical spirit, which, although it played an impor-

tant part in improving literature, exceeded its powers when it forgot to take account of the difference between different ages and races of men, and led people to think that what was true of one man was true of all. Reason seemed to be the only power that existed, and respect for the processes of logic the only method of respecting it. Theories ran wild, and what these theories were are shown by frequent references to the writings of Diderot, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, — more especially Voltaire. The whole battalion of the encyclopedists cried for a return to nature, for the abolition of society; this too was the cry of Rousseau. Civilization was condemned on all sides. The fashionable philosophy had destroyed the authority of both church and state, and shown that their creed is harmful; and now was the time for laying out the plans of the new and improved society which should be free of all the errors of its predecessor. As Taine says, this was done on a mathematical system. Man, they said, was a reasonable being, who disliked pain and was fond of pleasure, capable of reasoning and of acquiring moral ideas; all should be equal before the law, for equality may certainly be predicated of these shadowy creatures of the brain; all, too, will be led by natural instincts to respect the laws they have themselves made, and to obey the magistrates they have themselves chosen. We all know these theories and the reasoning which seems to hold them together; even the French Revolution, which, to state it mildly, showed that man is not all reason, has left a good deal of life in these notions yet.

In France this philosophy gained great success; in England, as is well known, its march was less triumphant. Taine finds that this difference is due to the brilliant social life of France, which made of philosophy a means of enjoyment, a fashionable amusement, while across the Channel the philosopher was buried in books and took as little interest in the gay world as that took in him. In drawing the picture of the way it spread in France, Taine has added to the interest of his book, but it may be doubted whether he has fully expressed one of the marked peculiarities of his fellow-countrymen which most strongly strikes a foreigner. The French in the last century, as well as some of their descendants in the present, built the world over again on paper, and were perfectly satisfied with their work. The English had practi-

cal experience of the difficulty of getting stubborn material to assent to everything that was said to them; they knew how hard it was to persuade ignorant or prejudiced men to agree with them; but their French contemporaries were without knowledge of their fellow-creatures except as they met them in a *salon*, where wit was occupied in detecting inconsistency in the theory when wisdom would have distrusted the theory in proportion to its smoothness. In fact, even now France is the country where theories not only are made but where they are tested, and that is what makes it so interesting a country to watch and study, and so important in our civilization. Then, too, atheism was rife there early in the last century, and became as much a matter of fashion as any affectation in dress; that was one of the earliest signs of what was to come. After this came the spirit of questioning the wisdom of the government; the gentler reforms had their day; it became a mark of distinction to be interested in political, financial, agricultural matters: these were the first tokens of what was later to appear as a remodeling of society. Just before the Revolution everything seemed to promise for the best. As Taine says, "The aristocracy was never so deserving of power as when it was just on the point of losing it; the privileged classes were just becoming public men, and were returning to their duty;" and he gives many instances of this. "The nobility of Clermont in Beauvoisis orders its deputies 'to ask first of all an explicit declaration of the rights appertaining to all men.' The nobility of Mantes and Meulan affirms that 'the principles of politics are

as absolute as those of morals, since both are based on reason.' That of Rheims asks that 'the king be entreated to order the destruction of the Bastile.'" Such sentiments were often applauded by delegates of the clergy and nobility, and were greeted with tears. "They take it for granted that man, especially the man of the people, is good; how could they suppose that he could wish ill to those who wish him well?" And they not only wished him well, they often did deeds of kindness; but it was too late. Long years of ill-treatment had filled the souls of the people with hatred; philosophy, which had gradually filtered down to them, had loosened the restraining bands of reverence and respect, and had taught them for what they had to strike; and the blow was struck. What the horrors of the Revolution were, Taine will probably show in his next volume. We may be sure he will not spare our feelings in his portrayal of its excesses, but there can be no doubt he will make a useful book.

Taine's style is brilliant and picturesque; he sets everything before us in vivid colors, which in time lose their effect because there is no relief; everything is made of equal importance, and it is hard to preserve a due sense of the relative worth of the different parts. It is only fair to say, in addition, that the present book reads like the brief of an advocate of the Revolution; with all its richness and ability, it does not present a full picture of French life in the last century, and Taine's example would be a dangerous one for all historians to follow, but once in a while such an impassioned book performs a duty.

ART.

THE collection of Mr. William M. Hunt's paintings, recently placed on exhibition at the gallery of Williams and Everett, has afforded a rare opportunity for the study of this artist in a variety of moods. It is evident that the works were selected and arranged so as to call attention most effectively to their peculiar individual qualities, and they certainly testify most eloquently to the great talents of the author of them. The pictures have a *foré*, a virility, a *physique*,—if the term may be used,—that

speaks at once to every spectator. They are direct and impulsive transcriptions of nature from motives of varying interest and beauty, yet of equal importance in the eyes of the artist who studied them. In other words, they are all rendered with equal enthusiasm.

The paintings are not highly finished; several of them are little more than rough sketches and quick impressions made at once, in hot blood. Every artist knows the value of studies made with absorbing ener-

gy. The more complete and well-reasoned picture fails to convey the same strong sentiment of nature that is found in the impulsive preliminary sketches. Two or three of Mr. Hunt's studies demand consideration from the very fact of their being made with a vigorous swing that preserves its vitality only as its course is uninterrupted. Some of their qualities are not possible in more finished works, except, perhaps, in the productions of the greatest masters. What Mr. Hunt has lost by ignoring finish he has much more than made up by vigor and simplicity. He has made his choice of the manner most congenial to his artistic temperament; the public may accept or reject the results.

The landscapes, with the exception of a bright little view on a river bank, are all mournful in feeling. In the sad tones of the skies, in the mellow richness of the ground, in the sober hues of the foliage and in the simplicity of the lines of composition, there is a sentiment of solemn quiet, which even occasional masses of warm rich color do not dispel, but rather heighten by contrast. The most important of them is a large picture of a team of horses and cattle plowing on a hill-side. The slope rises gently, and meets the gray sky in a simply curved line broken only at one end by the small masses of distant tree-tops. The light in the sky is concentrated on a great cloud in the centre, that seems to light up the landscape by its strong reflection. Across the broad mass of the slope covered with a warm-hued turf is the dark line of freshly turned earth, and the forms of the horses and oxen tugging at the plow come up strongly against the yellow of the dry grass. The action of the animals is admirably given; they feel their weight and the resistance of the plowshare. They are planted firmly on their feet, and their movements are carefully studied. The figures of the driver and of the man holding the plow are both well understood and broadly put in. Evidently the motive of the picture is not the landscape, with the solid, rich tones, the strong sky effect, and the grandly simple lines; it is the vigorous action of the cattle and horses as they move along with strained muscles and knotted veins, turning the heavy furrow. The general tone of the picture is low and strong, and, with the exception of the concentrated light on the cloud, which does not altogether keep its place, the harmony is complete. It is a work essentially masculine in character and

painted directly from the shoulder. Two other landscapes of medium size are quite as strong in tone as the large one, while naturally enough less simple in composition, since they depend for their interest on the natural features of the scene, rather than on any accessories of animals or the like. One of them is a study of trees in autumn foliage, with a bit of river and wooded bank in the distance. The juicy tones of the autumn leaves and withered grass, the fine gray of the sky, and the strong distance are the chief charms of the picture, although the composition may be commended for its natural arrangement. The second landscape is from a motive simple in itself, but interesting from the effect of light and beauty of the tone. In the foreground is a massive group of trees with a stone wall bounding a broad field that rises in an unbroken mass to the summit of a low hill in the distance. Under the trees and in the immediate foreground is a dark pool of water, and a spotted cow feeding. The sky is covered with fully modeled gray clouds, and contrasts strongly with the warm tones of the hill-side and the dark mass of the foliage of the trees. The out-of-door feeling is unmistakable, and to achieve this result was doubtless the artist's aim. The smaller studies comprise a sketch of a pond and overhanging trees, with what appears to be a part of a factory building; a domestic landscape with a clump of trees in the foreground, a low house in the distance, and a sky with light clouds ruddy and golden at the horizon; the bright little river bank alluded to above, and a pastel drawing of an autumn landscape, with broad, warm masses of color on the ground and the delicate lines of birch-trees with scattered leaves twinkling in the strong light. Perhaps the last-mentioned study gives the best impression of the season it represents.

Among the studies of the figure, the portrait of Professor Agassiz in full profile is the most prominent for vigor of line, sculptur-esque quality of modeling, and well-rendered character. It is a strong likeness and an agreeable portrait, without being altogether realistic in color or in texture of flesh. The study of a lady with her back to the spectator, and head turned so as to look over her shoulder, is in quite another mood. The pose is graceful and feminine, the color warm and delicate. In the portrait of Agassiz we feel the presence of the man; in the study of the lady there is less

personality but more evident preoccupation of the artist with the natural grace of the pose and the delicacy of color. Both are equally effective in entirely different directions. The head of a Spanish boy, slightly foreshortened from below, is rich and daring in general tone, and carries well as a spot of fresh, brilliant color. The type of the face is admirable, and the picturesque shock of hair and coarse garments are quite in keeping with the character of the model. The head of a little Italian girl is bewitching in the *naïve* expression of the face. The ever-varying forms about the mouth and the constantly changing planes of the plump cheeks of the little model were full of difficulties, and the artist has made the representation of them appear the simplest matter in the world. A study in profile of a shy little girl dressed in pink is not without a great charm in the natural simplicity of the pose, but the color is less agreeable than in the other heads. There is no better example of Mr. Hunt's method of seizing at once those characteristic features of his subject which impress him the most deeply, than the preliminary study for a full length portrait of a boy in dark red velvet, holding a sword. There is the perfect action of the body and the limbs, the easy pose of the head with its mass of light hair, and the unmistakable character of the whole figure. It may be a good portrait without necessarily being a perfect likeness, for one may recognize the boy by his own peculiar action. A study of a girl playing on a mandolin deserves mention as distinct in motive and successful in treatment. It is purely decorative, full of musical grace and dignity.

Mr. Hunt's pictures seen together gain decided by contrast. They bear witness to his preoccupation with the strength and variety of general tone, with the salient points of character of landscape or figure. Whoever analyzes them must confess that they represent the artist's impression of nature, even if the loose way in which many of them are treated may not be altogether agreeable to the eye accustomed to porcelain finish and carefully blended contours. In the effective way in which Mr. Hunt communicates his impressions, in his earnest and frank manner of painting, and in the highly artistic quality of his productions, he stands alone among American painters.

— The greater part of the art produced at the present time may be said to be self-con-

scious art. Those artists who are the most successful in their profession, if popular approbation and pecuniary gains may be termed success, are the ones who constantly come before the public with works that demand attention in proportion to the startling originality of their conception, or the strangeness of their execution. *Tours-de-force* in painting have the success of the *salons* abroad and of our galleries at home, and plain, honest endeavors are often turned to the wall for years, until from their persistency they receive recognition. And this is natural enough, too; the same rule works in every profession and in every occupation. When success comes to the artist who has spent the greater part of his life in telling his simple stories in his own way and without an audience, it is none the less unqualified because it comes late, and oftentimes the reward long delayed is sweeter and more welcome in declining years. The histories of Corot and Millet should encourage every honest worker in the profession.

A number of pictures by George Fuller, lately hung in the gallery of Doll and Richards, have the element of unconsciousness that is the more choice for its extreme rarity in works of art. Mr. Fuller's artistic career has been a strange one. A score of years ago he painted in Boston with little or no success, and failed to make his way in New York, whither he went in the hope of securing patronage. Since that time he has been living on a farm of his own in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and has, until lately, we believe, almost entirely given up painting. The old love is now upon him again, it is said, and he paints with all his accustomed feeling. In the collection of his works exhibited there are six heads of remarkable beauty, painted, with one or two exceptions, twenty years ago. They are noble in character, distinguished in color, vigorous in execution; they are unpretending, earnest studies of one who in his seclusion painted only as he was able, without a thought or a care of how others worked, and yet evidently directed in his labor by his previous experience and training. It may be that the artist, if he had painted the heads for exhibition, would have been tempted to indulge in the endeavor to conform his manner to the popular standard. Few are strong enough to resist the pressure from the consideration of what the world is going to say about it. As it is, he is utterly unconscious. One of the heads he calls Fifteen, and quotes, —

" Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet."

It is a girl's head in three-quarters view, with brown hair, dark dress, and a bit of lace at the throat. The face is pure and sweet in expression, the tones of the flesh are pearly and fresh, and the forms full and child-like. It is charming in its innocence and purity, and lovelier eyes rarely look out from canvas. Two other studies of the heads and shoulders of young girls are both full of grace. One of them is looking over her shoulder with a frank, school-girl expression, her ruddy cheeks and bright eyes full of youth and health. A study in profile of a child's head against a sombre background is a bright bit of sunny flesh-color. The light on the cheek is broad and warm, and the features are in a cool, well-modeled shadow. The texture of the cheek and temple is open and loose, giving mystery and freshness to the tone. The manner in which the color is caressed on the cheek and modeled toward the shadow quite recalls some master. A study of a boy reading is one of the later works. It is so thoroughly earnest, so serious, as to be almost solemn. It is a country boy, but dignified and exalted almost to nobility by the honesty of the purpose with which it is painted. There is a certain dryness in the color of this head not noticeable in the others, but found again in both landscapes. In neither case does this quality detract from the interest of the picture, and in one of the landscapes, the autumn study, it is even commendable, it harmonizes so well with the sentiment of the scene. This landscape is peculiar in tone, full of grays and russets and brown reds. Gently sloping hill-sides covered with dry grass and leaves in the foreground, and crowned with tall trees in the distance, is a simple enough motive. The great interest lies in the wonderfully sympathetic manner in which it is treated. The drapery of the figure in the foreground, the falling leaves that fill the air, and the motion of the branches show that a fresh autumn breeze is blowing; everywhere are the rustle of the withered foliage and the twinkle of the bright colors of autumn, and yet the unity of the whole is unbroken. As in the heads, the simplicity is the most prominent quality, and the feeling of nature the strongest element. The second landscape is quite as good; indeed, one forgets one in the presence of the other. It is a path across the fields by the edge of a wood. A dense

row of trees comes strongly against the sky, and through the opening where the road passes is seen in the distance the roofs of a village. In the foreground are a flock of sheep and a woman's figure. The detail is abundant, but it is so handled as to preserve the breadth and the quiet of the landscape; the bit of distance is charming, and the sheep are carefully studied and well understood. The general tone is gray, and a gray peculiar to Mr. Fuller. While it is not a tone that combines, perhaps, the most of the charms found in the rich landscape, it suggests the poverty of the soil, the harshness of the climate, and the dryness of the atmosphere. The landscape is characteristic and natural, and has many points of delicate and refined color. The most important condition of good art is also satisfied,—it is full of sentiment. There is nothing in the display that more positively asserts the strong feeling of the artist than a small, half-finished study of two children in a doorway, eating lunch. It is conceived in the spirit of a Millet, and has much of the seriousness and nobility of his work. Nevertheless it is expressed with difficulty; it is not attractive nor skillful in execution; it is sober, almost wan in color. But the story is told with all the love and strength of the artist's nature. Despite its incompleteness it is a heroic *genre*.

—The portrait of a lady in antique costume, by Mr. F. D. Millet, which has recently been on exhibition in Boston and is to go to the Centennial, seems deserving of notice as an important figure-piece executed with a skill and knowledge not often seen among young American painters, and showing some tendencies that are new here. This is the first sizable result that we have seen from an American student who has chiefly formed himself, as Mr. Millet has done, in the Antwerp Academy; and the first thing in it which strikes us is the masterly molding of the figure, in powerful lines that are felt through the garment, united with a fresh and vigorous way of reproducing the superficial aspect of the stuffs in which the lady is clothed. It would be unjust to say that the picture is solely a study of costume, because of this excellent trait; but certainly the antique toilet has been given with great vigor and niceness: the rich plaster-hued silk, veined with tendrils and adorned with flat leaves and flowers, the sparkle of the quilted skirt which fills the front, the elaborate bodice and old lace and turquoise jewelry,—all

this is charmingly rendered. Considered as a picture, in general terms, however, the work has a certain oddity not wholly to its advantage. Mr. Millet has tried the experiment of placing a light figure against a dark ground, and a curious effect of lifelessness in the face has resulted; but if he has lost in this direction, he has gained in another, for the total effect is one of the most brilliantly decorative description. It is a singular coincidence that this wed-ding-dress was painted, when worn by the

bride for whom it was made, by Copley. Mr. Millet's treatment is very different from Copley's usual style, yet there is something in the dignity, polish, and sincerity of his work that reminds us not a little of that famous portrait-maker. In the matter of complexion he would suffer severely if compared with our Bostonian "old master;" but there is a robust energy and a world of minute skill in this painting of Mr. Millet's which leads us to hope for the most admirable results from him in future.

MUSIC.

OF the many important musical events of the past winter in Boston, Mr. John K. Paine's symphony claims our attention first. We heartily wish that we could put the extreme pleasure that two hearings of this work have given us into a more systematic form than it is actually possible to do. Had it been a sensational work (and there are sensational works in a high as well as in a low sense), an analysis of its effect upon us might have been comparatively easy, even after only one hearing. The mind is readier to grasp a composition full of strokes and strong hits than it is to separate into its various factors one in which the development is more purely organic. Absolute music, developing itself from a thematic germ, is a fair epitome of all organic and cosmic development in the physical world. If the theme be really vital, if it do really "contain the potency and power" of a living composition, its rational development will be beautifully gradual and uneventful. Whether this epitomizing of cosmic growth is the highest mission of music or not is apart from the present question. In considering any particular work of a man, it is impertinent to ask whether he has done the highest possible thing; all that we have a right to ask is whether he has done well the thing he palpably tried to do. To come more closely to the point, then, we are in no condition to analyze Mr. Paine's symphony (we have not even seen the score, much less studied it), but can only give our impressions of it. It gave us unalloyed enjoyment from beginning to end. It is melodious, natural, spirited, with that strength

that comes from perfect equilibrium. Of dryness of detail we found not a trace; it is thoroughly genial throughout. One technical point we would mention, and that is that Mr. Paine has made a long stride in handling the orchestra since he wrote his St. Peter. The orchestral coloring is throughout good, at times even peculiarly fascinating. We must all heartily thank Mr. Thomas for giving us a hearing of this work; both the performances were good, the second one even masterly.

— It is an ungrateful task at best to speak of the performance of Bach's great Magnificat by Mr. Sharland's choral society and Mr. Thomas's orchestra. One thing is certain: every musician who has the progress of our musical culture at heart must thank Mr. Sharland and Mr. Thomas most heartily for the good-will they have manifested in bringing out this important work. Whether the musical means they had at hand, and the conditions under which the work was inevitably brought out, made the venture a piece of artistic good judgment or not is another question. At the worst they can say, and with reason too, that the conditions under which Bach's choral music can be well given in this country can be brought about only by an increased familiarity with the compositions themselves, and that a beginning, either good or bad, must be made sometime. We for one regard the ultimate, we will not say popularity, but wide-spread recognition of Bach's works in this country as just as much a certainty as the ultimate triumph of right over wrong. It can only be a matter of time. Encour-

aged by this belief, we also think that great delicacy of management in introducing his works to our public is not so much needed as it is with some other composers. Take Spohr, for instance. Spohr was a man whose really high genius has been greatly thrown into the shade by his overpoweringly brilliant contemporaries, and who has consequently missed much of the recognition due him from the world. A condition of general musical culture is easily conceivable in which an intimate acquaintance with Spohr's music might be of great benefit to the music-loving community, and it would then be the duty of our leaders in musical matters to do all in their power to make us understand and appreciate Spohr. But they would have to go to work much more carefully than if it were Bach they were trying to introduce. Any bad first impression the public might receive would be far more fatal to the cause of Spohr than to that of Bach. When a man attains to a certain pitch of musical culture, Bach becomes, aesthetically speaking, an absolute necessary of life to him. Without Bach there is no further musical life conceivable. So we may be pretty sure that if Bach frightens away an audience at one time, he will conquer them at another.

Hence we are by no means sorry that the attempt was made. The performance was, upon the whole, not a satisfactory one; it is only justice to the great John Sebastian to say so. But, on the other hand, it is only justice to Mr. Sharland and Mr. Thomas to state, with all attainable brevity, why it was, humanly speaking, impossible that the performance should have been satisfactory under the existing circumstances. In the first place, Bach's choral music is technically extremely difficult. Each part in the chorus is of itself quite a task for the ordinary singer. To all the florid vocalization of which we find so much in Händel's choruses Bach often adds an extreme difficulty of intonation, arising from his habitual use of much more daring modulations than those of his great contemporary. The Magnificat is in five real parts, and the choral business is almost without exception in more or less strict imitation, so that one, two, or three parts are often left singing alone. Now it cannot be asked of any chorus to sing such music with assurance, unless they are thoroughly familiar with it. Mr. Sharland's chorus was forced, unavoidably, as we believe, to learn the Magnificat in an exceedingly short time. We are well aware that

some most remarkable results have been obtained from a very small number of rehearsals. Hector Berlioz mentions in his Letters from Germany some almost incredible instances of rapid rehearsing. But his rehearsals were all conducted on the "partial rehearsal" plan. He writes, in one of his letters from Berlin, "The next day finds us at our work, Ries with his violin, the accompanist, and myself; we take successively the children, the female voices, the first sopranis, the second sopranis, the first tenors, the second tenors, the first and second basses; we make them sing by groups of ten, then by twenties; after which we make two parts sing together, then three, four, and at last the whole chorus." This is the only feasible method of making a chorus learn a work in few rehearsals; indeed, Berlioz assures us that it is the only way to ever get a really fine performance of a choral work of more than common difficulty, and he had no little experience in drilling choruses. But this plan of rehearsing is just the one of all others that is impossible with us. Our choral societies are composed of amateurs who come together for the pleasure of rehearsing,—mark this well,—and not for the glory of giving exceptionally fine performances; and rehearsing in the Berlioz fashion is exceedingly poor fun. Such rehearsing with any of our societies would probably have for a result not a fine performance, but a fine harvest of tenders of resignation from nine tenths of the members. It is only paid musicians that you can drill in that way, not amateur volunteers. Berlioz's choruses in Germany were also made up of volunteers, but Berlioz came to Germany as a lion of the first magnitude. If Anton Rubinstein or Charles Gounod were to come to Boston and drill a chorus for a week or so, no doubt he would find no lack of singers willing to undergo any amount of tough rehearsing for such an occasion.

Another great difficulty in bringing out a great choral work of Bach's is the immense difficulty of the solos. Bach's airs stand almost without parallel in the history of music. They are not only of great technical difficulty, but the high intellectual and aesthetic qualities they demand in the singer place them beyond the reach of all but very few artists. Alas, how few singers are good musicians even! It is no slur upon our singers to say that they cannot sing Bach. A man may be able to sing "It is enough," in *Elijah*, exceedingly well, and

the baritone song from the *Prodigal Son* really superbly, without having the faintest conception of a Bach aria. It is one thing to sing "If with all your hearts," and altogether another to sing "Depositum potentes." Mr. Joseph Jefferson is an exceedingly good actor, and can really exhaust the dramatic, pathetic, and humorous possibilities of Rip Van Winkle or Asa Trenchard, but it takes no great acumen to say what he would make of Hamlet's soliloquy, or the death-scene in King Lear. We must insist that we are not wrong in our estimate of Bach's airs and of the qualities they demand. Bach is not alone in this. How many singers are there who can really sing "Thou shalt break them," in the *Messiah*, or "Mi tradi quell' alma," in *Don Giovanni*? And yet we have all grown up in an atmosphere, so to speak, of the *Messiah*, and most of us know *Don Giovanni* nearly by heart. But Bach we hardly know a note of; his vocal style is wholly unfamiliar to us, and we sing his music — as might be expected. It is true that there may be found, even in America, here a singer and there a singer who has made a loving and fruitful study of Bach's works for his or her own aesthetic delight, but whoever they may be, they were not on the platform at the performance of the *Magnificat*.

Still another quite sensible difficulty stood in the way of the performance. In re-scoring the *Magnificat*, Franz has written out a very elaborate organ part, which was found to be virtually impracticable in the Music Hall. Whether this organ part is a piece of bad musical judgment on the part of Franz himself, as some excellent judges seem inclined to think, or not, we are not at present competent to decide; we prefer to think that Franz's organ part would be perfectly practicable in halls or churches where the organist is placed near the conductor, and where the organ itself "speaks" well to the action. In the Music Hall the organist is seated in the worst possible position for following the conductor well, and moreover the action of the organ is such that the audible note follows the action of the key-board only at a very appreciable interval of time. Many of the pipes being at a great distance from the orchestral and choral body on the stage makes the matter worse. It is therefore manifestly impossible for an elaborate organ part to tally well with the orchestra unless the organist has had long practice

with this particular organ, and has accustomed himself to play always a few seconds before the beat of the conductor. The chances, even then, of any passages of more than moderate intricacy being clearly rendered are very slight. As it was, Mr. Paine found himself forced to greatly simplify Franz's organ part, in order to play together with the orchestra and chorus at all, thus nullifying many of Franz's intentions, and to a greater or less extent marring the clearness of the performance. Again, the chorus had been rehearsed by Mr. Sharland at different *tempi*, in many instances, from those Mr. Thomas took at the concert, and it was only at the last rehearsal that they were made to sing at Mr. Thomas's *tempo*.

But even with all these drawbacks, any one listening reverently and with a goodwill (and no one ought to listen otherwise) could not help feeling the unspeakable beauty and grandeur of the work. We hope that it will be given again and again, until both our singers and our public have become really familiar with it. Mr. Sharland and Mr. Thomas certainly merit all praise for their earnest zeal in the good cause.

— The Saint-Saëns concerto,¹ played at one of the Harvard Musical Association's concerts by Mr. B. J. Lang, strikes us as being, all things considered, the best thing that has been written in the concerto form since the Mendelssohn and Schumann concertos. The first movement is simply great. The dainty little scherzo that follows it and the tarantella finale are gems of their kind. In playing it, Mr. Lang fairly outdid himself, especially in the first two movements; the effect upon the audience was electric. And yet there is something about the work that rather puzzles us. We do not remember ever hearing a work that we enjoyed so intensely while hearing it, and that left so vague an impression upon our minds when it was all over. While listening to it we are delighted, and when it is done we somehow feel dissatisfied. It may be that the scherzo and tarantella are somewhat overpowered by the superb first movement, which is after all the strongest in the work, but we are inclined to think that the finale is susceptible of being made more strongly effective than Mr. Lang made it. There is a certain savage energy inherent in the tarantella form, as there is

¹ *Deuxième Concerto pour Piano, avec Accompagnement d'Orchestre, par CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.* Op. 22. Paris: Durand, Schoenewerk, & Cie.

indeed in many of the dance forms, a certain wild, unkempt fierceness of animal spirits, that seems to be wholly foreign to Mr. Lang's nature. He plays with no lack of fire, but it is a highly refined fire. The noble breadth of phrasing and the dainty elegance of style that made his playing of the first two movements so noteworthy did not stand him in such good stead in the tarantella. There are some things that will not bear much refining, things in which a certain coarseness of texture is an essential factor. There is, to be sure, a certain "modesty of nature" that should not be too often overstepped; there is a certain dignity and self-control to be preserved even in moments of the intensest passion. But there are some few things of which self-abandonment is the prime essence. It would seem as if the tarantella, which is supposed to result in absolute fainting, might be one of these.

—The Hay is i' the Mow,¹ by Gatty, is a song that we somehow cannot help rather

liking. It is insignificant enough, and reminds one of the late lamented Mr. Dempster, but it sounds genuine and unforced. The last three bars of the last verse strike us as unnecessary, and as weakening the general effect of the song.

—George Osgood's The Lake and the Lily² has much delicate beauty in it, but we think it tends too much to sameness. The fifth and sixth measures from the end, however, are susceptible of being made very effective by good singing. Gounod himself could not have written sweeter harmony.

—Joachim Raff's Impromptu Valse (Op. 94) for the piano-forte³ only shows how sure of his reputation the composer must be to allow himself to flood the market as he does with very second-rate compositions. We see little to recommend this waltz as music, but it might be made good use of as a study. It is well put upon the instrument. The edition is not quite free from errors.

EDUCATION.

As far as statistics can speak, the state of public-school education in the West will be best shown by the following table, where-

in the items which tell the plainest story are compared with the same data from Massachusetts:—

	Expenditure per Capita of School Population.	Monthly Pay of Male Teachers.	Monthly Pay of Female Teachers.	Percentage of School Population Enrolled.
Massachusetts	\$21.74	\$93.05	\$34.14	.98+
Illinois	10.18	52.92	40.51	.72+
Indiana	5.63	—	—	—
Michigan	7.47	51.94	27.13	.75+
Minnesota	4.80	36.50	29.08	.65+
Wisconsin	4.80	43.66	27.34	.64+
Iowa	8.61	36.28	27.68	.72+
Kansas	7.94	38.43	30.64	.68+
Missouri	2.64	42.43	31.43	.50+
Nebraska	11.91	39.60	33.80	.56+
California	14.92	84.28	68.37	.51+
Colorado	17.50	—	—	—
Idaho	8.46	—	—	—
Utah	4.69	—	—	—

Though from the above table it appears that between one half and three quarters of the Western school children are enrolled, the actual school attendance is not more than half that. It is not surprising, therefore,

that the Western superintendents take up much space in their reports with the subject of compulsory education. Michigan has a law looking to this, but nearly all the county superintendents report that it is a

¹ *The Hay is i' the Mow.* Song. Words by S. H. GATTY; music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

² *The Lake and the Lily.* Poem by LAURIUS;

music by GEO. L. OSGOOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

³ *Impromptu Valse.* Pour piano. Par JOACHIM RAFF. Op. 94. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

dead letter, though some think that the passage of the law had a good moral effect on the parents. There is great outlay and pride in school buildings in the West, the most extraordinary example of this being in Omaha, Nebraska. The superintendent of Indiana, however, warns against large school-houses, thinking that "as a rule five or six hundred pupils are enough for one building." The superintendent of Iowa also complains of mistakes and waste in building. Co-education, from the district school to the college, is almost universal at the West, the only exceptions to it being in private or denominational schools, principally Catholic and Episcopalian.

The status of the public schools varies as much in the Western as it does in the New England States. In Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kansas, they seem to be comparatively in advance, and the Territories of Utah and Colorado are following after them. But in Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, and Iowa, the standard is low. Owing to the immense German population of the West, German is taught in many localities as one of the regular branches, but we do not find that anywhere sewing (or any industrial art), drawing, or music is taught by state law. Indiana has the largest school-fund of any State, but her schools seem about on a level with those of Vermont, and the people not more interested or liberal toward them. School grounds are entirely neglected, and there is great lack of everything that decent school-houses require. There is no general high-school system, and neither languages, music, drawing, nor physical geography are taught in the public schools. The state of things in Minnesota is very similar: neither ancient nor modern languages are taught even in the normal schools; the sciences and general history are almost entirely ignored in them, and in that at Markato only a "brief United States history" is taught during the first out of six terms. "The intellectual condition of those who resort to this institution to prepare for the work of teaching is a sad commentary upon the character of our schools as a whole. Vagueness and superficiality seem to be the order of the day." The University of Minnesota, "pending its rise into college rank"! (as says the report), instead of setting its standard and expecting the schools to come up to it, "begins where the schools leave off," and thus has had to perform the work of the high school since its foundation. Tired

of this rôle, the unfortunate institution is now speculating how to get students properly prepared for a college course, and its president recommends the plan which we have already seen strenuously condemned in the State of New York; that, namely, of state aid to private academies. It is a touching fact to know, however, and tells one what the struggle for education is in these young States, that out of two hundred and seventy-eight students of the university, one hundred and fifty-eight are dependent wholly or partly on their own earnings.

In Missouri there are over one hundred and fifty thousand children who could not go to school if they wished to do so, from want of school room. Only four months of school annually are now provided by law. County superintendents are so hampered and ill-paid that the office has not been efficient, and at the date of this report popular feeling was threatening to abolish it. The schools suffer from changing the boards of directors too often, and the state superintendent is borne down by the burden of office work. The greater part of the teachers in the rural districts are farmers who possess a limited education and whom "it is amusing as well as painful to see at work. All the aim they have in view is to 'get through the book,' and as to a knowledge of their subjects, they don't seem to know that they are doing anything more than stuffing a gourd with cotton." Superintendents are sometimes so lazy, or so incapable of examining teachers as to their qualifications, that perhaps an entire stranger will be asked some such question as "Can you make a wooden nutmeg?" and a certificate will be granted without further inquiry! The device of one board of directors for rousing up their teachers is rather funny. They abolished the teacher's chair, and congratulate themselves that the pedagogues being kept on their feet, their wits also are more active. The best friends of the education of the colored people are said to be the old slave masters. The negroes prefer the teachers of their own race, but at present there are not enough of these to supply their schools. There is considerable prejudice in Missouri against women teachers, and the men teachers outnumber them nearly two to one. Yet the superintendent thinks "that for the majority of the schools they make the best teachers, and the same amount of money will produce better teaching talent among women than men." In St. Louis the women

principals receive the same salaries as men for the same grade of school.

In Iowa the school population increased in 1872-73 by 29,062 persons, but school attendance decreased 7522, while the number of persons attending private schools in the same year rose from 6163 to 12,132—figures which show some very unusual state of things, for the general rule is that the public schools are gaining, and the private schools losing, all the time. There are no normal schools in the State, and no high-school system. Consequently, inefficient teachers are the rule, and teachers' institutes are "much set by." Teachers are required to pass an examination in physiology, but as yet it is taught only in the graded schools, or in about one in twenty. No general history is required for first-class teachers' certificates, and the questions on United States history are absurdly superficial.

In Kansas the school system is promising, and the local superintendents seem to be wide-awake and energetic. One of them actually wishes the study of our national history and constitution to be made compulsory, and another, that the children be taught to "fear God and speak the truth"! This State is so afflicted with the text-books which her children have brought with them from all parts of the Union, that she is talking of the Maine plan of the text-books being owned by the town. The superintendent is anxious to have drawing introduced, and the report eulogizes women teachers. "They attach more importance to the improvement of morals, and pay more attention to cleanliness than the men. When the mind of the child has gone astray, they will lead it back into the right path more gently and more successfully than men." The University and the Agricultural College of Kansas are both open to women, and in the latter they are taught sewing and dress-making, as well as printing and telegraphy. (Pity 't is that cooking had not come first!) In the high-school course the historical instruction covers two school years, which is nearly twice the time that most other high schools vouchsafe to it. Mathematics, however, are pressed upon the scholar from the beginning to the end of the course, and botany and zoölogy are brought in only at the end, thus imitating the colleges in making studies which involve perception and memory come after those which require reason and reflection. "An increase of nearly twelve thousand children of school

age in one year shows plainly that Nebraska is rapidly filling up with actual settlers, and an increase of three hundred and eighty-six good, substantial school-houses conclusively proves that these settlers bring with them intelligence and enterprise." But many of the earlier school-houses are entirely destitute of the necessary conveniences and decencies. The superintendent dwells upon the benefit of neat and pleasant school-rooms, and is anxious to have teachers chosen who, both by precept and by example, can teach morals and manners. "I have placed morals and manners as of more importance than the knowledge of scientific truths. I consider them a greater means of happiness and success in life than all the learning hidden in ten thousand books." At the same time he urges increased facilities for study. At present, the state university has its own preparatory school, and in the six years' course laid down for the two, the study of history holds an almost inappreciable place.

In Michigan the interest in the public schools is said to be "marked and universal." She is called the "Massachusetts of the West" in educational matters, and certainly they are alike in paying less to their women teachers, in proportion to the men, than any other States in the Union. Though her school attendance is greater, however, Michigan has only one normal school to six in Massachusetts. In Detroit, drawing is taught in the public schools, but it is said that only three eighths of the school population of that city attend school. One of the local superintendents writes highly of the influence of female teachers. "Could I say as much for my brethren in the profession, no comparison would be necessary." The superintendent of Grand Rapids has a suggestion which we have never before seen. It is that each teacher should have but thirty scholars instead of fifty or sixty, and that she should not only try to do them good in school, but also become acquainted with their parents, and use her influence with the latter to prevent irregular attendance, truancy, and all immoral conduct at any time."

Under the influence of her enlightened superintendent, Hon. Newton Bateman, who in his turn seems to have been stimulated by the example of Mr. Harris, of St. Louis, Illinois has the honor of being the first State in the Union to make the study of the elements of the natural sciences —*i. e.*, botany, zoölogy, natural philosophy, physi-

ology, and hygiene—compulsory throughout her schools. The testimony of Mr. Harris was that the effect in a single year, in St. Louis, of preparing and giving one hour's exercise a week in natural science had been to increase the general efficiency and power of the teachers in that city at least fifty per cent. Similarly says Mr. Bateman: "Never before has such a spectacle been presented to the people of Illinois. From the time the new law was fairly promulgated, in April last [1872], till the schools opened in the autumn, the whole State became, as it were, one great camp of instruction, and everywhere great numbers of teachers were assiduously engaged in preparing themselves for examination in the elements of natural science." In October "the number of teachers who passed a successful examination was 3114, which added to those who were previously qualified made the total number of teachers in line on the new branches, for the first day of school, about one fifth of the entire teaching force of the State." From the local reports we do not glean much concerning the state of the schools in Illinois, the most striking remark in them being one from a county superintendent, to the effect that, while the pupils under twelve are remarkably intelligent, after that age they seem to become altogether dulled and lifeless. He pronounces it a delusion, inculcated by educational platform speakers, that children can learn without study, and says that before the teacher can "draw out" something from the child's mind, he must first "pound in."

In Wisconsin the number of children reported as attending private schools in 1872 was 18,020, and in 1873, but 9581, while the public schools gained largely in excess of the addition to the school population. The superintendent urges the introduction of the natural sciences into the public schools, after the example of Illinois and St. Louis. The reports presented at the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association exhibit an unusual amount of earnestness and thought. They recommend that the superintendents of county schools should have a plan of correspondence with each teacher and school, instead of trusting to visits "few and far between;" that they should encourage the permanence of good teachers "by an unflinching and outspoken recognition of merit, making itself felt in tangible reward;" that drawing should be taught in the public schools throughout the State;

and that the state university should have a thoroughly equipped art department, and also departments in journalism and pedagogics, and that an appropriate degree should be conferred after a course in the latter, in order "to secure for teaching a public recognition as a profession." We note with alarm, however, among the committees appointed for 1874, one on the "reform of spelling." We trust that the scholars and philologists of America will take warning in time, and not let this maggot of phonetic spelling get into the pedagogical brain, and so history be hunted from our many-voiced English tongue, as it already has been from the school-room. The visitors to the three normal schools of the State, contrary to the usual practice of visitors, really do criticise those institutions. At the Oshkosh Normal School, for instance, they avow the conviction that instructing third-grade teachers merely in the common branches which they are to teach "does not give culture and breadth of thought, but tends to narrowness and bigotry."

In California the truancy and non-attendance is forty per cent., to nine per cent. in Connecticut, and the superintendent is urgent for a compulsory law. He devotes many pages to the subject of trained teachers. "No wonder," he says, "that the attention paid to the manners and morals of the pupils is so unsatisfactory, when the manners of the teacher are never inquired into, and his morals are sufficient if he has not been guilty of any gross or notorious violation of the decalogue." The superintendent finds the only remedy to be that every teacher should pass through a normal school, and he thinks that California could get a thousand such teachers in one year from other States, if only she would offer "wages" enough, which is a wild idea indeed. By the way, we do not like the speaking of the salaries of teachers as "wages," which is so common throughout these reports, as this in itself alone is sufficient to degrade the office in popular estimation to the level of the mechanic or the domestic servant. The superintendent of San Francisco reports that the examination papers of the schools of that city for several years past "have shown conclusively that while many pupils are well up in definitions, parsing, and analysis, comparatively few are able to write English with even a tolerable degree of accuracy or elegance;" facts which are, doubtless, as true for the whole country as for his locality. The new law

for the choosing of school directors in San Francisco provides for their election at large from the whole city, instead of their being chosen from each separate district. The special interest of this lies in the fact that it is the first experiment we have heard of in the simplest or "natural" form of proportional representation. The principle of it is simply that of the unit of our form of government, *i. e.*, the commune or village, in which each member of the community casts one vote for the candidate whom he thinks fittest to hold a particular office, and the one who gets the highest number of votes is the one elected. When school committees, aldermen, and members of the city councils are thus chosen at large from our cities, and members of the state legislatures and of Congress at large from our States, the American republic will at last rest on those foundations of common sense and ancient precedent upon which it should have originally been based. The district and ward system for our heterogeneous population is the real source of our political corruption, and of our inability to bring our best men to the front.

—Dr. Calderwood's little essay¹ was suggested by considerations which occurred to him as an officer under the new Education Act, by which the public-school system of Edinburgh was made to conform somewhat to the systems of Prussia and America. There is, however, very little in the essay of direct local significance, and what there is will be found of value to the American teacher by the comparison it suggests. The author aims to state the principles for guiding the teacher, especially in primary schools, and the chapters of his essay are thus upon Self-Government, School Discipline, and Instruction. The positions which he takes are sound, and many of his doctrines pregnant, but the worth of the book

is in its protest against a mechanical system of teaching, and its insistence upon education as a training of character. He sees clearly enough the tendency of organized school systems to run to seed in a dull routine, and he finds the remedy where it must be found, in the living teacher; we think he is somewhat disposed to underestimate the power of general discipline over the individual scholar, and to credit the teacher of a large class with more opportunity for individual training than he is likely to possess, but with the principles of the essay we are in hearty accord. There is one passage in the book which is well worth considering by American teachers: "Taking now a somewhat wider survey of the requirements of our national life, a teacher's attention would need to be turned to our prevailing national vices, and the best means for fortifying the young against them. Early school life should do much to guard against the rudeness and coarseness which turn domestic life to bitterness, and prepare the way for outbreaks of violence. A constant stream of refining influence should flow through the minds of the pupils. Everything favorable in the reading-book, in history, or in the incidents of the school-room, should be utilized for this end." We conceive that a most excellent special opportunity now opens to our own teachers Centennial memorials are in the air, and a teacher possessed of right knowledge and quick sympathy will find in the early annals of our history characters and events which he may well use for their educating influence. The democracy of the school-room may be made helpful to the spirit of true democracy in the state, and the doctrine that some men are better than others will not be found to interfere with the political doctrine of equality before the law.

¹ *On Teaching: Its Ends and Means.* By HENRY CALDERWOOD, LL. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and

Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

